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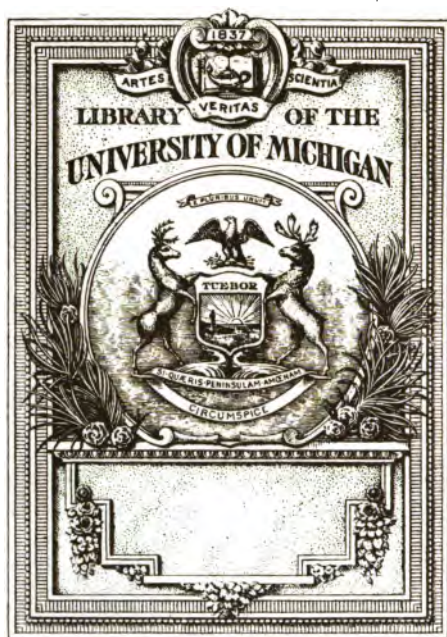
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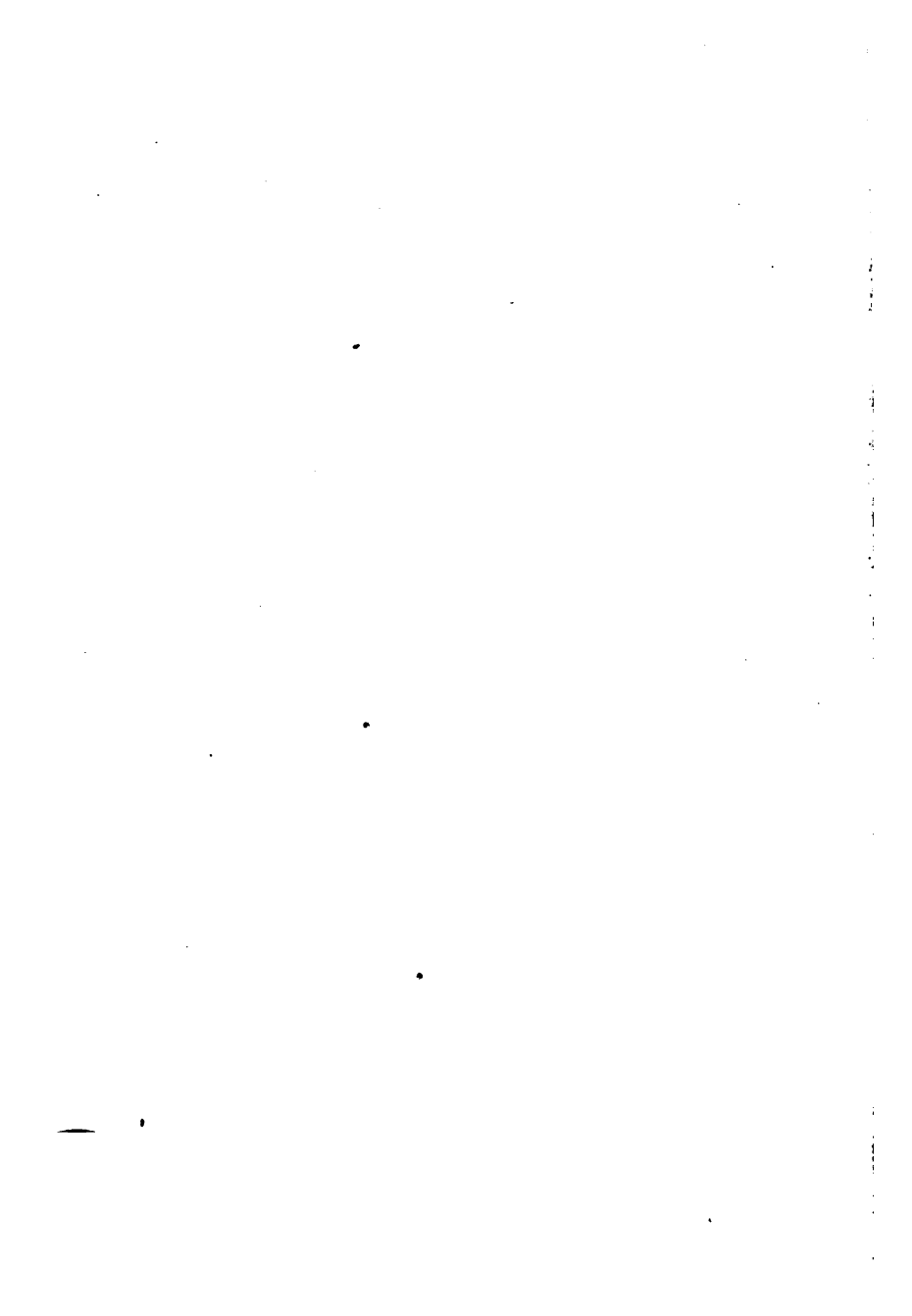
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A HISTORY  
OF  
THE ROMANS

BY  
R. F. HORTON, M.A.

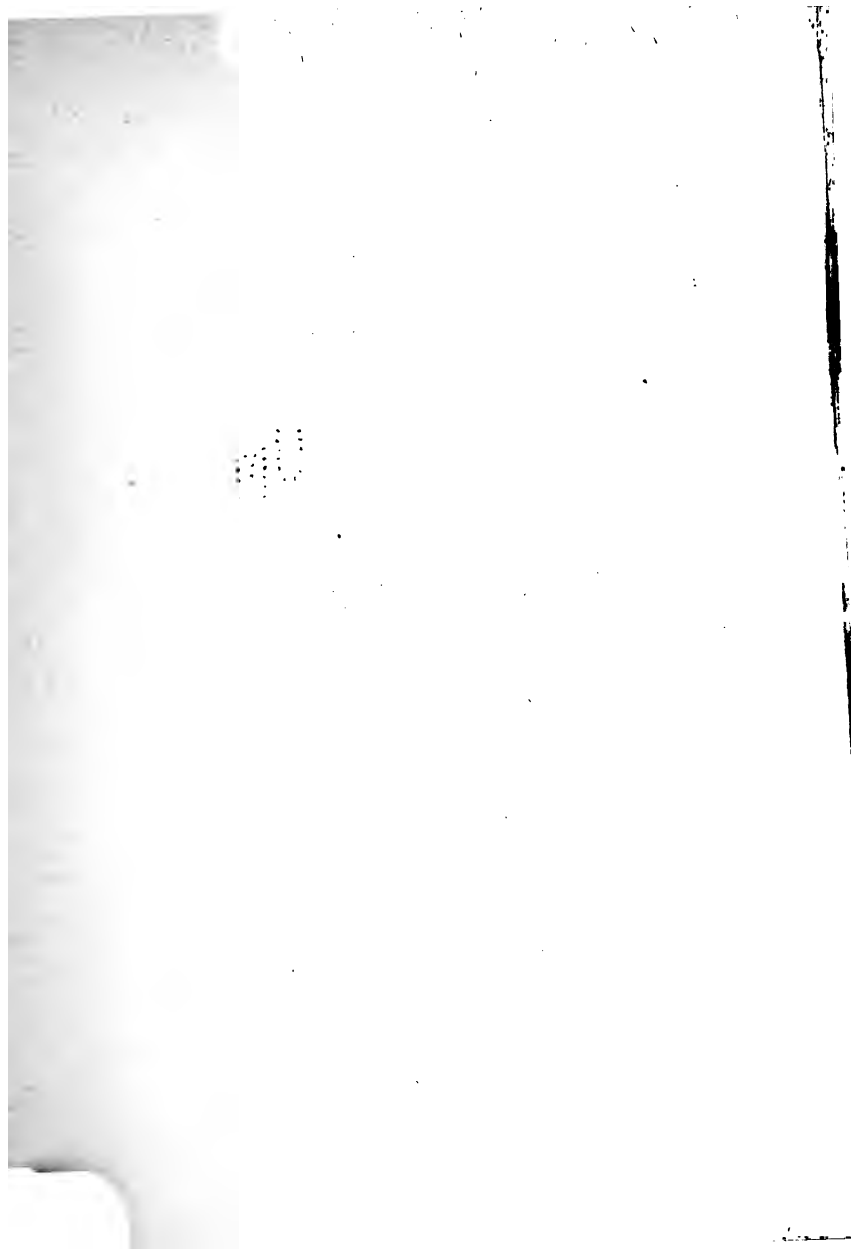
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## PREFACE.

IN writing the following small history I have had two main objects in view: (1) to present a connected narrative, (2) to give such local colouring and vividness to the story as the limits of space permitted. In pursuing the first object, I thought it better not to divide the book into periods. These divisions are often artificial and misleading, and in any case they are not wanted in so brief a survey; the scale is too small for such border lines to be profitably marked. To attain the second object, I have prepared five maps, which should be constantly referred to throughout.

My best thanks are due to Mr. H. F. Pelham, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, for many suggestions and for the revision of the earlier chapters; and no less am I indebted to Mr. P. E. Matheson, Fellow and Lecturer of New College, Oxford, and author of the most valuable "Skeleton Outline of Roman History," for his careful revision of the whole

Mr. Bosworth Smith's "Carthage and the Carthaginians" was of special service for the second Punic war, and through his courtesy and kindness I have been allowed to avail myself of his carefully prepared plans of the battles of the Trebia, the Trasimene Lake, and Cannæ.

Readers of my history who become interested in the great Carthaginian will do well to turn to Mr. Bosworth Smith's work for fuller information.

The immediate object of this book is to meet a want felt in the middle forms of the Public Schools; but I have thought all along that I should best succeed in teaching the boys if I could draw out the interest of the story in a way which makes it attractive to the general reader. I have not, therefore, been so intent on writing a *school book* as on writing a book which might be of use to schools and schoolmasters.

R. F. HORTON.

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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN this Edition I have corrected the errors of the First Edition, so far as I have discovered them, and have made some additions and some erasures.

I must take this opportunity of thanking Mr. H. F. Pelham for much additional help in revision and correction.

I should be very grateful if Masters in Schools would let me have suggestions which, when another edition is required, might make the book of more service for their purpose.

R. F. HORTON.

*February, 1887.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

8.

LET us set before ourselves, at the outset, the ground which we are to cross in the following pages. We are to see how the people of a single town gradually made themselves masters of the peninsula in which their town was placed; how, then, they came into conflict with one great state after another, until they found themselves masters of all the countries which fringed the sea into which their peninsula jutted.

We are to ask what causes produced this remarkable result; what circumstances made such an achievement possible for this people rather than for any other; what there was in the people themselves which enabled them to turn the circumstances to account.

While we watch this victorious drama being worked out before our eyes, we shall have to notice what internal discords were agitating the people at home. From the battle-field we shall have to return to the market-place, and try to understand what troubles were gathering there, ready to appear when the victories should be complete, and likely to be aggravated by the victories themselves.

This will lead us to inquire what form of government existed at first in the town, and we shall see how that form of government became no longer possible when the town was mistress of a great Mediterranean state. We shall see, at first, the shadowy form of kings ruling the people, soon to be replaced by a republic—a republic, however, which contained in itself the germ of another monarchy; and we shall see, after many forewarnings, this new monarchy emerge in its completeness; we shall be face to face with the man who made himself the master of the state which had made herself the mistress of the world.

Nor is this wonderful story one which refers only to things which are long dead and gone. On the contrary, it touches us very nearly. We are in a picture-gallery of the dead, it is true, but it is in many respects our ancestral picture-gallery.

*Its connection with our selves.*

Before we go back to the past, let us see how it is connected with the present. It was not till 1806 that Europe quite surrendered the last formal vestige of the Roman empire. But the formal title of Emperor of the Romans is of small moment compared with the real and solid results which have survived to us from Roman history. The Church of Rome stepped into the place of the empire of Rome; and it was the Church of Rome, more than anything else, which made Europe a family, often a very quarrelsome family, but still a family of nations.

All over Europe are scattered towns which still bear, in a slightly disguised form, the Roman names. There are roads which were first laid by Roman hands, there are ruins of the buildings which Romans reared; but of more importance than these external monuments are the ideas of government and of jurisprudence which we derive from the great people whose history we are going to read. In every parliament-chamber of Europe may still be detected traces of the Roman senate-house; in every law court may still be heard echoes, however faint, of the Roman Forum.

Indeed, the history of Rome is like the ground-plan on which all European history is built. Thus, while in one sense we are reading the story of a people that is dead, as its language is dead, in another sense we are reading the story of ourselves in our youth; and, indeed, the very language we use teems with living words of that language which we sometimes call "dead."

## CHAPTER II.

### LEGENDARY TIME OF THE KINGS.

ROUND the cradle of a nation hang curtains of fable woven by later hands, but woven, for the most part, out of old materials of traditional fact. When criticism begins, it is inclined <sup>Criticism and</sup> to discard these legendary stories altogether; but soon <sup>legends.</sup> it learns to discover in them indications of historical realities. We must try to pierce through these curtains, and see what was the cradle of the Roman people.

The beautiful legends which meet us in the first book of Livy, wearing all the appearance of truth, are valuable because they record what the Romans thought of their own early <sup>Origin of the</sup> history. In their substance they contain fragments of <sup>legends.</sup> tradition; their details are borrowed from Greek history, or from the other sources which lay open to the historians of the Augustan period, the erudite Roman, Livy, or the erudite Greek, Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

But these fragments of tradition may be supplemented by the unconscious testimony of names and places, which <sup>Historical</sup> yields to the patient search of modern <sup>truths imbed-</sup> historical <sup>ded in names</sup> science more trustworthy information than the pages <sup>and localities.</sup> of those historians who wrote before the age of historical criticism dawned.

Let us go to the soil of Italy, and there try to bring before our minds the main facts covered, half-revealed and half-concealed, by the legendary period. It is, we will suppose, eight <sup>Italy before</sup> hundred years before our era. In the north,<sup>1</sup> along <sup>the beginnings</sup> the Po valley, we find a population akin to Celts; <sup>of Rome.</sup> the mountain masses which form the sea-board between the Rhone

<sup>1</sup> Map I.

and the Arno are inhabited by Ligurians. From the Arno to the Tiber is spread a people whose language and origin seem likely to remain for ever a mystery, the Etruscans: the most civilized, at present, of the native races, they have extended their influence northwards nearly to the Alps, southwards far over Campania. The rest of the peninsula is occupied by the Italians, who appear, roughly speaking, as three distinct tribes, representing successive waves of separation from the parent stock. The most ancient of these, the Umbrians lie among the Northern Apennines; the Sabellians spread along the ridges of the valleys to the south, ready, in their vigorous fertility, to send out the Sabine, the Samnite, the Lucanian, to people the unoccupied places, and to harass those wealthy Greek colonies, which in the course of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. will fringe the southern coast from Kymæ to the Iapygian promontory, "the heel" of Italy. The third of the Italian tribes, the Latins, till the plain south of the Tiber mouth between the mountains and the sea.

We must enter this plain, and take our stand upon a hill formed of volcanic tufa, abounding in springs, very near to the left bank of the river;<sup>2</sup> this hill will one day be the Palatine.

The site of  
Rome.

On its south-west eminence is a small rude enclosure, by whom built and when built we can never know, but we call it *Roma Quadrata*; it was the first Rome. Looking from this hill to the north-west, we see the frowning bluff of the Tarpeian Rock, which forms the scarp of the main peak of the Capitoline, the lesser peak of which rises a little to the right. But between the two hills, the Palatine and Capitoline, lies the low marsh of the Velabrum, the northern end of which will one day be drained to form the Roman Forum. Carrying the eye along the ridge of the Capitoline to the right, we see the brow of the Quirinal, which bears in its name the records of Sabine occupation; and curving back like the thumb of a hand is the lower spur of the Viminal. To the east of our standing-place on the Palatine lies the Esquiline; and rising from the Forum, between the hills, is the slope of the Vella. Within the hollows made by this circle of hills will be transacted all the great events of Roman constitutional life. From the Capitoline, the temples of the gods, from the Palatine, and the

brow of the Esquiline, called the Carinæ, the houses of the great will look down upon the uproar of the Forum and the seething activity of the Suburra.

South of the Esquiline is the Cælian Hill; and south-west of the Palatine is the Aventine, which will be sacred to the genius of the poor. Across the river rises the Janiculum.

How, on these low hills near the mouth of the Tiber, a community sprang into existence, and a city was built, history has not recorded. Yet among the legends and traditions with which later ages tried to supply the silence of history, it is not difficult to pick out the main thread of the facts. The origin and growth of the town were, we may be sure, obscure and inglorious enough, and the loss of authentic details is not much to be deplored.

An Italian town governed by kings, engaged in a struggle for existence with the neighbouring towns, and, whether conquering or conquered, always absorbing and assimilating the various elements with which it came into conflict—that is the main feature of the picture. Let us now see what points in the progress of events may be marked by those venerable names which tradition has preserved or invented of the Seven Kings of Rome.

If we look over the plain to the south, we see, perched on the ridge of the mountains which form the horizon, the town of Alba Longa: it is the chief town of the Latin communities. From Alba, says the tale, came Romulus and Remus to Rome. On the Palatine grew a little community of Latin stock, which fenced itself round with a larger wall than the old Roma Quadrata; and of this wall, according to some archaeologists, fragments are yet to be seen. Here was the first *pomerium*, traced by the plough drawn by the bullock and the heifer, the bullock on the outside to represent force, the heifer on the inside to represent fruitfulness. In this way many an Italian town had been founded before. There was nothing at present to show that these limits were to widen and widen until it should reach from Gibraltar to the Euphrates, and from Britain to the Sahara. At present even the Quirinal was held by Sabine marauders, and there was much fighting before the men of the Palatine came to some terms with them. At length it was agreed that the followers of Romulus should call themselves Quirites,

Romulus.  
753-717 B.C.  
Fusion of  
Latins and  
Sabines.

according to the Sabine speech. When Romulus disappeared from the earth, he was called by the name of the Sabine god, Quirinus.<sup>3</sup>

But the preponderance of the Sabines appears as the backbone of the legend of Numa. And the influence of the Sabines means

Numa Pom-  
pilius,

715-673 B.C.

The predomi-  
nance of Sa-  
bine elements.

a great improvement in the culture of the Latins on the Palatine. Human sacrifices disappear, though we shall see them reappear again, in a panic, so late as 216 B.C. We see the beginnings of that stern, hard religion, the worship of abstractions instead of living gods, which was a chief influence in the formation of Roman character. The vestal virgins are dedicated to perpetual chastity, sanctioned by the awful penalty of being buried alive: they are to watch for ever the sacred flame which symbolizes domestic purity. A temple is built on the Capitoline to Fides. If under Romulus the germs of political organization appeared, under the Sabine king appeared the germs of the religious organization. The Flamens, the Pontiffs, the Salii emerge out of the dim obscurity which hides their origin. Janus was altogether a Sabine deity. Mars, too, gets from the Sabines a footing in Rome. Thus the Latins, whose ideal was to be found in Saturn's reign of peace, borrowed from the grave, sincere Sabine race the martial instincts which we regard as peculiarly Roman.

The age of peace and piety during which the gate between the Sabine Quirinal and the Latin Palatine, called the temple of Janus,

Tullus  
Hostilius,  
673-642 B.C.

was closed, and the monarch held mystic communion with the nymph Egeria, was followed by a time of energy and expansion. Tradition tells us of the war which Tullus Hostilius waged with Alba Longa, and of the famous triple duel between the Horatii and the Curiatii.<sup>4</sup> The old capital of Latium was destroyed, and its inhabitants were transported to

<sup>3</sup> The legends of Romulus, the rape of the Sabine women, the crushing of Tarpeia under the Sabine shields, and the escape of Curtius from the marsh, are told with inimitable beauty in the first seventeen chapters of Livy's history. Destitute as they are of historical credibility, they have a value over and above their literary excellence. Not only do they contain here and there fragments of fact, but they also show how the Romans, when in the time of Augustus their greatness had reached its highest point, regarded their own origin.

<sup>4</sup> Livy, i. 22-26.

the Cælian Hill; and other Latins, conquered by Ancus Martius, were, we are told, settled on the Aventine.

The cramped territory of the children of Romulus began to expand. It reached down to the river mouth, and Ostia was occupied by primitive Roman colonists. We hear of the salt mines being worked near the sea; we get a glimpse of the cattle market between the Palatine and the river; Mercurius, the god of traders, begins to appear. The Pons Sublicius connects the city with the Janiculum; and on the Janiculum a fort is built as an outpost against the threatening power of Etruria, which regards the thriving town with the suspicion due from a long-established state to an upstart.

The growing contact with Etruria marks an event which, draped in legend and embellished with the tender imagination of Roman patriotism, yet stands out as a clear historical fact; an Etruscan dynasty bore sway in the city of Romulus. The charming tales of Tanaquil<sup>5</sup> and Tarquinius, and of the augur Attius Navius, who cut the whetstone with a razor, may be only the fruit of folk-lore, or of literary ingenuity. But there can be no doubt concerning the influence exercised over the infant Rome by the older civilization north of the Tiber; the unifying tendency of this civilization is expressed in the erection of the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline. This temple, according to the Etruscan custom in founding a town, was dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; and it was in the Cella of Minerva that the bronze nail was driven into the wall on the Ides of September to mark the number of the year.<sup>6</sup> The head,<sup>7</sup> fresh and bleeding, found in digging the foundations of the temple, is the symbol of Roman supremacy interpreted by Etruscan divination. From Etruria came the insignia of royalty; not only those which were abolished with the kings, but also those which survived in the republic—the ivory chair, the *toga prætexta*, and the lictors with their *fascæ*. From Etruria came the lore of the augurs and haruspices, the measuring of the heavens, the observation of the flight of birds, the inspection of entrails, and especially all the mysteries connected with averting the ominous significance of

<sup>5</sup> Livy i. 34-36.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid. vii. 3

<sup>7</sup> Ibid. i. 39.

Ancus  
Martius,  
641-617 B.C.

L. Tarquinius  
Priscus,  
616-579 B.C.

Etruscan ele-  
ments in  
Roman civili-  
zation.

lightning.<sup>8</sup> From Etruria Rome borrowed her first conceptions of plastic art, and the crafts of the potter and the goldsmith; nor did she improve on her teachers until the growing intercourse with the more polished Hellenes in the south of Italy furnished more perfect models. The rude huts of the Palatine, too, under Etruscan skill, gave way to more solid masonry; and to this day there survives in Rome, after two thousand three hundred years, a monument of that primitive advance in building; a fragment of the great drain (*cloaca maxima*), made to draw the water from the swamp of the Forum into the Tiber, witnesses to the energy of an Etruscan king. Lastly, from Etruria came the most revolting feature of Roman life: the gladiatorial games were the invention of the sombre people beyond the Tiber.

No less certain than the existence of an Etruscan dynasty in Rome, bringing with it the increased unity and culture of civilization, is that advance in organization which the tradition connected with the name of the popular king **Servius Tullius**, himself, according to one account, to be identified with a Mastarna who appeared in the Etruscan annals. Under this *régime* the city was now for the first time enclosed within its historic walls, which ran along the ridges of the hills, and an artificial mound constructed between the Porta Collina and the Porta Esquilina, an irregular circuit of nearly five miles.<sup>9</sup> The space thus enclosed, measuring from the Porta Collina to the Porta Capena about a mile and a half, and from the Porta Trigemina to the Porta Querquetulana about a mile, was, with the exception of the Capitoline and Aventine hills, which were regarded as *extra pomerium*, divided into four districts: the Suburran (i. in the map), the Palatine (ii.), the Esquiline (iii.), and the Colline (iv.). At present Alba and Ostia were reckoned with the Palatine tribe, but as time went on the citizens who were left outside the circuit of the walls were organized as country tribes.

Further, to Servius Tullius was ascribed a new organization of the *populus Romanus* for military and political purposes. The three tribes of the Ramnes, Titiensis, and Luceres (in which some

<sup>8</sup> The cult of the goddess Fortuna, whose temple was built in the Forum Boarium, came from Etruria.

<sup>9</sup> Map I.



have seen the three elements, Latin, Sabine, and Etruscan), out of which the community was formed, were already becoming antiquated. In the new organization, as befitted a growing state, all distinctions of birth were from the first ignored. The first consideration was the creation of a citizen army, and the most important point was to induce the citizens to adequately arm themselves. The place of distinction was therefore given to those who could serve on horseback, and the rest were arranged according to their ability to appear in more complete and effective armour. On this principle a hundred and ninety-three companies (*centuriæ*) were formed, which assembled on the Campus Martius for the battle array, and afterwards in the enclosure called the *septa*, to transact the civil business of the community. Naturally, this military and timocratic organization degenerated into a system in which all power fell into the hands of the wealthy, while the poor were practically disfranchised. A tabular view of the centuries as they appear in historic times, when the qualifications have been explicitly reduced to a money standard, and in consequence all questions can be determined by a coalition between the eighteen centuries of the knights and the eighty centuries of the first class, will cast light upon the defects inherent in the organization which in more primitive and simple times were not observed.

I. Horsemen (*equites*)—

1. The old centuries, called *sex suffragia*: no census ... .. 6
2. New centuries of men who could serve with a horse: no census 12

II. Foot (*pedites*)—

Prima Classis (40 seniores, 40 juniores): each man must have					
				100,000 asses	80
Secunda Classis	(10	10	10	75,000	20
Tertia Classis	(10	10	10	50,000	20
Quarta Classis	(10	10	10	25,000	20
Quinta Classis	(15	15	15	11,000	80
Proletarii who had less than 11,000 asses					
				...	1
Fabri and Tibicines: no census.					
				...	4

Centuries 193

As each century counted for one vote, it will be seen that the small wealthy centuries could easily outvote all the large poor centuries put together.

The analogy of other states, no less than the subsequent constitu-

tion of Rome, which always retained the marks of its first monarchical complexion, leaves us in no doubt that kings once reigned in Rome, and that by a determined uprising of the people they were expelled, leaving in the Roman mind an ineradicable hatred of the very name. We have to be content with these hard facts, extracted from those thrilling stories with which Livy adorns the reign and the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus. The *Vicus Sceleratus*, running to the Viminal Gate, seemed to preserve the memory of the impious deed by which his wife secured for him the throne;<sup>10</sup> and the story of Lucretia in its dramatic beauty gave all the pathetic colour of reality to the legend of the last of the kings; but, none the less, the legends are too obviously borrowed from the storehouse of Greek literature to be accepted as anything but legends, and nothing remains for us but to gather up the fragments of historic truth which are discernible in the kingly period.

We have seen that Rome grew out of a mixing of clans. She saw the light at the meeting-point in Italy of Latins, Sabines, and

**Summary.**

Etruscans. Here, at the very dawn of Roman history, we perceive the agricultural and commercial instincts of the Latins of the plain, the vigorous purity and pride of birth which marked the Sabine mountaineers, and the sombre civilization of Etruria, with its rude art and gloomy religion, combining to form the Roman character. This community, formed, like our own, out of the fusion of several more or less cognate peoples, was governed by a king, who was a symbol of the national unity and the head of the national religion.<sup>11</sup> The fathers of the people formed a council of elders around him, out of which was to grow that characteristic body, the Roman Senate. Further, the people were not without their rights. Exposed to the insolence of a monarch and of a royal house, they were yet recognized as the fountain of law and of power. Marching in compact *exercitus* to battle, or assembled in primitive folk-moot according to their centuries, they were emphatically the state

One more fact may be noticed as lying unexplained on the

<sup>10</sup> Livy, i. 48: "monumento locus est: sceleratum vicum vocant."

<sup>11</sup> The *rex sacrificulus* under the republic retained the memory of this priestly function of the king.

threshold of history, and therefore traceable to these early regal times, and that is the familiar distinction between patricians and plebeians. We cannot say with certainty that the plebeians were the conquered Latins from Alba Longa and elsewhere, incorporated into the growing city; but we find them recognized as citizens, though labouring under manifold disqualifications—included in the centuries, but excluded from power in that assembly of the thirty *curiæ*,<sup>12</sup> which met in the *comitium* and consisted only of the ancient aristocratic tribes, the Ramnes, Titienses, and Luceres. The thriving and energetic commonalty found themselves, when the kings were expelled, treated by the *patres* who formed the Senate as creatures of another world. The king was gone, but the patricians remained.

<sup>12</sup> The plebeians appear to have had a passive influence in the assembly of the *curiæ* in the days before the development of the *comitia centuriata*; but in the *curiæ* they were silenced by the august presence of the men of birth, just as in the centuries they were overborne by the predominance given to the men of wealth.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE REPUBLIC, AND THE STRUGGLE FOR PLEBEIAN RIGHTS.

THE Roman monarchy passed away, and in its place was established a government which we are in the habit of calling republican. This change is expressed by Livy in 509 B.C. the opening words of his second book: "From this point it is the history of a *free* Roman people in peace and war, with annual magistrates and the sovereign powers of law stronger than the sovereign powers of individuals, that I am going to narrate." But the origin of this new order is shrouded in obscurity, which can hardly be said to be relieved by the fond legends which cluster round the name of Brutus.

It is true that the ingenuity of the pontifical college, which kept the Fasti, invented the names of magistrates for these early years, and the ballads of border forays were worked up into elaborate stories of heroic deeds by the chroniclers of the great families; but these are not materials out of which history can be made: they are at best only tales from which fragments of historic truth may be extracted.

Some members of the patrician families, smarting under the unbridled power of the king, raised a successful revolt against him. Foremost in the movement was the hero—a historic personage we may well believe—L. Junius Brutus. He, together with a member of the regal family, L. Tarquinius Collatinus, undertook the government for a year. These were the first consuls, or, as they were at that time called, *prætors*.<sup>1</sup> To Brutus tradition attributed the essentially Roman ideas which underlie the new magistracy.

<sup>1</sup> *Præ-itor*, the leader primarily of the host.

An annual office, and a power divided between two mutually independent colleagues, seemed the best way of combining freedom for the great *gentes* with the administrative strength of the monarchy. The college of magistrates, as this kingship divided in two is called; the abdication of power at the end of the year, but absolute irresponsibility during the term of office; and the election of the magistrates by the whole commonalty, became fundamental principles of the constitution. That none but patricians should be elected to the magistracies was, in the intention of the great families, another fundamental principle. But this was not to be: they were to learn that in invoking the goddess of liberty they could not invoke her only for themselves.

Brutus is a historic figure; historic, too, may be his grim patriotism in condemning to death his own sons for sympathizing with the exiled Tarquins. It was thus that he showed himself to be a genuine republican and a genuine Roman. The state first, all feelings of love or even humanity after it; that is the very keynote of the early history of Rome.

We seem to detect a sign of the strenuous struggle for liberty in the story that Collatinus, as a Tarquin, was forced to resign, and P. Valerius Publicola was elected in his place; and even Valerius was required to remove his house from the Velia, which was too high for republican equality!

But here we drift into fables again. The story goes on to enumerate a series of Sabine wars, which we cannot be far wrong in ascribing to the imagination of the Valerian family. For a long time to come, a Valerius never holds a magistracy but there is a Sabine war. This is suspicious, and we are driven to a prudent scepticism.

The legends about the attempts of the banished family of the Tarquins to come back are amongst those which we relinquish most reluctantly, yet most unhesitatingly. We would fain keep Horatius Cocles and Mucius Scaevola, assassin as he was, and Clœlia, who swam the Tiber, among our historical portraits. And the beautiful epic of the Battle of the Lake Regillus, and the horsemen of more than human size who came from the battle-field to Rome and watered their weary steeds in the Forum, whom the religious folk recog-

nized as Castor and Pollux—these we are loth to exclude from our histories. But, happily, they are embalmed for ever in Livy's matchless pages; and, in their place, they are not less instructive than history itself.

If there be a historic fact among these legends, it is that an Etruscan king, Lars Porsenna of Clusium, espousing the cause of the exiles, actually conquered and occupied Rome—surely not a fiction of Roman chroniclers; and we are on firm ground when we recognize that the young republic somehow managed to repel this dangerous power, and to assert its independence.

**A germ of  
fact in the  
legends.**

In another traditional record, a treaty which Polybius<sup>2</sup> says was struck between Carthage and Rome in the first year of the republic, we might see, if we could believe in it, further evidence that the vigour of the infant state had already marked her out as a power in Italy with which foreigners might wish to have an understanding. Her vigour was unquestionable; but for the present, even in Italy, she was like a young lion at bay circled by enemies.

From shadowy figments of interminable wars we have to pick out the points which seem to mark her gradual victory over one enemy after another. Let us suppose we are standing in the centre of the Roman Campagna. To the north lie the powerful Etruscan cities across the Tiber, linked with Fidenæ on this side the river. We turn a little to the right, and see on the horizon the blue Sabine Mountains, their spurs running into the plain, and their gorges, ready to discharge volley on volley of hardy mountaineers, opening towards Rome. Turning more to the south, we see on the horizon the ramparts of the Æquian hills, then the low valleys of the Hernicans, and then the highlands of the Volscians, all yet to be overcome by diplomacy or arms. There was need of the kindling enthusiasm of liberty to make the Romans a match for this circle of foes.

**Dangers to  
Rome:  
Without.**

And while the enfranchised state is engaged with its yearly campaigns against now this tribe and now that, there is an internal conflict continually being waged between the two classes, the patricians and the plebeians, united on

**Within.**

the Seven Hills by the walls of Servius Tullius, meeting in the same assemblies, fighting in the same armies, yet marked off one from another by the invidious barrier of birth.

There were, as we have seen, masses of citizens incorporated in the tribes enjoying even, it may be, a passive influence in the *curiæ*, but held continually at arm's length by the patrician *gentes*, which claimed to be the *populus Romanus par excellence*. We know of no racial distinction between the orders. Among the patricians were Sabine families like the Claudii and Latin families like the Julii, and there is no reason for thinking that the plebeians consisted exclusively of Latins. The plebeians are not subjects, still less slaves; they are only citizens with inferior rights. In the absence of all satisfactory evidence about the origin of the distinction, we can only state the fact that certain privileged families, proud of their descent, rich in resources, and inheriting the prerogatives of government from the time of the kings, stood face to face with the ever-increasing body of the unprivileged citizens; and a long struggle lasting for nearly two centuries ensued, in which little by little the unprivileged plebeians wrested from the patricians a share in all their privileges, with the exception of some sacred functions which seemed prohibited by religion from ever falling into plebeian hands.

Patricians  
and  
plebeians.

The issues raised in this struggle were, roughly speaking, five.

(1) Shall the rich patrician enslave the poor plebeian for debt? (2) Shall the rich patrician take all the land which is won by conquest, and leave none for the plebeian? (3) Shall the patrician magistrates be judges of final appeal, to whose judgment the plebeian must submit without a word? (4) Shall the patricians refuse their sons and daughters in marriage to the plebeians, and thus maintain their position as a blood aristocracy? (5) Above all, shall plebeians be excluded from the magistracy and from the priesthood, and thus be a governed class whose sole right is to join in electing its rulers from a governing class? These are the burning questions which fill Rome with excitement and rancour, sometimes even with violence.

The questions  
at issue be-  
tween patri-  
cian and  
plebeian.

The scene of these early struggles was the Forum Romanum.

with which we should do well to make ourselves at once acquainted. Leaving the portico of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus,<sup>3</sup> and turning to the left down the hill, we pass the ground of the ancient Temple of Saturn on the right, and before us is a platform in the rock side, which is called the vulcanal. It is from this platform that the magistrate addresses the thirty *curiæ* when they are assembled in the *comitium*, an enclosed space at his feet. Looking eastwards from the Vulcanal we see before us the irregular oblong of the Forum, broader at the end nearer to us, where it widens to include the *comitium*; narrower at the end further from us, where it is entered by the Sacred Way. To our left, in the midst of the *comitium*, a flight of steps leads up to the already venerable pile of the Curia Hostilia, where the Senate, composed of the *patres* of the regal period and a number of additional members called *conscripti*, meets from time to time. Just at the point where the *comitium* merges in the Forum stood, in all probability, at this early period the platform from which the magistrate addressed the people assembled in their tribes (*comitia tributa*).<sup>4</sup> To complete our outline of the Forum we must picture to ourselves on the right a row of booths (*tabernæ veteres*) and rising beyond them the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and the quaint round *cella* of the ancient Temple of Vesta; on the left another row of booths (*tabernæ novæ*), marking off the Forum from the Suburra. It is the very heart of Rome, the centre of commercial and political activity, where not only the formal assembly of the tribes is convened, but also the informal meetings of the plebeians (*concilia*) assemble to discuss their grievances, and to make their cry penetrate to the conservative mind of the *comitium* and of the Curia Hostilia; and as once, when it was little better than a marsh, it was a battle-ground between the Sabines on the Capitoline and the Latins on the Palatine, so now it was to witness the less sanguinary but no less bitter contest between the families of ancient blood and the men of humbler stock who more and more every year formed the

<sup>3</sup> Map II.

<sup>4</sup> The Rostra exposed in the Forum by modern excavations just to the left of the Arch of Septimius Severus, as we look towards the Capitol, were probably placed in that position for the first time by Cæsar, B.C. 44.



backbone of the armies which fought with Etruscan, Sabine, and Volscian.

The struggle opens with the debt question. We must realize all along how the internal history is affected by the wars without. The debtors fall into their difficulties through serving in the field during the summer; for of course the army is a citizen army, and the citizens are agriculturists. 491 B.C.

Two patrician families take the side of the poor, the Horatii and the Valerii. Manius Valerius Publicola, created dictator,<sup>5</sup> promises the distressed farmers that if they will follow him in his campaign against the Sabines, he will procure the relaxation of their burdens. They go, and they return victorious. But Appius Claudius (whose family had but recently migrated to Rome, a proud and overbearing Sabine stock) opposed the redemption of the dictator's promise. The victorious host, forming a seventh of the arm-bearing population, instantly marched out of the gate of the city, crossed the river Anio, and took up a station on the Sacred Mount. They did not mean to go back again; they were weary of their haughty masters. We see the two popular patricians, M'. Valerius and Menenius Agrippa, sent by the Senate to plead with them. At last a peace is made—a formal peace concluded by the *fetiales*:<sup>6</sup> they will come back if they may have magistrates of their own. This is the origin of the TRIBUNES OF THE PLEBS. Each party invoked a curse on itself and its descendants if it should break the treaty. Next year the first tribunes were elected. First secession.  
493 B.C.

The plebs who marched back that day from the Sacred Mount had done a deed which was to have a wonderful issue in the history of the world; they had dropped a seed into the soil which would one day spring up into the imperial government of the Cæsars. The *tribunicia potestas*, with which they were clothing their new magistrates, was to become a more important element in the claims of the emperors than the purple robe of the consuls. Importance of this event.  
The new magistrate

<sup>5</sup> It should be noticed that the creation of Valerius dictator, and the other dictatorships of these years, indicate the insecurity following on the banishment of the kings. The first dictator in 501 B.C.; dictators also in 496, 494 B.C.

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix B.

Yet, beyond the fact that tribunes were created, we know next to nothing of the transaction. We find the authorities divided as to the number of the new magistrates, whether there were five or only two; but before very long the number, we know, was fixed at ten (457 B.C.). Still more difficult is it to find how or by whom they were appointed. But up to 471 B.C. they were probably elected by the whole people, represented in the *comitia curiata*. Even their functions are not particularly stated; we can only infer them from subsequent events. This, however, is clear, that at first the right of aid (*jus auxilii*) was the most important of these functions. Indeed, we must picture to ourselves not men clothed in robes of office, with lictors and *fascēs*, but plain commoners, protected only by their inviolability (*sacro-sanctitas*), whose houses are in the midst of the plebeian quarters, the doors always open, so that any outraged member of the unprivileged class may have a place of refuge ready at hand.

But this magistracy was not the only result of the first secession of the plebs. We begin from this time forth to discern in the internal affairs of the city a popular government, which finds a parallel in our House of Commons, though the origin, functions, and modes of procedure differ very widely in the two cases. Hitherto, as we have seen, besides the Senate, the Government at Rome had two legislative and elective assemblies—that which met in the *comitium*, and consisted, in form at least, of the patrician *curiæ*, and that which met in the great *septa* on the Campus Martius, and included nominally all freemen, but was determined actually in its decisions by the first or wealthiest *classis*.

The assembly of the whole people according to their tribes held quite an inferior position, and had not yet obtained the right to elect<sup>7</sup> magistrates, or the right to make<sup>8</sup> laws.

Gradually assimilating itself in constitution and in methods to the inferior *comitia* of the tribes, but vigorously excluding from its ranks all men of patrician blood, we find the **exclusively plebeian** informal assembly (*concilium*) of the plebeians, fur-

<sup>7</sup> First obtained in the election of quaestors, 447 B.C., then for curule aediles 367 B.C.

<sup>8</sup> First obtained by the Valerio-Horatian law of 449 B.C.

nished now with magistrates of its own, meeting like the *comitia tributa* in the Forum, and acquiring step by step rights which the *comitia tributa* had never acquired. It is an assembly essentially democratic, in which only heads count.

A rough but ready machinery has appeared, which, worked by the multitude of the Suburra and the hardy farmers of the country tribes, begins at once to supersede not only the patricio-plebeian assemblies of *curiæ*, *centuriæ*, and the tribes, but even that august body which met in the Curia Hostilia, the fathers of the state, the council once of the kings and then of the consuls.

Besides the tribunes, who stood over against the consuls, two plebeian ædiles were appointed, who might balance the patrician quæstors. Their name seems borrowed from the <sup>Two ædiles</sup> temple (*Ædes Cereris*) which is now built on the <sup>plebeian</sup> cattle market between the Palatine and the river to form a religious centre for the plebeian interest, as the ancient Temple of Saturn was already a centre for the patrician interest. The goddess of bread is to preside over the growth of the democracy. The duty of the ædiles is, in the first instance, to keep the public buildings in repair; but they acquire a position not unlike that of police-officers.<sup>9</sup>

We find the unprivileged masses, then, provided with these formidable instruments for asserting their claims—an organized assembly, and magistrates who must belong to their own class.

The great interest in the next two hundred years lies in the use which they made of these instruments to assert their own equality with the privileged order. The successive steps of the struggle are, it is true, closely connected with the <sup>492-300 B.C.</sup> external history; but it will be well for us to keep our attention fixed upon this civic conflict first, only turning our eyes beyond the city walls when influences from without actually determine the course of events within.

The year 486 B.C. opened a question of dispute between the two orders, which was not finally settled until the year 111 B.C. This was the agrarian question. We must try to understand what was the point at issue <sup>The question of the public land.</sup> in this long quarrel. It was the Roman practice to confiscate

<sup>9</sup> v. Appendix on the origin and growth of the Roman magistracies.

two-thirds of all conquered land. This they called *publicus ager*. Now, the plebeians who formed the main part of the army of conquest naturally wished to have a share in this public land: they contended that it should be "given and assigned" in small lots to poor citizens. The patricians, on the other hand, preferred to keep it in the hands of the state, and then to get a vague permission to squat and cultivate, without any precise definition of boundaries. This employment of the land was called *occupatio*, and the persons who so enjoyed it were called not owners, but only *possessores*. If we remember this point, all the agrarian quarrels will be comparatively clear.

Now, in 486 B.C. the Consul, Spurius Cassius Viscellinus, proposed an agrarian law. If we could trust Livy,<sup>10</sup> we should know a

The law of Sp. Cassius. great deal about it; but we cannot trust Livy as an authority for these early times. We must suppose that the proposal was prejudicial to the patrician privileges.<sup>9</sup> Sp. Cassius, the first of the martyrs for plebeian rights, dashing against these privileges, was broken to pieces. According to one story his venerable father, by virtue of the *patria potestas*, condemned him to death in his own house—an instructive peep into Roman custom and sentiment. The agrarian claim was quashed by the patricians; but fifteen years later we find the plebeians able to

471 B.C.

assert their strength in another direction. A second Appius Claudius<sup>10</sup> was trying hard to destroy the tribunate. The internal conflict was so fierce that a Sabine adventurer, Herdonius, took advantage of it to enter Rome and take possession of the Capitol, while the parties were rent by their political schism. But the tribune Publilius

The lex Publilia.

appealed to the plebs, and, helped by the danger from without, he succeeded in passing a law which, giving to the *comitia tributa* the right of electing the tribunes, yet excluded the patricians from any share in the election;<sup>11</sup> though of course the patricians must have all belonged to the tribes, for the tribes were local divisions. The *concilium* (p. 16) was superseding the *comitia*.

<sup>10</sup> ii. 41.

<sup>11</sup> The privilege, viz. that the land should be conceded for *occupatio* instead of "given and assigned;" but at this early period, before Labicum was conquered in 418, there could be no land to divide.

<sup>12</sup> p. 17, for the first.

<sup>13</sup> Livy, ii. 60.

But the suicidal antagonism between the two parties, though they patriotically united to eject Herdonius, alarmed both alike. A proposal was made by the tribune C. Terentilius that a commission should be appointed to draw up a code of law. 462 B.C. In a written statute-book, it was hoped, might be buried all the constitutional conflicts between the opposing factions. Little by little even staunch patricians like T. Romilius, the consul for 455, came to see the wisdom of this proposal. At 451 B.C. last a commission of ten, called the Decemviri, were appointed. In theory they were to be elected from either order: actually they were all patricians. For the time both consuls and tribunes are suspended, and these exceptional magistrates are entrusted with the sole authority in the state. The Decemvirate. They draw up the famous Twelve Tables, which constitute the great charter of Roman liberties.

But the history of the decemvirate is involved in impenetrable gloom. Historical criticism is baffled; for if it can make out anything, it seems to discover a course of events of precisely the opposite colouring to that which is given in Livy and Dionysius.

If historical criticism is correct, we may state the result thus:—Appius Claudius, one of the patrician Ten, deserting the traditions of his house, discovered popular sympathies, secured the election of three plebeians to the decemvirate for the second year, and was aiming at a genuine equalization of the orders. But, more anxious to accomplish his work than to observe the letter of the law, he declined to surrender his power at the expiration of the year. Thus he put himself in a false position, and his enemies, the patricians, were able to stir up all the citizens against him, accusing him, as they before accused Sp. Cassius, of aiming at an unconstitutional authority.

If this reconstruction of the history be correct, we have to surrender the literal accuracy of the story about L. Siccus Dentatus, the brave centurion whom the decemvirs were said to have flogged to death, and of the story of Virginia, the beautiful maiden whom her father killed with a butcher's knife in the Forum to save her from the lust of Appius Claudius. These were probably misrepresentations invented to exasperate the plebs against their benefactor.

In any case, the decemvirate fell, leaving, however, the written code of law as its permanent work. Nor was the striving of Appius Claudius in the direction of plebeian rights entirely thrown away. The same year by a second secession the plebeians not only obtained the restoration of the tribunate, but, by the aid of the two consuls L. Valerius Poplicola and M. Horatius Barbatus, names dear to the lovers of popular liberty, they secured for the *comitia tributa* the power to legislate for the community.<sup>14</sup> At the same time they gained another constitutional point. The Valerian law of the first year of the republic had given to patricians the right of appeal from the magistrate to the *comitia curiata*; the present measure gave to plebeians the right of appeal to their peers. No magistracy henceforth was to be raised above the right of appeal. This gives to the tribes a judicial standing in the state. The same year they obtained a kind of financial standing, by securing the right to elect *quæstors* from among the patricians to take charge of the treasures of the republic.

Four years after another blow was struck at patrician exclusiveness by the law of the tribune C. Canuleius, which legalized marriages between members of the two orders. And now the plebeians began to aspire to the highest office of the state, the consulship, as it was called since the time of the decemvirate. The proud patrician families made a desperate attempt to maintain this stronghold by proposing the creation of

<sup>14</sup> Ut quod tributim plebs jussisset populum teneret (Liv. iii. 55).

The words of Livy are here, and in viii. 12, according to Mommsen (Forschungen, p. 165), somewhat misleading. Clearing them of ambiguity, we may state the facts thus:—

The *lex Valeria-Horatia* of 449 B.C. gave to the whole people assembled in their tribes (the *comitia tributa*) the right to legislate, a right confirmed by the *lex Publilia* of 339 B.C. (to be carefully distinguished from the *lex Publilia* of 471 B.C.) and exercised for the first time in 357 B.C.

The *lex Hortensia* of 287 B.C. gave to the plebeians in their assembly, which was more and more superseding the more inclusive *comitia tributa*, the same right.

But from 300 B.C. the patricians are, relatively to the whole state, constantly declining in numbers; and long before the end of the republic, the old *comitia tributa* and the *concilium* of the plebs were merged in one another, and called indifferently the *comitia tributa*.

three Military Tribunes with consular power, instead of consuls, and by transferring some of the most important duties of the consuls to two new patrician magistrates, the censors. The device was for a time successful. Though theoretically eligible, the plebeians never secured a place among the military tribunes for forty-four years. Very often, the patricians managed to get consuls elected instead of military tribunes with consular power. We find military tribunes appointed fifty-two times between 444 and 367 B.C. In this latter year the tribunes of the plebs, opened the consulship to their constituents by the Licinio-Sextian laws. Already, many years before this (421 B.C.), the quæstorship had been thrown open.

444 B.C.

The consulship opened to plebeians, 367 B.C.

When the patricians were thus fairly beaten, they effected the creation of a fresh exclusively patrician magistracy, the prætorship. But time and destiny were too much for them. The *lex Publilia* decreed that one of the two censors must be a plebeian, though it was not till 280 B.C. that a plebeian actually secured election. And in 337 B.C. the tribune who passed the *lex Publilia* of two years before took his seat on the curule chair of the prætor.

339 B.C.

End of the struggle.

Looking a few years further on, we see almost the last vestige of the old legal inequality between patrician and plebeian disappear in the *lex Ogulnia*, which threw open the sacred colleges of the pontiffs and the augurs to men of plebeian birth.

300 B.C.

When the next class-struggle breaks out in Rome, about the middle of the second century B.C., the old distinction between patrician and plebeian has become one of mainly antiquarian interest; the aristocratic party consists of those who have been ennobled by holding the chief magistracies of the state, who form an order with strongly exclusive instincts; while the popular party finds some of its most sturdy opponents in Octavii and Metelli, who by blood descent were plebeian. The historians confuse us a little by retaining the old names; but after the year 300 B.C. we must understand by plebs, not the old unprivileged families, as opposed to the patrician families, but merely the mass of poorer citizens who instinctively formed themselves into a party

to resist the oligarchical tendencies which were nourished in the Senate.

The breach between the orders was healed, and hardly a scar seemed to remain. But the creation of that exceptional magistracy the tribuneship, which at first appeared to be the instrument of union, was necessarily pregnant with danger for the future. Nothing could be more logical and consistent than the oligarchical constitution of consuls, Senate, and *comitia centuriata*; the tribuneship was something outside of this, independent of it, and the tribunes acquired by the formidable right of veto (*jus intercedendi*), the power of absolutely arresting the constitutional machinery. The peril involved in this anomaly remained concealed during the long period of warfare which we must now traverse, but immediately the arms of the republic were victorious, the latent inconsistency became apparent in the convulsion of the Gracchan revolution.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EARLY WARS OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE Roman historians were fertile in the invention of battles and sieges, in which they imagined their ancestors constantly engaged. It would be superfluous for us to follow them through these thrice-told tales. And yet we are as unwilling <sup>The real</sup> wonder of the <sup>as they were to leave unsung those heroic years in</sup> wars. which the infant state learnt her first lessons of discipline and of conquest. The plain unadorned tale would, we may be sure, be much more wonderful than the plumes, borrowed from Greece, with which they deck it. This small resolute republic, which had not yet learnt how to preserve peace within her own borders, with her "ancient manners and men," her vigorous home-life, and her remarkable military abilities, measured herself with her neighbours, proved herself superior to them, and absorbed them into herself. This process she repeated in ever-widening circles. Let us pick our way through the fictions of the historians, and set before ourselves the more wonderful facts.

But first let us notice how untrustworthy our authorities are. Livy plainly says<sup>1</sup> that in "this ancient history he is content if he can make his tale probable." He might well be <sup>The fictitious</sup> content with that; but we could not be content with <sup>marvels.</sup> it, and fortunately for us his tale does not appear probable. For instance, we find Fidenæ besieged and conquered and <sup>Uncertain</sup> settled again and again; and we find wars against <sup>authorities.</sup> Veii and other places which are almost verbal repetitions of one another. Then the Greek writers of Roman history not only freely borrow incidents from Greek sources, as we shall see,

<sup>1</sup> xxi. 9.

but are very rhetorical, and are, as Polybius says<sup>2</sup> of some of them later on, full of "gossiping and universal chatter." Sometimes we can correct their mistakes with the greatest certainty from our standpoint of historical criticism. To give one example, borrowed from the struggle surveyed in the last chapter, both Cicero and Livy tell us that the Twelve Tables first forbade marriages between patricians and plebeians. Now we can assert with confidence that the development of the struggle between the orders renders this statement incredible. The Twelve Tables only asserted an already existing restriction; though tending in the direction of equality, the code had only advanced a little way.

We must try in these early wars to exercise a similar criticism. The Sp. Cassius, who suffered for his agrarian law, was the means of effecting an alliance between the Latins and the  
 495 B.C.  
 Alliance between  
 Romans, Latins, and  
 Hernicans. Romans. In this league were included the Hernicans<sup>3</sup> who lived in the valley of the Trerus. As yet this was an alliance on equal terms; the contracting parties were *socii*. No one could see then that 'socii' would one day mean little more than "subjects."

For the present, and indeed until the revolt of the Latins in 340 B.C., the Romans had in their neighbours of their own blood genuine allies. It was part of the policy, or shall we say the fortune, of the Roman people to use each nation in succession as an ally against the rest before its own turn for absorption came. In this way the Latins now helped Rome against the Volsci. The wars with this people stretch over a period of some  
 499-450 B.C. forty years, and then the growing power of Rome overshadows her early rival, which disappears from history.<sup>4</sup> Among the first of the Volscian towns to be conquered, was Corioli, which lay between Alba and Ardea. Tradition said that

<sup>2</sup> iii. 20.

<sup>3</sup> It should be observed on Map III. how the alliance with the Latins and Hernicans practically drove a wedge between the Volscians and Æquians, Rome's chief enemies at this epoch, thus enabling her to crush them in detail. For the revolt of the Latins, v. *postea*, p. 37, and of the Hernici, p. 42.

<sup>4</sup> As late as 381 B.C. we read of a campaign of Camillus against the Volsci; but the story is probably a fiction of the Camillus myth.

from the capture of this place, C. Marcius received the name of Coriolanus. It was many generations after this that conquerors first received names to commemorate the conquered town or country. Coriolanus is nothing but a brilliant creation of later fancy, and such germ of historic fact as underlies the tale it is impossible to discover, and we may add, unnecessary; for, granting that we have in the main a mere repetition of Themistocles's flight to Admetus of Molossus, there yet breathes through the whole story the genuine Roman spirit. If we remember it is not history, it may be as instructive as history itself.

C. Marcius wished to turn a time of famine to account by wrenching from the plebs their newly won constitution, as the price of bread. But the plebs determined to hurl him from the Tarpeian Rock; and to save him from this The legend of Coriolanus. fate, the Senate consented to drive him into banishment. He took refuge with his country's enemies, the Volsci, and, kindly received by their chieftain, Attius Tullius, he rose to high position in their armies. Town after town of the Latin league fell before his arms, and at last he marched on Rome itself. In vain the terrified Senate sent embassies to arrest his steps. At length, when he was only four miles from the city, his aged mother, Veturia, and his young wife, Volumnia, came with a lamentable company of women, beseeching him to turn back. He could resist his wife and children, but not his mother. "Mother, thou hast conquered me," he said; "but hast brought me to misery." He departed, and died in exile. On the Latin Way, where he turned his foot from attacking his country at the instance of a woman's prayer, was built the Temple of Fortuna Muliebris, which stood even when the republic had fallen, a witness to the filial obedience which formed so striking a feature of the "ancient men and manners."

Alternating with the raids against the Volsci are the almost yearly campaigns with the Æqui, who would pour down their valleys and occupy Mount Algidus, threatening Tusculum and the Latin Way which led to Rome. Cincinnatus and the Æquians. It was on one of these occasions, when the republic too was engaged with Sabines to the north, and Volscians to the south, that the Consul Minucius found himself hemmed in on the

mountain-side by the Æqui. Very beautiful and very characteristic is the legend which veils the issue of the danger. L. Quinctius Cincinnatus, ruined by a fine imposed upon his son, is tilling his little farm across the Tiber, when the messengers of the Senate come to announce that he is made dictator. With great simplicity he leaves his plough, conquers the Æqui, and returns to his furrows again.

After the decemvirate, Rome was united, and the attacks of the neighbouring peoples were more easily repelled. It is clear that the towns of Latium had suffered more than Rome herself, and thus the Volscians and Æquians were to be thanked for preparing the subjection of the Latins. Before the end of the century we

The first find Rome sending out colonies to some of the con-  
colony histori- quered towns. The first was to Labicum,<sup>5</sup> on Mount  
cally certain,  
418 B.C. Algidus. These colonies were like garrisons of the  
conquering power; once planted, they never withdrew.

The period of border raids is followed by the first considerable military undertaking, which was an omen of the career of Rome.

War with Barely twelve miles from Rome, on a triangular rock  
Veii. (the modern Isola Farnese), was the strong Etruscan town of Veii.<sup>6</sup> Rome and Veii, equals in strength and size, had engaged in periodical conflicts from time immemorial. Against Veii, so the legend ran, had the Fabian *gens*, three hundred strong, marched out of Rome by the gate called ever after Porta Scelerata, and in an ambush had been utterly destroyed. Against Veii, in alliance with Falerii and Fidenæ, had the Romans fought, when Cossus slew Lars Tolumnius, the king, and carried off the

428 B.C. (P) *spolia opima*,<sup>7</sup> the first won since the victory of the hero king, Romulus, and when Fidenæ was razed to the ground for her treachery by the dictator, Mam. Æmilius Mamercus, to form the first historical increase of Roman territory in the neighbourhood of the city. But the time had come for the final struggle with Veii—a momentous event, and we cannot wonder that Roman pride should deck it with wreaths of Epic fable. Veii was deserted by the other members of the Etruscan league, who were now engaged with a terrible foe upon their northern borders, the Gaul.

<sup>5</sup> v. Map III.

<sup>6</sup> v. p. 74.

How the siege lasted for ten years; how, at the bidding of a captured Tuscan seer, the Alban Lake was drained (and is not the tunnel which drained it visible to-day?); how The tale of Veii. Camillus, the dictator, by a tunnel underground took the city, and forestalled the sacrifice; how Juno came from Veii, and took up her abode upon the Aventine; how Camillus triumphed; and how the wrath of the gods fell upon him, and he was banished—all this and more is told by Livy in his matchless way. It is an epic, and a beautiful epic.

We mark, however, the greatness of the undertaking in this, that now first the citizen soldiers receive pay, since they are kept in the field from year to year, and the cavalry is organized in consequence on a new principle of property qualification, which formed the germ of the *Ordo Equester*, the "*Seminarium Senatus*." The conquered territory was a few years after (387 B.C.) organized in four additional tribes, which were added to the pre-existing twenty-one.

The tables are turned since the time when an Etruscan dynasty reigned in Rome, or since Lars Porsenna of Clusium threatened the existence of the young republic. But a terrible scourge was at hand, as the god Aius Locutius mysteriously announced to M. Cædicius one evening, on the Via Nova, where, under the Palatine, his chapel and altar long commemorated this Invasion of the Gauls. divine warning. The Senonian Gauls were breaking like a flood over the Apennines, and they laughed to scorn the severe and haughty warnings of the ambassadors sent by the unheard-of republic of Rome. On the Allia, eleven miles from Rome, the terrible onsets of the Celts drove the legions The Allia, 390 B.C. of the republic in hopeless rout. The city lay open to the enemy; no one thought even of barring the gates. When the barbarians entered, the people had fled over the Pons Sublicius, the vestal virgins had carried the sacred things to Cære, and only a few grey-haired senators were found in the *atria* of their houses, motionless, silent, scorning flight.

But the Capitol was held by a desperate few; and M. Manlius, roused by the sacred geese, hurled down the assailants who had nearly scaled the inaccessible side towards the Tiber. For two months the Gauls held the city, burning all but the temples and the Palatine. And then they vanished, not without a bribe—

possibly because they were summoned back from the north; possibly because the malarious atmosphere of Rome was killing them; possibly because they scorned their conquered foe, on whom they left the stigma of Brennus's contemptuous utterance, "*Væ victis*;" but probably *not* because Camillus, named dictator by the Senate in the besieged Capitol, appeared in the nick of time to drive them headlong from the city and recover the spoil; that is pretty clearly an invention of Roman vanity.

We are in the region now of clear historical fact, for the greatness of Rome begins from this resistance to the Gauls; and the city which rose from the ashes, with its narrow and irregular streets built in a hurry, and therefore, as Livy says, not following the courses of the *Cloacæ*, was essentially the city in which Livy wrote. That rebuilding of Rome, after the rejection of the proposal to migrate to empty Veii, was the reconsecration of the sacred soil.\* On the Capitol rose the Temple of Juno the Warner, whose geese had saved the Capitol. And Juno the Warner came to mean

Temple of Juno the Money-maker, for it was this temple which *Juno Moneta*. became the Mint of Rome. Still more does the neighbouring Temple of Venus Calva seem to mark this great event as genuine by a permanent local record: Venus the Bald recalled the devotion of the women who in the siege gave their hair to make strings for the engines.

With the burning of the city must have perished many of the materials out of which the history of the previous time might have been constructed. For want of these, in the dawn of historical literature at Rome two centuries later, the writers had to depend upon vague traditions, which, so far from sifting and verifying, they studiously adorned with fiction. Hitherto, then—and our task in this direction is not yet done—we have had to separate the particles of truth concerning the origin of the Roman constitution and of the Roman Empire from the alloy—often beautiful and interesting, but not true—of conscious and unconscious legend.

Henceforth the difficulty of the task begins to decrease.

\* Liv. v. 52-54.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE VICTORY OF THE PLEBEIANS IN THE FORUM, AND OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE OVER ITS NEIGHBOURS (390-366 B.C.).

OUT of the trial of the Gallic occupation the Roman people came strengthened and purified. It was not the pathetic appeal of Camillus, who told them how in his exile he fondly dreamed of Rome, but it was the voice of an unknown centurion, sounding like a decree of the gods, Rome after  
the retreat of  
the Gauls. "Standard-bearer, plant the standard; here shall we best remain,"<sup>1</sup> which determined them not to migrate to Veii, but to build again the city of Quirinus.

We cannot wonder if in those thirty busy years they found little time to leave materials for historical records, nor if in the restoration of the temples they by a pious fraud 390-360 B.C. imported some fictitious monuments to record the traditions of the old city. On the other hand, we must not wonder if the historians, unwilling to leave that generation of heroic but silent growth without a memorial, have feigned what they could not know.

Undoubtedly the state was shaken to its foundations; society was disorganized; and the jealous neighbours of the burnt city were watching their opportunity. The hero Camillus forms the connecting link between the internal and external history of the time—a history of manful struggle against foes without, and of equally manful compromise between the opposing parties within.

First let us look at the restored people within the walls. Only six years before (396 B.C.) the conquered Veientine land had come into the hands of the state. But the poorer folk had got no share in it. On the contrary, the plebeians, who were actually

<sup>1</sup> Livy. v. 5.

"clients," or dependents, on the rich patricians, found themselves well nigh bankrupt, unable to pay the tithe (*decuma*) which their lords demanded, and burdened with debts incurred for the purchase of tools and of grain. M. Manlius, himself a patrician—he who heard the geese of Juno, and hurled the Gauls from the Capitol—pitied the poor citizens, divided his own *occupied*<sup>2</sup> land among them, and would have carried a measure to make others imitate his example. Vested interests were touched, and he was drawn before the centuries to be condemned for aiming at monarchy; but he pointed from the *septa*, where he stood, up to the Capitol which he had saved, and the people would not condemn him. But the *comitia* of the *curiæ*, in the Pæsteline Grove, ordered his death; they forgot the Capitol he had saved in defending their privileges which he threatened.<sup>3</sup>

But by the arrangement of 444 B.C.,<sup>4</sup> the plebeians were by now getting men of their own order raised to positions of influence. The *gens Licinia* held the first military tribuneships (400, and again 396, B.C.) which the plebeians succeeded in wresting from the patricians. Now, a generation after, C. Licinius Stolo became the champion of his order. His wife, says Livy, was the daughter of a patrician, Fabius, and her sister was married to a patrician, Servilius. Livy has an old wife's tale about the

jealousy between the sisters being the cause which  
*Leges Licinias*  
*Sextias,* egged Licinius on; but it illustrates the inequality of  
 367 B.C. the orders which led to the Licinio-Sextian laws. For

ten years the two tribunes Sextius and Licinius stopped the machinery of government,<sup>5</sup> holding their office in the face of all patrician resistance, until even Camillus, moved it is said by the patriotism of the plebs who forgot their constitutional right to serve under his banner against the enemies of the state, supported  
<sup>2</sup> v. p. 20.

<sup>3</sup> *Breves et infaustos populi Romani amores.*—Tac. Ann. ii. 41. Sp. Cassius, and Sp. Mælius, the rich plebeian who in 439 B.C. was murdered by the patricians for feeding the people in a famine, and App. Claudius, the decemvir, and now M. Manlius; two centuries later, the Gracchi and M. Livius Drusus—all show how dangerous it was for a rich man, patrician or plebeian, to advocate the rights of the proletariat.

<sup>4</sup> v. p. 22.

<sup>5</sup> N.B.—The *solitudo magistratum* (Liv. vi. 85) in the Fasti between 375 and 370 B.C. is probably a fiction of perplexed annalists.



their claims; and when the struggle was over he built the first Temple of Concord, at the foot of the stairs which led up to the Temple of Juno Moneta on the Capitol. And indeed the new laws seemed like a pledge of eternal peace: (1) One consul *must* be a plebeian; (2) no one was to "occupy" more than five hundred jugera of the *publicus ager*; (3) debts should be repaid, deducting the interest; for interest was still, though the Twelve Tables sanctioned it, regarded as an unnatural extortion.

Now let us look at the external undertakings which filled the intervals of civil strife. To begin with, the Latin towns, which were already suspicious that Rome would soon be rather a mistress than an ally, saw in the ashes of the city a chance of asserting their own equality. The great city of B.C. 388.

Præneste, which was less than a day's march from 380. Rome, rose in arms, but was subdued by the dictator, T. Quinctius; but when Livy tells us that an inscription in Rome recorded that he had taken nine cities in nine days, and Præneste the tenth, it only leads us to the reflection that even tablets in bronze can lie. Somehow or other, none the less, the sturdy little republic reduced the disaffected Latins and the Volscians who were with them; for we find two new tribes formed out of the

old Latin territory from which the Volscians were Two new  
tribes (27 in  
all), 358 B.C. ejected added to the twenty-five. Even before this

Rome had set two more of her fortress towns in the centre of Etruria; the colonies of Sutrium and Nepete (Map III.) were planted seven years after the retreat of the Gauls (383 B.C.). From her frontier thus extended she looked out upon the strong Etruscan city of Tarquinii. A conflict was inevitable. In the Etruscan host appeared inspired seers with burning torches, and snakes twined in their hair. To meet such ghostly foes C. Marcius

Rutilus was named Dictator, the first plebeian who Victory over  
the Etruscans,  
356 B.C. ever held that semi-regal office. He was victorious,

but the proud *pateres* were loth to see him marching in triumph along the Sacred Way. It was only at the bidding of the people that he was suffered to approach Capitoline Jupiter, clad in the raiment of the god, as was the wont of those who led a triumph.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> It was in this war that Cære was conquered, and incorporated with Rome; and the name Cærites was used henceforth to mean *cives sine suffragio*.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TIMES OF THE SAMNITE WARS—CONQUEST AND ORGANIZATION OF ITALY (366-262 B.C.).

WE are now in the heroic age of Roman history. The Roman people, simple, religious, self-sacrificing, are yet untouched by foreign influences. By the force of their spiritual, political, and military superiority, they assert their right to be masters of Italy; and by the wisdom with which they organize the home peninsula, they foreshadow their right and capacity to be masters of the Mediterranean. Hitherto we have found it difficult to touch historical ground in the floods of fond fictions with which the origin of the city is overwhelmed. Henceforward there is little difficulty in finding the general outlines of truth, though we often trace them through a mist of imaginary details, the creation of a pious awe or of a not unpardonable family or national pride. Roman historians felt intrinsically that the gods and heroes were upon the sacred soil of Latium in those days of noble energy and chivalrous self-devotion. They did not understand that the unvarnished tale was more divine, more heroic, than their inventions could make it. We are thus confronted with the task of brushing aside the false tinsel of "funeral orations and untrue inscriptions of images,"<sup>1</sup> which vitiated the facts, not to find that there is nothing underneath but to find that underneath is gold. The mark of the epoch is—at home, a generous compromise between the opposite interests of the rich and poor; abroad, a passionate patriotism which made every Roman lose all thought of himself, all thought, too, sometimes, of mercy and justice, in a yearning devotion to the city, which

The marks  
of the heroic  
period.

<sup>1</sup> Livy, viii. 40.

from this time forward begins to acquire that mystic charm which has survived to our own day, and inspired the enthusiasm of Ugo Bassi and Mazzini.

Let us begin with a story which is not history, but still a symbol of history. In the year of the city 392 B.C., the volcanic soil of the Forum was rent by an "earthquake or some other force." And the yawning chasm in the heart of Rome could only be filled, so chanted the haruspices, by that which Rome held dearest. Then, M. Curtius, thinking that arms and valour were Rome's greatest treasure, richly caparisoned, mounted on his horse, in the midst of the awe-struck throng, turned his eyes and his hands upwards to the temples on the Capitol, then downwards to the dark powers of the under-world, and rode headlong into the gulf, which closed upon him. And the Curtian Lake in the Forum to Roman eyes recalled, not the marsh that once covered the Velabrum, the marsh drained by the great Cloaca, but the heroic self-sacrifice which is the glory of a state.

Now we must follow the steps by which Roman patriotism, combined with Roman diplomacy and Roman strategy, subdued the peninsula, in which the city held the one spot which was suitable for a centralized government. The spurs of the Sabellian stock which abutted on the Roman Campagna were already conquered. But away to the east and south-east of Rome rose the mighty peaks of the Apennines, and among their valleys lived the strongest members of that stock which contributed so much to the making of Rome. These were the Samnites. The Sabines, whose presence in Rome is preserved in the traditions of Romulus and Tatius, whose typical representatives were the Claudii, the *gens* which has already played some part, and will play a greater part in the history, traced their origin to the valleys between Gran Sasso and Velino, the snow-clad mountains more to the north-east; their kinsmen, the Samnites, clustered round the mountains in which the Volturnus spreads its countless arms, the Monte Matese of modern times; they had forgotten their kinship with the Sabines settled in Latium. And indeed the Latin and Etruscan elements had so far modified these offshoots from the people of the Abruzzi, that the strong town-organized Romans did not bear much resemblance to their equally strong mountain-bred kinsmen, the Samnites.

Was the city or were the mountains to rule Italy? or were the conflicting nations to leave the field open for the Celtic hordes of the north to supersede them both? These were the questions which waited now for their answer.

At present Romans and Samnites were bound together by the treaty of 354 B.C.; but a battlefield was preparing for them in Campania. In these rich plains some of the mountaineers had established something like an ascendancy. The great and prosperous town of Capua had once been conquered 493 B.C. by the Samnites, but the conquerors had formed an aristocracy which, in the luxury of city life, abjured the memory of their fathers; and we find them now actually turning to the prosperous capital of Latium to help them in The first Samnite war, 343-341 B.C. resisting the Samnite warriors who were harassing their neighbours of Teanum Sidicinum. They even surrendered their city into the hands of Rome on condition of receiving protection, much to the indignation of the popular party in Capua.

Here for the first time we touch the characteristic diplomacy of Rome; to utilize internal divisions; to support the oligarchy against the democracy; on the invitation of the aristocrats to interpose and to treat the democrats as rebels to their own state. The Samnites supported by the people of Capua declared war against the Romans who supported the aristocracy of Capua.

The Samnites met the legions of Latium on Mount Gaurus, which overlooked the Greek settlement of Cumæ. And there the Roman consul, M. Valerius Corvus, hemmed in between the river Volturnus and the sea, fighting as if for life, shattered the army of the Samnites; and the Sibyl of Cumæ, seeing that conflict under the hill, might have prophesied that there the die was cast. It was fated that the city, not the mountains, should rule Italy. This is really all we know of the first Samnite war, and even this is veiled in legend. But it is enough; Campania, with its most important town, Capua, remained under the spell of the Latin league. Rome and Samnium were again in alliance.

But the Latin league itself was cracking and falling to pieces owing to the ever-increasing predominance of Rome. The war with the Sidicinians, deserted by Rome in the peace just made, turned to the Socii, the Latins, who continued the war with

the Samnites, and this led to the unnatural spectacle of Romans fighting against their allies of yesterday. There is something inconceivably pathetic in this Latin war. The pathos is somewhat grim too, as the traditions of the chroniclers show.

340 B.C.

Since the treaty of Sp. Cassius (493 B.C.) the towns of Latium, including Rome, had formed a mutual alliance, in which a friendly equality was recognized on all sides. The men of Tibur, Prænesta, Lanuvium, Rome, and the rest, were armed and trained alike, fought side by side in the wars with Sabines, Etruscans, or Volscians, and in peace they recognized their unity by their common festival held on the Alban mount, the mythical centre of the Latin league, in honour of Jupiter Latiaris.<sup>2</sup> But Jupiter Capitolinus had taken his seat on the Roman citadel, and every year made it clearer that Rome towered over the older towns; every year the other towns instinctively drew nearer to one another, and muttered their discontent against the city round whose brow the imperial halo was already gathering. At last their proud spirit flared up in rebellion. The Volscians of Privernum and of the seaport Antium supported them; and they sent their two prætors, L. Annius and L. Minucius, to Rome demanding, if we may trust Livy, that, while Rome should form one-half of the united state and of the administration, the rest of Latium together should at least form the other half. They wished, no doubt, to share equally in the spoils of war; they were willing too, perhaps, to merge their several communities in the single community of Rome, and to make a compact equalized state covering the plain of Latium. But the proud self-consciousness of Rome had already reached a point which made this impossible. T. Manlius Torquatus burst into a passion of indignation at the thought of a mere Latin climbing the steps of the Capitol as *triumphator*; and indeed, so the story went, the Latin envoy who was the bearer of so impious a proposal fell on those very steps, and was killed, as it were, by a thunderbolt of the god. War was inevitable. We see the first sign of Roman strategical ability in the campaign which followed. The army was led round through

<sup>2</sup> The *Feria Latina*, lasting six days, could only be celebrated under the presidency of the consuls, who could never leave Italy for any campaign until that duty was performed. It lasted until the fourth century, A.D.

the mountains of Samnium, and thus attacked the Latins from the south. It was an awful conflict, a conflict between brothers. Nothing but rigorous discipline and passionate love to Rome could win the victory over these legions which had learnt valour fighting in the Roman lines. The consuls felt themselves and their country to be under the cloud, and a horrified tradition has preserved the record of their sensations. For the patrician consul, Manlius, imitating the rigour of the old dictator A. Postumius Tiburtus in the war against the Æqui (431 B.C.), condemned his son to death for disobeying the orders of the camp and engaging in valourous<sup>2</sup> single combat with a Latin; and the plebeian consul, P. Decius Mus, decided the hard-fought battle on the <sup>The decisive</sup> Vesperis, near Vesuvius, by devoting to the infernal <sup>battle.</sup>

gods himself and the army of the enemy, following the directions of the Pontifex Maximus, to whom the will of the gods had been revealed in a dream. His *toga prætexta* wrapped around his head as for a solemn festival, his hand upon his chin, and rising in the saddle, "with mien of more than human augustness," he rode into the thick of the fight and fell; and the Roman army was victorious.<sup>3</sup> The formula of devotion betrays its Sabine origin, for in the invocation to the gods the Sabine Janus comes first. The action is Roman through and through. It breathes the spirit of this heroic age. Again, at Trifanum, the Latins were overthrown, and their resistance gradually died away. Out of this terrible struggle Romans and Latins emerge, united 338 B.C.

again it is true, but their mutual relations permanently changed. The settlement of Latium we must describe a little later on. For the present we must turn again to the south-east, and mark how the alliance of Rome and Samnium gave place to another war between the rival powers—a war in which Rome, weakened by the fierce home-struggle, does not achieve a rapid victory as she did before.

We caught sight just now of the ancient Greek town of Cumæ (Kyme). It was the first of the many Greek colonies planted on the Italian shores in the times before chronology begins. On the beautiful bay to the south of this settlement her citizens had built two other cities—Palæopolis and

Second Sam-  
nite war,  
327–304 B.C.

<sup>2</sup> Livy, viii. 8.

Neapolis. The citizens of Palæopolis, or at any rate the aristocratic party there, appealed to the victors of the battle of Mount Gaurus against the Samnites, who had occupied their town with a garrison. When the Romans found their imperious demands rejected by the

327 B.C.

Samnites they in most solemn form by their *fetiales* declared war. The consul, Q. Publilius Philo, by force or treachery, took Palæopolis, and next year he was continued in the command at the bidding of the *comitia*. Thus the widening area of Roman interests gives rise to the PROCONSULAR office.

The great feature of this second Samnite war was the bold attempt of the Roman armies to draw their lines round the mountains of the enemy by occupying Apulia. To this end the Marcians and Vestinians were drawn or forced into alliance. Marching along this line of allied territory the Romans formed a centre of operations at Luceria, on the east of the Apennines. It was in the attempt to send an army through the unknown mountain passes which connected Campania with this town, in the sixth year of the war, that a catastrophe happened which left

321 B.C.  
Caudine  
Fauculae, Val  
d'Arpaia. an abiding impression upon the Roman mind. The shame of the Caudine Forks was equalled only by the horror of the Allia and the blank dismay of

Cannæ. Eleven miles from the spot where Beneventum afterwards was planted on the banks of the Volturnus, a mountain ravine runs into the valley of the river. Except on this side it has no entrance, no exit. It is walled with insurmountable crags. The Roman consuls, T. Veturius Calvinus and Sp. Postumius Albinus, heedlessly entered these jaws of death, and the able Samnite leader, C. Pontius of Telesia, at home among his native mountains, watched his prey thus fall into his hands. "Destroy them," urged the father of Pontius, "or let them go scot-free." But this wise counsel was not taken. The noble Samnite thought he saw an opportunity of making terms. Two tribunes of the people were present in the Roman army, and with these and the consuls pledging their word for the fulfilment of the conditions—peace between the two belligerents, with the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*—Pontius felt himself safe in letting the 40,000 soldiers pass under the yoke and go their way, reserving only a few hostages. He did not understand how shame was like



a burning stain in a Roman mind, or how the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus towered above and overshadowed the humbler shrine of Fides which was hidden under its walls.

The Senate, at the entreaty of Sp. Postumius, refused to ratify the treaty. The consuls were handed over bound to the enemy; but Pontius, as politic as he was noble, refused to receive them, and the opportunity of Samnium was gone. For a moment, however, the prestige of the republic was shaken. Luceria, of course, was lost, and was not recovered for seven years (in 314 B.C.). Even in Latium where already three years before the shame of Caudium Tusculum and some other of the towns settled in 338 B.C. had been in rebellion, a Roman colony Satricum received a Samnite garrison. Fregellæ which had been established in 328 B.C. as the key to Campania on the Latin Way at the junction of the Trevis with the Liris was occupied also by the victorious enemy. The fortunes of Samnium culminated in the defeat of the Romans at Lautulæ on the road to Campania which was afterwards called the Appian Way. Thus in six years Rome had not recovered from the shock of Caudium.

315 B.C.

We must not be surprised if the later annalists attempted to retrieve the fortunes of Rome by a series of fictitious victories. They had only to turn over the family records of the Valerii, the Fabii, the Cornelii, and the Papirii to find the material they wanted. Among these imaginary battles and triumphs is one story which admits us to the very spirit of the time.

The spirit of the time.

In the earlier part of the war the dictator, L. Papirius Cursor, had on one occasion returned to Rome because a flaw had been discovered in the auguries, to take them afresh in the

Auguraculum on the Capitoline where alone the sacred ceremony could be performed. He left orders with his master of the horse, Q. Fabius Maximus, by no means to engage the enemy in his absence. Fabius saw, however, the opportunity of gaining an advantage. His arms were successful, but the stern dictator could not pardon the breach of discipline. In the Roman Forum he sat in judgment on the delinquent, and it was only at the entreaty of Senate and people and tribunes that Papirius gave way, pronounced Fabius condemned, but granted his life to the prayers of the people. Yet it was this very Fabius who, as consul fifteen

325 B.C.

years later, brought himself to nominate this very Papirius as dictator again, when the interest of the state demanded it.

310 B.C.

But to return to the crisis of 315 B.C.

From that year the star of the republic regained its ascendancy. A threatened revolt of Capua was repressed; the Ausonians, a people in the valley of the Liris who wavered in their allegiance, were ruthlessly massacred; Fregellæ was recovered; Luceria was retaken, and a colony was sent thither. Again the iron arms of the Roman power in Apulia and Campania closed around the people of the mountains; again the city was triumphant.

Restored  
ascendancy  
of Rome,  
314 B.C.

But at this juncture Etruria, the ancient power which had once ruled in Campania and Latium, as well as in the Po valley, raised some head of opposition to Rome, on the expiration of the truce for forty years which had been concluded with the town of Tarquinii. Some attempt was made on Sutrium, the most northerly outpost of Rome in Etruria; but as the conclusion of the war in this quarter leaves things in the same position as they were at the outset, we are impelled to be critical; and when we become critical, we are led to suspect that the brilliant victories over the Etruscans, and then over the Umbrians, even the famous battle of the Vadimonian Lake and the capture of Perugia—all achievements of Q. Fabius Maximus—are really to be referred to the ingenuity of those who compiled the family records of the Fabian gens. Perhaps the Etruscan campaign came from the fertile brain which conceived the famous feat of the 305 Fabii, placed a century before. It is significant that the first Roman historian was a Fabius.<sup>4</sup> The weird description in Livy of the gloom of the Ciminian forest through which Fabius penetrated savours more of a legendary family tale than of actual fact.<sup>5</sup>

More real than these conflicts in Etruria was the revolt of the Hernici, who had been in close alliance with Rome since 494 B.C. Anagnia, the largest town in the country, led the way in admitting Samnite garrisons. But the

<sup>4</sup> Grandson of Fabius Pictor, flor. circ. 210 B.C. Livy calls him *scriptor longè antiquissimus*. He wrote in Greek.

<sup>5</sup> ix. 86.

forces of opposition were growing weak. Q. Marcius Tremulus, the consul, reduced Anagnia, and finally defeated the Samnites, slaying, so it was said, 30,000 of them. Roman predominance was maintained, but the brave mountaineers were by no means conquered; they withdrew from Campania, that was all. Into their own Apennines the Romans, with the memory of Caudium ever-fresh, were not inclined to follow them. From 304 to 298 B.C. there was peace, and that system of organization which made it unnecessary for Rome ever to retreat from the positions she had once won was worked out in Campania and Etruria.

But before we follow those great unknown statesmen in their work, we must again take the field, and watch the closing act of the Samnite wars.

It was now felt from one end of the Apennines to the other that Rome was the chief power in Italy. Once again, however, the rival Sabellian folk, supported by Etruscans and Celts, meant to try conclusions with the imperious city. This time her protection of the Lucanians against the Samnites furnished the pretext of war against Rome. But what fired the Samnites with new hope was the appearance in Etruria of the Senonian Gauls. That was the one thing which could create a panic in the intrepid Senate. All Forum work was suspended, and to meet Gellius Egnatius the Samnite commander who was negotiating with the Celts, the people called to the consulship their old hero Fabius, and he asked as his plebeian colleague P. Decius Mus, a name of glorious omen.

But it was a time of unspeakable horror. The bronze statue of Bellona leapt from her pedestal down to the Forum, and from the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol flowed honey and milk mingled with blood. All citizens were under arms, and even freedmen were enlisted in the centuries. The horror of the Allia for a moment paled even the shame of Caudium. But panic inspired valour in the hearts of the sons of Quirinus; they marched to meet the foe beyond the sources of the Tiber, whither no Roman host had ever marched before, and at Sentinum they faced unblenched the scythed chariots of the Gauls and the desperation of the indomitable Samnites; the Etruscan and Umbrian contingents did not appear on the field. Then for

Third Sam-  
nite War.  
298-290 B.C.

Sentinum  
fight,  
295 B.C.

the second time did a Decius devote himself and the army of the foe to the infernal gods, and the day was won. But in Campania the consuls of three years were hard bestead. Q. Fabius Maximus,

294-293 B.C. surnamed Gurgus (consul 292 B.C.), a surname which

already hints at the decay of the old severity, only at last triumphed by the aid of his heroic father, who was content to serve under him; and he shamed his triumph by the execution, in the dark Mamertine dungeon under the Capitol, of the chivalrous

290 B.C. C. Pontius. The final victory was won by the plebeian, M'. Curius Dentatus. The Samnites, how-

ever, were defeated only, not subdued. The peace recognized their independence. But the iron arms were now locked round their country, when 20,000 colonists were sent to occupy Apulian Venusia.

But it was only men of their own stock that the Roman sword seemed unable to subdue. Ten years after Sentinum, a Roman

295 B.C. army swept the Senonian Gauls from the face of the land, and the colony of Sena Gallica only marked

where they had been. The Boian territory too was infringed by Roman colonies at Castrum and Hatria, and a Boian army was

293 B.C. crushed by the legions near the Vadimonian Lake.

From the Aesis and the Arno on the north to the fringe of Magna Græcia on the south, the Latin city was now undisputed mistress.

How did she organize this large territory? and how came it

that such predominance over races more ancient like the Etruscan, and races her equals in valour like the Samnite, was attained?

Let us try to get a comprehensive view of the answer to the first of these questions. To begin with, the tribal organization of Rome and the adjacent country receives a large extension. The original twenty-one tribes, increased to twenty-five when the Veientine territory was annexed (387 B.C.), and to twenty-seven by the annexation of Volscian country (358 B.C.), received a further addition of two,

Absorption of towns into the Roman state. when the Latins were overthrown (332 B.C.), and of two more after the disturbances in Tusculum (318 B.C.). This disturbance in Tusculum deserves

notice, because it shows us what was meant by being incorporated in the tribes. During the second Samnite war the three Latin towns Tusculum, Velitræ, and Privernum, were encouraged

to revolt; and one night even Rome itself was thrown into a panic by the presence of the rebels. The consul of Tusculum L. Fulvius Curvus we find next year actually elected to the highest magistracy at Rome. Then four years later Tusculum and Privernum are punished with the "penalty of those who deem themselves worthy of liberty," they are absorbed in the conquering city.

323 B.C.

318 B.C.

These thirty-one tribes represent now the sovereign people; from the Ciminian forest to the border of Campania, from the Tiber mouth to the vanguard of the Apennines was in effect Rome. Roman gentlemen had their houses in the country; the citizens of the absorbed towns, like Vitruvius Vacca the Privernate, who had a house on the Palatine even before the absorption, were to be found in Rome; they came to take part in the assembly of the Tribes, or to trade, or merely to lounge in the Forum, and feel the growing bustle of the city which was becoming the heart of Italy.

But all the genuine *Clives Romani* were no longer to be found within the Tribal territory. It was one of the most original devices of the closely welded Roman state for securing her widening domain, to send sections of herself as colonists to occupy her frontier lines. The circles grow like the rings of a great oak, and every circle is marked by a fresh line of colonies.

Coloniae  
Civium  
Romanorum.

A colony\* was founded in the Volscian seaport of Antium after the subjugation of the Latins (338 B.C.). Three hundred full Roman citizens went to live there, and formed the aristocracy of the place. Rome through this port-hole looked out over the Mediterranean. She began to form a fleet, and in the second Samnite war, P. Cornelius made a raid upon Nuceria from the seaboard. Soon after the colonization of Antium another of these permanent garrisons appeared in the seaport of Anxur (Terracina, 329 B.C.). Later on Roman colonies were planted in Campania at Minturnæ and Sinuessa (296 B.C.), and before long we find colonies of Roman citizens at Castrum Novum in Picenum, and at Sena Gallica on the Adriatic (283 B.C.); and then appear colonies in Umbria and

\* P. 28 for Labicum, the first colony which may be treated as historical in 418 B.C. Map IV.

Etruria (Æsium and Alsium, 247 B.C.), and southwards in Campania, Lucania, and Bruttium (especially Croton, 194 B.C.), and then in Gallia Cispadana (Parma and Mutina, 183 B.C.), and then in Gallia Transpadana (Eporedia, 100 B.C.) and Liguria.

Besides this immediate extension of the full Roman citizenship, many places—Cære in Etruria was the first (353 B.C.)—received what

*Civitas sine suffragio.* was called the *Civitas sine suffragio*; the citizens of these *municipia* had the *jus commercii* and the *jus connubii*, like Roman citizens, but they could not vote in the *comitia* or hold a magistracy at Rome. After the Latin War (338 B.C.), Cumæ, Fundi, Formiæ, and Suessula in Campania, entered into this relation with Rome. Their internal government remained unchanged. Some of the Latin towns were treated in this way; and as the *jus commercii* included the right of holding land in the mutually allied territories, Roman owners rapidly spread into these towns, and Latin owners spread into the Roman borders, and by slow, unrecorded steps, as the smaller towns were more and more overshadowed by Rome, they were absorbed into the tribes. On the other hand, some of these towns that joined in the Latin or Hernican uprisings were treated more unfavourably; their local self-government was taken from them, and they were administered by præfects appointed by the Roman prætor; hence they were called *præfecturæ*. In this class was Anagnia after the revolt of the Hernicans in 306 B.C.

The case of Capua will illustrate the distinction between the two classes of *cives sine suffragio*. At the close of the first

Samnite war, the nobility were made full *Cives Romani*, and the plebeians received the *civitas sine suffragio*, with full local self-government. At the close of the second war, the town was made a mere *præfectura*, with no local self-government at all.

We must now notice the special position of the subdued Latin towns, which had taken part in the war against Rome (338 B.C.). The two strong cities of Tibur and Præneste were, it is true, received again

into a nominally equal alliance (*civitates fœderatæ*), but the towns of Latium were isolated from one another by the dissolution of the league. Mutual intercourse in trade or marriage was prohibited. Every step was taken to turn

their eyes towards the new centre, and to make them forget their ancient position. Thus their local magistrates received on retiring from office the full Roman franchise; their citizens were encouraged to settle in Rome and acquired a kind of informal influence there even in the *comitia*. After 268, it is true this feeling underwent a change; but with that we are not yet concerned.

Just as Roman citizens spread beyond the Campagna through the planting of Roman colonies, so this new relation of the Latins to Rome (*jus Latii*) was utilized in the direction of colo-  
Coloniae  
Latinae.  
 nization. Thus from the Roman colonies we have to distinguish the Latin colonies employed by Rome for the same purpose as garrisons on her frontiers, and for the most part occupied by Roman citizens who were content to lose their *jus suffragii* in the *comitia* and the prospect of holding Roman magistracies, in consideration of receiving the grants of land in the new settlement. By glancing at some of these Latin colonies we shall realize the purpose they served. We find some early foundations, like Ardea, Satricum, Sutrium, and Nepete, in Etruria, enumerated among the thirty Latin communities in the list of Dionysius of Halicarnassus; but beginning from the reduction of Latium after the war, we come first to Cales (338 B.C.), on the road to Capua, which was organized as a Latin colony to hold the valley of the lower Liris. The first step in the second Samnite war was to settle Fregellæ (334 B.C.) in the same way. Luceria (328 B.C.) was settled with citizens of the Latin right. Next year Suessa (314 B.C.) on the Liris, and Pontiae (313 B.C.), the island off the Volscian coast; and then with quickly successive strokes, Interamna (312 B.C.) and Sora (303 B.C.) in the old Volscian land, and Alba (303 B.C.) on the Fucine lake, and soon Narnia (299 B.C.) as an outpost against the Gauls who threatened Etruria, and Carseoli (298 B.C.) in the old Æquian land, marked the extension of Roman power. Soon again the Apennines were crossed, and Venusia (291 B.C.) secured S. Apulia with the unusual number of 20,000 colonists. Then Hatria (289 B.C.) in Picenum brings us down to the end of the Samnite and Gallic war.

The century after that saw Gallia Transpadana secured by the Latin colonies, Ariminum<sup>7</sup> (268 B.C.), Cremona and Placentia (218

<sup>7</sup> Map IV.

B.C.), Bononia (189 B.C.), and the last colony of this kind ever planted, Aquileia (181 B.C.). If we look at the map we shall see how this chain of fortresses netted the whole of Italy. Nor were the garrisons small handfuls of men like the three hundred citizens who were sent to the Roman colonies. True Venusia was unusually large, but 6000 men were settled in Alba, and 4000 in Sora, and a like number in Carseoli.

We can now give an answer to the question, Why did this pre-dominance in Italy fall to Rome? We find three main reasons:

Why Rome, and not Samnium, became mistress of Italy. (1) the central position in the peninsula, which enabled her to face her foes one by one and not all together; (2) the development of the urban life, which gave her such an advantage over the loose organization of the Samnite mountaineers, and suggested the remarkable application of the colonial system which has just been referred to; but (3) before all other things, that municipal patriotism based on the strong foundation of family discipline, which was the heaven-sent inspiration of Rome. It was this which swept away all personal feelings from the minds of the Fabii or Manlii when the honour of Rome was at stake; which made contending factions join hands to resist the common foe; which drew all Latium into a closely consolidated state. Such a people was invincible. Capua, Palæopolis, and, as we shall soon see, Tarentum, and every other town, were rent with internal factions, which preferred a party victory to the independence of the state. Veii, Tarquinii, Vulsinii, and the other Etruscan cities, had never learnt the art of co-operation, and they saw one another absorbed by the compact Latin state, holding aloof in selfish isolation.

This conquest of Italy, the heroic achievement of Rome, was a triumph, not so much of military strength as of moral strength, not so much of tactical ingenuity as of political genius.

But this leads us to turn our eyes to the inner life of the people during the period we have just surveyed. We must try, too, to catch a glimpse of the city for which Romans thus heroically fought and bled; then we shall lift up our eyes and see the fleets of the stranger making for the Italian shore to threaten the security of the newly settled state.



## CHAPTER VII.

INTERNAL HISTORY, FROM 342-280 B.C.—THE CITY OF THE  
HEROIC PERIOD.

THE soldiers who occupied Capua after the first struggle with the Samnites broke into mutiny, seized a Roman patrician T. Quinctius, made him their leader, marched along the Latin Way towards the Porta Capena, and threatened the city. 342 B.C.

It was the old grievance; the plebeian soldiers were at the mercy of their officers, and they wanted some equality in the distribution of spoil. Possibly by the *lex Genucia* to abolish interest on loans we must understand an attempt to forbid rent on land, which would be paid in kind, and was the chief interest paid in those simple days. It is characteristic of the time that there, on the spot where Coriolanus yielded to his mother, the dictator M. Valerius Corvus met the mutineers with his legions, but the opposing armies embraced. A noble spirit of concession soothed the grievances: the day was far distant when Romans could fight with one another under the city walls.

The *lex Genucia* forbidding interest on loans. 342 B.C.

Three years after this Q. Publilius Philo was the champion of the plebs. He carried a measure which compelled the Fathers to sanction<sup>1</sup> beforehand any proposal which the *comitia centuriata*

<sup>1</sup> This sanction of the Fathers (*Patrum auctoritas*) was necessary to every decree of the patricio-plebeian assemblies (the *comitia centuriata* and *comitia tributa*). It was the approval of the one hundred patrician senators, not of the whole body of *patres (et) conscripti*. They were specially able to declare whether a proposal was constitutional and regular. By the *lex Publilia* requiring them to make this formal declaration before the proposal was brought to the vote in the assembly, their powers of obstruction were materially limited.

should please to pass.<sup>2</sup> He threw open the sacred censorship to the plebeians, and himself held the office in 332 B.C.

332 B.C. *Leges*  
*Publilæ*. He was also the first prætor of plebeian rank (337 B.C.). We have seen how he was the first Roman pro-consul (p. 40).

Undoubtedly the old class bitterness was dying away as the first thrill of imperial ambition warmed the heart of Rome.

Twenty-five years later, another Appius Claudius leaves a mark on Roman history. This was the famous censor, 312 B.C. *Appius*  
*Claudius* surnamed the Blind. It was that progressive period *Cæcus, Censor*. in the youth of a state when reform is possible without fear of revolution. The censors, who were elected every five years, but always laid down their office at the end of one year and a half,<sup>3</sup> had acquired the right of filling up the Senate; they already had the right of revising the tribes. The power entrusted to these magistrates marks the curious divergence of the ancient from the modern polity; they could eject from the Senate unworthy members, or take his horse from an unworthy knight, or remove from his tribe a disreputable citizen.

Appius now used his power, supported by his plebeian colleague, in the opposite direction. He enrolled freed-men, and *æarii* (*cives sine suffragio*) in the tribes,<sup>4</sup> and even called sons of freedmen up into the Senate. We see the set of the popular tide in the election (304 B.C.) of a freedman's son, a mere clerk, Q. Flavius, to the curule ædileship, a patrician office created in 366 B.C., and this *parvenu* published the laws of the Twelve Tables in the Forum for all citizens to see.

But Appius had other work to do, and would not abdicate his office at the customary term. He gave the first example of that noble characteristic of the popular party in Rome, the execution of great works of public utility. He made the Appian aqueduct, which brought the water from the Sabine Mountains over the

<sup>2</sup> The *Leges Publilæ* also reaffirmed the Valerio-Horatian law of 449 B.C., ut *plebiscita omnes tenerent*, for which see *antea*, p. 22 note.

<sup>3</sup> Probably by the *lex Ovinia* (360?), which also laid down rules by which the choice of senators from the ranks of ex-curule magistrates should be made.

<sup>4</sup> Q. Fabius, in 804, confined them to the four *Tribus Urbane*.

Cælian to the plebeian <sup>5</sup> quarter on the Aventine, and the Appian Road which led to Capua.

It was an era when the plebeians were heroes in the battle-field, and even the privileged orders were alive to the supreme claim which such services constituted. Decius, the martyr of Sentinum, had furthered the Ogulnian law <sup>Plebeian champions.</sup> (300 B.C.), which opened the priesthoods to the plebeians. M'. Curius Dentatus the conqueror of Samnites and Sabines proposed an agrarian law by which poor citizens should receive seven *jugera* of land a-piece. Another plebeian hero was the consul Q. Marcius Trebulus (306 B.C.), whose equestrian statue, it was said, was the first of the kind erected in Rome.

But all did not go smoothly in this city breaking forth into new life and energy every year. The poorer folk did not get their land; the long campaigns left them burdened with debt, in spite of the *lex Genucia*; above all, the legislation of the tribes was not fairly recognized by the patricians. The brave people would not stain the sacred city with blood. Once <sup>Third secession of the plebs</sup> more they resolved to secede. They streamed across <sup>287 B.C.</sup> the Pons Sublicius, and swarmed on the Janiculum, as if they would go to deserted Veii. But the dictator, Q. Hortensius, went to them with prayers; and there in the wood Esculetum the plebs passed a law that their decrees should bind all folk. This *lex Hortensia* <sup>6</sup> (287 B.C.) secured the supremacy of the plebeians assembled in their tribes. As for the *curiæ*, they had fallen dumb and never assembled now except for the empty form of conferring the *imperium* on a magistrate. The *exercitus* of the centuries still elected the consuls, prætors, and censors, and was a court of final appeal. Otherwise the PLEBEIAN COMITIA became henceforth the expression of the sovereignty of the Roman people; and the time would come when their <sup>Rome becoming a democracy.</sup> tribune should be a monarch and their tribunal a throne.

If we would picture to ourselves this city of Rome, which had thus risen by her intrinsic excellence to hold sway in Italy, which could now proudly tell the ambassador of the invader Pyrrhus that she would not treat with an enemy while he was on Italian

<sup>5</sup> Plebeian, since the land was given to the people by the *Lex Icilia*, 436 B.C. <sup>6</sup> For the explanation of this law, see p. 22, note.

soil, we cannot do better than reflect on the words of that ambassador when he returned with his message, that Rome seemed to him a temple. The private houses within the walls of Servius were, we may well believe, mean enough, and their furniture could scarcely have been splendid, for the censor Fabricius (270 B.C.) excluded Rufinus from the Senate for possessing ten pounds of silver in his house, and, indeed, the heroes of the day, Fabricius and Dentatus, were men who tilled the soil with their own hands; but the religious spirit of the people had filled the city with temples of the gods. The streets were too narrow for vehicles to pass, and only vestal virgins and Roman matrons might enter the city in carriages; but the hills were crowned with noble buildings, where the guardian deities might dwell, and open places in the Forum and on the Capitol were filled with statues of Roman worthies.

Let us in imagination take a walk through the city, with its population of 200,000 human souls and of gods innumerable. We **Aspect of the** will enter from the south along the Appian Way, **city.** which was afterwards lined with the tombs of the great for fifteen miles outside the Porta Capena. We pass the Temple of Mars some time before entering the city. Just inside the gate is the Temple of Mercury, and behind it, on the Cœlian Hill, the temple of the Camenæ, where are kept the censorial lists of the citizens when the "lustrum" has been closed. We enter now the triumphal road, and, passing under the Palatine, we climb the Velian by the Sacred Way. As we descend, on our right is the chapel of the Lares, and on our left rises the Temple of Jupiter Stator, vowed by Atilius in the Samnite wars (294 B.C.). We proceed on the Sacred Way, and there to the left, just beyond the turn into the Via Nova, which goes round the brow of the Palatine, is the ancient Temple of Vesta, couching under the stately pile of Castor and Pollux. On our right, again, we see the Temple of the Penates, and beyond rises the recently built Temple of Tellus (300 B.C.) in the Carinæ on the site of Sp. Cassius's house.

Now, as we go on, we enter the Forum, under the triumphal arch of Fabius, the first triumphal arch built in Rome. Much is changed since we last were here.<sup>7</sup> Stone porticoes have replaced

the two lines of the old and the new booths. There are new statues of the kings and of Brutus and of Attus Navius, the augur who cut the whetstone with a razor. Under the Ficus Ruminalis on the Capitol is a new bronze figure of the wolf that suckled Romulus.

To our right are the rostra of the ships taken at Antium, decking the tribunal whence the tribunes speak. Looking upwards in front of us we see the colossal four-horse chariot in clay crowning the Temple of Capitoline Jupiter, visible, they say, even from the Alban Mount. But, lower than that imposing structure, to the right, between it and the Græcostasis the reception-place of foreign ambassadors, is the Temple of Concord, which the clerk-ædile Flavius built. We must not stay to follow the triumphal road up the slope of the Capitoline by Camillus's Temple of Concord to the brow of the Tarpeian. But let us leave the Forum by its left-hand angle, and with the tombs of the Gauls to the left and the Temple of Saturn with the Ærarium and the state record office to the right, pass along the Vicus Jugarius, where once unhappy Mælius lived, and make our way under the Capitoline to the Porta Carmentalis. We are now looking out over the Campus Martius. Some distance off, on this side of the *septa*, is the censor Appius' Temple of Bellona.

But we turn to the left, and cross the Pons Fabricius to the isle of the Tiber, where we find the Temple of Æsculapius, who was brought from Epidaurus (291 B.C.) to stay the plague, the first Greek divinity to come to Rome, unless the Temple of Apollo was really built in 431 B.C. Recrossing the bridge, and walking down the river side to the Forum Boarium, we come to the Temple of Pudicitia, where in the recent Samnite war the proud patrician matrons, cherishing a prejudice which their husbands were surrendering, would not meet for worship with the plebeian matrons, who therefore, with becoming meekness, built their own Temple of Chastity upon the Quirinal.

Turning back towards the Forum, we pass the Temple of Ceres, the home of the plebeian ædiles; and then, just beyond, between the Palatine and the Aventine, is the great circus, where from time immemorial the Ludi Maximi have been celebrated.

In this hasty walk we have had to pass by many more temples

than we have noticed, yet we are left with the impression that the city is, as Kineas called it, one great temple. Roman religion was as yet untainted by contact with the wild enthusiasms of the East or the prevailing scepticism of the Greeks. It was formal, legal in its tone, like a compact between man and the gods, there was in it some of the Etruscan sombreness, but it was sincere.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> "Roman religion has gods, but no mythology." It is destitute of tenderness and imagination. As it was unable to inspire poetry, so it furnished no stimulus to the plastic arts. Before the contact with Greece it had no images of the gods; a spear or a stone served as a symbol of the Deity. Without inspiration—for in place of living contact with the Deity the cold and formal science of augury was cultivated,—without any really spiritual faith, the religion was yet not without a moral significance. If the compacts between a Roman and Jupiter wore only a commercial aspect, there was a sense in which he genuinely worshipped his abstract goddesses Fides, Pudicitia, Fortitudo, and the rest.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE GREEK WORLD AND THE ROMAN WORLD.

WHILE Rome was waging her equal warfare with the Samnites, Alexander the Great was conquering the world; but while Rome was partially organizing her growing dominion the conquered world of Alexander was falling into disunion and anarchy. His generals fought for its fragments, and by interminable quarrelling made them at last little worth fighting for. Macedonia, Syria, Egypt, were governed, or misgoverned, by military chieftains—by a Demetrius, a Seleucus, a Ptolemæus; but there was one king left in Greece, a true king, though his domain was small and **Pyrrhus, King of Epirus**, sterile. This was Pyrrhus, a kinsman by marriage of the royal house of Alexander the Great. His youth was full of hairbreadth escapes and of brave adventures. At last, come to his own (about 294 B.C.), he received from Alexander, son of Kassander of Macedonia, the Ambracian Gulf, to redeem the barren insignificance of his Epirot mountains, and there he organized a civilized state. He was a chivalrous man and the first general of his time; above all things, he was a Greek; his soul was harmonized by the culture of Greece; and before his eyes floated the dazzling visions—the heirloom of the mighty conqueror who died at Babylon, sighing for more worlds to conquer, in 323 B.C.—of world empires conquered by Greek arms, and penetrated by Greek letters.

In the harbour of Ambracia, which was now busy with shipping and trade, he heard much of that *Great Greece* which was flourishing on the shores of Italy and in the large island of Trinacria across the Adriatic. There was the ancient Ancon paling before the neighbouring Roman colony of Sena. There were the mighty and prosperous city of Tarentum and Metapontum harassed by the

neighbouring barbarians; there were Thurii and Croton, Lokri and Rhegium, which had received garrisons from the uncivilized Romans to protect them from the more uncivilized Lucanians. Kyme, the most ancient of the Greek settlements, was in Roman hands. In Sicily, Messina was occupied by some Sabellian mercenaries, who had enslaved the Greek inhabitants. The old Corinthian colony of Syracuse was ruled by Agathocles, whose daughter would tell her husband Pyrrhus how the base Phœnician traders of Carthage were threatening the independence of the fertile island; and when the news came that Agathocles was murdered (286 B.C.), the same ship told how the old disease of the Greek cities, internal party conflict (*ordais*), was leaving Syracuse and Sicily a prey to the invader. Already, fifty years before (332 B.C.), Alexander, the predecessor of Pyrrhus, had been in Italy, and had struck a treaty with the barbarous Romans; why should not Pyrrhus follow the example of this Alexander, and realize the dream of the greater Alexander?

His opportunity came when a party in Tarentum sent to entreat his aid against the Romans who in violation of existing treaties had sailed into the great harbour of their city, and when the citizens seeing the strange sail from their seats in the theatre rushed down and drove them out, Tarentum invites Pyrrhus to Italy. had sent their envoys with a haughty demand for reparation; the light-hearted Greeks had made merry with the jargon of the Roman, and had, all for a jest, thrown mud upon his white robe, which, he declared, should be washed out with their blood. Besides, already the grasping Romans had established a great colony, called Venusia, unpleasantly near to Tarentine territory, and were withal rapidly becoming unbearable in the Peninsula. There was a party in Tarentum, a party of aristocrats with Agis at its head, which was more disposed to follow the example of Thurii and accept the supremacy of Rome. But Pyrrhus was not anxious about the unanimity of his invitation; and sped from Grecian shores by Ptolemæus Ceraunus of Macedonia, and by all the Seleuci and Antigoni, who were glad to be quit of the chivalrous king, he came into Italy with 20,000 hoplites, 2000 archers, 500 slingers, 3000 horsemen, and 20 elephants, to dispute with the legions of Rome the empire of the West.



It is a great crisis in Roman history—nay, in world-history—when the phalanx and the legion first meet in the shock of battle. What enlargement of the political horizon it implied for Rome is shown in the characteristic story which Declaration  
of war. has reached us concerning the outbreak of hostilities. When Kineas, the eloquent envoy of Pyrrhus, had encouraged the Tarentines to defy the power of Rome, it became a question in the Curia Hostilia, how could war be declared against an enemy like Pyrrhus, whose land was across the sea? for the immemorial usage in declaring war was for the Fetialis to advance to the confines of the enemy's country, and hurl a spear across the border. How was the Fetialis to hurl a spear across the Adriatic Sea? That was the question, and it shows how narrow hitherto had been the circle of Roman warfare. The answer was that the spear should be hurled into the field of an Epirot Greek who happened to live in Rome; and in that answer, which satisfied the legal mind of the Roman Senate, we already see those conservative instincts which were to make the city of Rome the fountain of law for the civilized world.

The census of the year 280 B.C. shows a total of 278,222 citizens. Every citizen was a soldier. Need Rome fear the phalanx of Pyrrhus?

At Heraclea, on the Aciris river, P. Valerius Lævinus led his two legions against the inexpugnable position which Pyrrhus had occupied to cover the road to Tarentum. Seven times the three lines of the Roman army shattered them- 280 B.C.  
Battle of  
Heraclea. selves against the solid square of the phalanx, and then Kineas's Thessalian horse, and the "huge earth-shaking beasts," never before seen by Roman eyes, trampled down the exhausted legionaries, until seven thousand of them lay dead on the field, and two thousand were made prisoners of war. But Pyrrhus well understood at what a cost his victory was won. True, Samnium, Lucania, and Bruttium now flocked to his standard, and the Greek towns fell into his hands, and in Rhegium even the army of Roman allies mutinied and held the town for themselves; but what could all this avail in face of his four thousand veterans who had fallen at Heraclea? His soldiers fondly called him the Eagle, and he affectionately replied that they were his wings. His wings had been sorely clipped in the moment in which he seized on his prey.

Thus we find him sending Kineas to Rome and offering peace if Roman garrisons shall be withdrawn from all Greek cities, and the Roman colonies shall leave Samnium, Lucania, and Bruttium free again. The eloquent tongue of Kineas was near prevailing in the Senate, when the old blind censor, Appius Claudius, tottered into the house, and in fiery words protested. The distant cadence of that vigorous speech has reached us through the tumults of two thousand years. In it breathes all the greatness of Rome.

The war continued, and on the plain of Appulia, near Ausculum, Pyrrhus gained another victory. Surely the gods had hidden their faces from Rome, for in vain the consul, P. Decius Mus, followed in the steps of his great ancestors and fell in the forefront of the battle.

279 B.C.  
Battle of  
Ausculum.

But it was not thus by arms that Greece was to conquer Rome. The Carthaginian oppressors of the Greek cities in Sicily, joined Campaign of hands with the Roman oppressors of the Greek cities in Italy; and Pyrrhus now crossed the Straits of Messana, and spent three years in a glorious attempt to found an united Hellenic state in the great island. He drove the Punic armies before him, and hemmed them in at the uttermost western extremity of the land, but there he could not storm their impregnable fort of Lilybæum; and so long as they kept so much as a foothold in the country his labours were vain. We have coins of Pyrrhus, in which the head of Dodonean Zeus is united with the image of Sicilian Demeter. But once again the old disease of Greek politics frustrated the great thought; the Sicilian kingdom fell into its constituent atoms. Meanwhile, the quiet unimaginative persistency of the Roman consuls had recovered all the towns on the southern seaboard of Italy, with the exception of Rhegium and Tarentum.

When the king returned to succour his allies, it was only to meet with a decisive defeat in the valley of Beneventum, within a day's march of the ill-omened Caudium; he had brought his elephants to Italy only to adorn the triumph of the plebeian consul, M'. Curius Dentatus. The dream had vanished, and Pyrrhus, recalled perhaps in part by the Gallic invasions now pouring into Macedonia, returned to Greece, to fall under the walls of Argos three years later.

275 B.C.  
Pyrrhus  
defeated at  
Beneventum.

Beneventum became a Latin colony (268 B.C.); Tarentum was taken; and, to reward the aristocratic party, her self-government was not destroyed. But the great harbour fell silent; and the busy *demos* no longer thronged the theatre and the agora; and the trade and the shipping passed across the promontory to Brundisium, which was soon made a Latin colony (244 B.C.), and there they have remained ever since. Rhegium was stormed, the mutineers slain, and some restoration of the Greek population and local autonomy were granted.

Thus ended the campaign of Pyrrhus, and the heroic period of Roman history. There are stories—possibly they may be true—which tell how the king recognized the valour and the virtue of his antagonists, who sent him back his treacherous physician, rejecting the offer to poison him, whose peasant-hero Fabricius trembled not at the towering form of the elephant above him, when the curtain was withdrawn; who themselves fell at Heraclea and Ausculum, with the great spear wounds all in their breasts. Perhaps he recognized that with such burgess soldiers in place of his Greek mercenaries he might have conquered the world. It is a mark of the heroic age that warriors applaud the warlike qualities of the foe; and we know that we are still in the heroic age, because our records, whether they come from Roman annals or from the pen of the Epirot king, breathe no word of taint against the “city of the gods” which ruled Italy, or against the “sons of the gods” who hoped to rule it.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST PUNIC WAR (264-241 B.C.)—SICILY, THE FIRST PROVINCE.

The golden age of fable is passed; the silver age of the heroes is now insensibly passing into the iron age. The century 274-146 B.C. and a quarter of foreign war and conquest into which we must enter will present much to admire in the Roman polity and in the Roman character; but darker shades begin to predominate. The old polity cracks and breaks under the strain of world-wide undertakings; the old character loses its simplicity and sincerity by contact with foreign influences. A cynical historian might observe that the iron age is coincident with the beginnings of accurate and trustworthy authorities for our facts. <sup>Firm historical ground.</sup> With the year 264 B.C. the history of Polybius, who had contemporary authors before him, and the impartiality to make a fair use of these authors, begins to plant our feet on firm historical ground, and with this increasing authenticity, the story of the Romans loses its idyllic beauty. But such scepticism about the antique virtues is misplaced. Enough of them survives even in the iron age, and the causes of their decline are sufficiently clear to justify us in ignoring the suspicions of cynical historians.

The successful ejection of Pyrrhus from Italy called the attention of the civilized world to the vigorous state which had arisen in the West. The following year (273 B.C.), an embassy reached Rome from the seat of the most ancient of the Mediterranean countries. Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, was accepted as an ally of the republic. But the great power in the western part of the Mediterranean regarded the growing consolidation of the Italian peninsula with different feelings. It is time for us to turn our attention in this direction. Sailing from Lilybæum, the western

promontory of Sicily, to which Pyrrhus had at one time confined the Carthaginian forces, after a voyage of ninety miles to the south-west we sight the African shore running out into the head-land of Hermæum, which forms the eastern arm of a large bay, to-day the Gulf of Tunis. In the deepest point of the bay, built on a small peninsula connected with the shore of the bay by an isthmus three miles across, is the ancient Carthage.

Phœnician city of Carthage. Let us form some conception of her appearance, her government, her dominion, before we trace her relations with the young and raw rival which was to conquer her. As we sail up to the city, let us suppose one evening in the height of her power, as the sun is setting behind her, we notice to our left a land-locked shallow lagoon, shut off from the gulf by a narrow bar running down from the city which is called the *Tænia*. The natural harbour thus formed is crowded with merchant-craft. But we will steer our ship into the great artificial basin to the right, nearly 1400 feet long and 1100 broad, which lies under the walls of the city. As we drop quietly into this great port of the merchants we look up to see the *Byrsa* the citadel, and clearly marked against the red sky is the magnificent Temple of Esmun (*Æsculapius*), which crowns the summit. Pushing through the forest of masts and past the quays crowded with bales, we sail through a narrow lock at the far end of the *Portus Mercatorum*, and find ourselves in a great circular basin 1066 feet in diameter. In the centre of it is a stately marble palace, where the admiral of Carthage dwells; but all round are two hundred and twenty large docks, each entered between two Ionian columns of marble, each containing a great man-of-war of five decks (*quinqueremis*). This, the *Kothon* as it is called, is the home of Carthaginian strength, as the harbour of the merchants is the source of Carthaginian wealth. We land, and walk straight on; we walk through the Forum, and by the vast cisterns which supply the city with water; and keeping the street by the waterside, we pass under the hill which is pierced with the galleries where the silent dead dwell among the bustle of the living. And then we skirt the suburbs of *Megara*, with their magnificent houses and beautiful gardens, until we come round to the great triple wall which guards the neck of the isthmus. Where we first meet it the broken ground supplements its comparative weakness, but further

on we find the outer line six feet thick, forty-five feet high, and marked every two hundred feet by a higher tower. Then, between this and the other lines, we see casemates for 300 elephants, and above them stables for 20,000 horses, and barracks for the horse-men. We follow this marvellous piece of fortification to the point where it touches the lagoon, and still keeping along the sea street, we cross the neck of the Tænia, along the quays to the Forum; and we have walked *twenty-three* miles.

Now we must inquire how this mighty city is governed. That it is governed well we gather from this, that for six hundred years **Government** since the first settlers left Tyre and planted their **of Carthage.** town near to the old kindred colony of Utica, the state has never been convulsed with revolution; yet she has acquired a vast dominion. The supreme power is in the hands of a small aristocracy, called the Hundred, who have acquired the control over the ancient Senate and the two chief magistrates, the *suffetes*. To this powerful body, which only on rare occasions cares to consult the assembly of the people, the generals of the state no less than the civil officers have to render an account. The Hundred form a house of "peers" and they are highly incensed if any of their number aspires to any pre-eminence.

What is it that has produced this wealthy and powerful state? The untiring enterprise of the Phœnician mariners, must be the **Commercial** answer. They have established a trade with the **greatness.** remotest corners of the Mediterranean Sea. One of their generals, Hanno, as his record posted up in the Temple of Baal Moloch says, passed the Pillars of Heracles, and coasted along the African shore nearly to the equator. Another, Himilco, going through the same mysterious gates of the West, made his way northwards to Britain. Trade, carried on through the medium not only of gold and silver but of a kind of paper currency (though the notes were of leather), has built this beautiful city, and filled the country for miles round with orchards and gardens, with flocks and herds, and studded the smiling pastures with villas and palaces, to be equalled nowhere in the civilized world.

Since the year 537 B.C., when she entered into alliance with her old enemy, the naval power of Etruria, she has been led to extend her dominion all along the African coast, over the southern half of

Spain, the Balearic isles, Corsica, and Sardinia, the greater part of Sicily, and to make her outpost towards the East the Island of Malta. And thus the Semitic city on the Bagradas is the queen of the Western Mediterranean, and like a queen she requires all her subjects to pour their wealth into her lap.

We have seen how so early as 509 B.C., if Polybius can be believed, the queen of the seas entered into an alliance with the city of Rome.<sup>1</sup> Just recently (275 B.C.), she had worked hand-in-hand with her old ally to drive Pyrrhus back to Epirus; but the traditional exclamation of the king, as he turned his back on Italy, "What a battlefield are we leaving for the Romans and Carthaginians," indicates how precarious the alliance necessarily was.

Now that the naval forces of the Etrurians and of the Greek cities were practically brought together under the lordship of Rome, the merchant princes of Carthage must have seen that their commercial enterprises might find dangerous rivals. Neither Rome nor Carthage understood that trade differs from war in this, that each of the two rivals gains by the success of the other. As it seemed to the ignorance of those days that the rise of Rome meant the decline of Carthage, a contest was clearly inevitable; and thus, as the two powers turned their faces from the bootless pursuit of Pyrrhus, they found themselves confronting one another, and the question which must take more than a century of bloodshed and waste to answer was now in the air, Shall Carthage or Rome rule the Mediterranean? The only point still left doubtful was, where the struggle should be fought. And before ten years were gone that was decided. The battlefield was to be the rich and beautiful island which lay between Africa and Italy, but seemed to express her preference for the land from which her aborigines had come, by nestling closer to the Italian shore. Sicily was the battlefield; Sicily was the first prize of victory.

The Carthaginian arms had contested the supremacy of Sicily with the great Greek settlements on the eastern coast from time immemorial. On that day, ever memorable for Hellenic patriots, the day of Salamis, while Athens rolled

*Necessary  
rivalry with  
Rome.*

*Previous  
relations*

<sup>1</sup> Mommsen thinks that this treaty (Polyb. iii. 22) should be referred to 354 B.C.

between the Carthaginians and the Greeks. 480 B.C. back the millions of Persia, Syracuse on the Himera slaughtered 130,000 Carthaginians, and confined the Punic army in Sicily to their original settlements, Panormus, Soloeis, Motye. But in the days of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, the Carthaginian armies were only prevented from obtaining full possession of the island by the fevers bred of the marshes of the Anapus, which often destroyed the assailants, and at last destroyed the defenders, of Syracuse. Timoleon, the noble Corinthian ruler of Syracuse, beat the Punic host on the Cremisus and confined the Carthaginian dominion within the limit of the Halycus (340 B.C.). Agathocles, the tyrant who succeeded him, wrought a deed big with ominous doom for Carthage; he showed that Africa could be invaded, and he ravaged the palaces and homesteads within sight of the Byrsa itself (310 B.C.). Still, on the whole, Carthage held Sicily. In the year 264 B.C., the young king of Syracuse, Hiero, found himself succeeding to the dominion of only a strip of country between Tauromenium and Camarina; the rest was Carthaginian. Yet not all the rest; for the promontory which looked out toward the Italian coast was in the possession of some Campanian mercenaries, who, returning home on the death of Agathocles (289 B.C.), bethought themselves to seize the city of Messina from its Greek inhabitants, and to live under the title of the children of Mars (Mamertini) as an independent community of robbers. This town of Messina was the spark which fired the train. Attacked, as they deserved to be attacked, by Carthaginians and Syracusans, these "children of Mars" appealed to the other children of Mars, the Romans.

What issues hung on the debate which arose from this appeal in the Roman Curia, not the wisest man there could dream. The majority of the Senate, the most consistent chamber that ever governed a state, would have rejected this cry of the robbers, for they had but the other day beheaded the three hundred mutineers who had done in Rhegium what the Mamertines had done in Messina. But the consuls, eager for war, turned against Carthage, 264 B.C. to the *comitia* of the centuries, which alone had the constitutional right of deciding such a question. And the people, dazzled with the prospect of booty, driven too perhaps by their destiny, which already was inarticulately



stirring Roman minds, voted for war. The Carthaginians must have been taken by surprise, else the consul, Appius Claudius, would not so easily have crossed the Straits of Messina and ejected their garrison from the robber-town (264 B.C.). The first campaign was so successful that next year (263 B.C.), when the two consuls, M'. Valerius and M'. Otacilius, appeared with 35,000 men, Hiero, with sound political instinct, deserted the Carthaginians, and even thought it worth while to pay two hundred talents to buy the right of serving Rome, which he faithfully did until his death, fifty years later.

The Carthaginian forces were concentrated in Agrigentum, and when, after a seven months' siege, the two consuls for the year 262 B.C. took the town and sold twenty-five thousand freemen into slavery, it dawned on the Roman people that nothing short of the complete ejection of the Carthaginians from the island could satisfy their reasonable desires. But in order to hold an island in the teeth of the Queen of the Seas a fleet was necessary; not only such a fleet of three-decked vessels as could be collected from the ports of Etruria and Campania, but a fleet of calibre to meet the great quinqueremes of Carthage, and equipped with a marine equal to the Phœnicians. Here was a task for the *Duoviri Navales*, the Roman board of admiralty, which had lapsed into a veritable "circumlocution office" for many years past. But the will of the Roman people could work miracles. Within sixty days, says Polybius, the wood was felled and wrought into one hundred quinqueremes, on the model of a Carthaginian hulk wrecked on the Bruttian coast, and into twenty triremes; and the rowers who had practised their movements on tiers of stages, made for the purpose on the shore, were ready to put to sea.

It was a strange beginning of a naval supremacy, and the patrician consul, Cn. Cornelius Scipio, quickly lost the squadron committed to his care, and earned for himself the surname of "The Ass." But the plebeian consul, C.

Duilius, conceived a marvellous device; on every ship he placed a suspended drawbridge, one end of which was fastened by a great hinge to a mast twelve feet from the deck, and the other end, furnished with a great iron spike, was drawn up by a rope and

pulley, and fastened to a higher point in the mast. And with these ravens (*corvi*), as they were called, he met the one hundred  
The great sea and thirty Carthaginian ships on the Sicilian coast  
fight off at Mylæ; met them and grappled them; so soon as  
Mylæ,  
 260 B.C. the bridges fell and the spikes were driven into the  
 enemies' decks, the legionaries boarded and easily mastered the  
 crews in a hand-to-hand fight.

For many years the Columna Rostrata stood in the Roman Forum, close to the tribune's rostra, to remind the citizens how the brave plebeian consul swooped upon the quinquereemes of Carthage.

Hannibal, son of Gisco, who was defeated at Agrigentum and at Mylæ, was crucified by his own soldiers; if he had not been crucified by them he probably would have experienced the same fate at the stern mandate of the Hundred. It was the way they always treated unsuccessful generals in Carthage, a striking con-  
Contrast trast to the noble forbearance of the Romans to their  
between defeated leaders; but the Carthaginians were Semitic,  
Romans and Carthaginians and they worshipped the god of cruelty, Baal-Moloch,  
 and it was not uncommon for them to offer to their deity two  
 hundred beautiful children, born of their noblest and best. This  
 contrast should be always borne in mind.

But we now meet with the first of those able generals, whom the Carthaginian system developed. The Romans following their old  
Hamilcar. custom of annual consulships, every year two fresh  
 leaders had to confront the continuous policy of the  
 single leader of the enemy. Hamilcar was in command at Panormus; no Roman force was able to meet him.

The year of the battle of Ecnomus gave a new turn to the war. In that great battle 330 Roman ships and 350 Carthaginian ships,  
Ecnomus, with a gross total of 300,000 men on board, met to  
 256 B.C. decide whether a Roman armament should cross to  
 Africa. The terrible *corvi* utterly frustrated the naval skill of  
 Hamilcar and Hanno. Only a few of the Carthaginian ships  
The Romans escaped. The consuls, L. Manlius Vulso and M.  
invade Africa. Atilius Regulus, landed at Clypea on the Hermean  
 Promontory, to do again the work of Agathocles, or worse.

It was the weakness of the Carthaginian state that it could never

assimilate its subjects. The Libyans, though mingled in marriage with the Phœnicians, remained unabsorbed and untrustworthy. Thus every subject town, instead of being like a Latin colony a garrison of all the country-side, had to be dismantled or it would be dangerous. In a few weeks the Roman arms had reduced, it was said, four hundred towns on African soil. But now the routine of the Roman service called Manlius home, and Regulus was left with fifteen thousand foot and five hundred horse to conquer Carthage. Still the plebeian consul swept the army of Hamilcar from the field, and appeared before the city gate with terms much harder than were demanded fifteen years later when the peace was finally made. But he paid terribly for his pitiless insolence.

Xanthippus, a Lacedæmonian mercenary, taught the Carthaginians how to beat the Roman army by the use of their elephants and the Numidian cavalry. Regulus was forced to surrender with six hundred men; and of the whole army only two thousand escaped to Clypea. We tremble to think of the offerings to the brazen image of Moloch. But Neptune demanded offerings too from the Romans who had hitherto conquered in his element. They had sent three hundred and forty ships to bring home the remnant from Clypea; but rounding the bluff promontory of Pachynum the fleet was wrecked by a fell storm. 255 B.C.  
One thinks with awe of the calm strength of the Loss of fleets  
by tempests.

Senate, which at once fitted out another armament to make a descent on Panormus. Scipio the "Ass" (consul a second time 254 B.C.) vindicated his fair fame; with A. Atilius, his plebeian colleague, he captured the ancient Carthaginian stronghold. But next year (253 B.C.) the new fleet was wrecked on the Italian shore near Cape Palinurus. The courage even of the Roman Senate was for the moment dashed.

But two years after, another Roman fleet is on the seas, and ready for the blockade of Lilybæum. And L. Cæcilius Metellus won a great battle and captured one hundred and twenty elephants under the walls of Panormus. 251 B.C.  
The great Battle of  
Panormus. beasts were led in triumph up the Sacred Way, and coins of the Cæcili still survive with an elephant on the obverse side. Both states were getting weary of the war, and Regulus, the typical Roman hero, who pined for his barren Tusculan farm more

than for all the honours of office, came from his Carthaginian prison to negotiate at least an exchange of prisoners; and tore himself away from his weeping family, so sang the Roman poets, having urged the Senate not to exchange strong men for him old and useless, to suffer a cruel death in a spiked tun at the hands of his ruthless foes, a cruel death for which his wife took a like vengeance on two noble Carthaginian prisoners. The tale may not be true, but it is very characteristic.

No peace was made, and for ten years the Roman armies besieged Lilybæum; Hannibal the Rhodian ran the blockade until he was captured. The haughty P. Claudius made the sacred

**The tale of  
Regulus.**  
**Siege of  
Lilybæum,  
251-241 B.C.**

chickens "drink if they would not eat," and for his awful impiety suffered a great defeat in the harbour of Drepanum. A third great fleet in 249 B.C., bringing eight hundred corn-ships to the besieging army, was utterly destroyed by the storms of Cape Pachynum, "not a plank of them remaining which could be used again," says Polybius.

In the seventeenth year of the war, the fourth of the siege, the Hundred of Carthage appointed to the command, though they gave him little support in it, one of the greatest men of anti-

**247 B.C.  
Hamilcar  
Barca.**

quity,<sup>2</sup> Hamilcar Barca. His first name, like so many Carthaginian names, is a compound of Melcarth, the Phœnician deity whom the Greeks identified with Heracles; his second name signifies lightning. For three years he maintained himself and his army on the inaccessible peak of Ercte, overhanging the Roman garrison at Panormus; then he stormed Mount Eryx, which the Roman Junius had occupied, and for two more years held his own, deserted by the home government. It is the fatal flaw of an aristocratic government to eye with oblique suspicion a truly great man.

At length the Romans fitted out their last fleet in this war, and C. Lutatius Catulus destroyed the Carthaginian naval force at the Ægatian Islands, facing Lilybæum. Next year the Senate was able to dictate the terms of peace. The strain on the republic had been enormous. Between 252 and 247 B.C. the census shows a decline from

<sup>2</sup> This young Hamilcar (father of Hannibal) is distinct from the other Hamilcar mentioned on the preceding page.

297,797 citizens to 251,222; the Roman *as*, or pound weight of copper, had sunk to two ounces in the scarcity of metal; the last fleet had been equipped by the patriotic self-sacrifice of private citizens. But Jupiter Capitolinus had vanquished Baal-Moloch.

The terms imposed on Carthage were—(1) a war indemnity of 3200 talents, to be paid in ten years; (2) the restoration of Roman prisoners; (3) to abstain from interfering with Hiero, the Roman ally, and to evacuate Sicily. Terms of peace.

Sicily thus came under the protectorate of Rome, and soon after the conclusion of the peace, Sardinia, by a somewhat surreptitious movement, was brought into a similar condition. These were the first Roman dependencies beyond the seas, and a new era is opening for the republic. The first provinces. The change is marked by the creation of a *prætor peregrinus* to relieve the *prætor urbanus* of the large mass of judicial business which began to arise out of the relation of Roman citizens with foreigners. In 227 B.C. two additional prætors were created to serve as the annual governors of the provinces, Sicily and Sardinia, though up to 212 B.C. the kingdom of the faithful ally, Hiero, was maintained in nominal independence; and it was not till a century later (132 B.C.) that the administration of the former rich and civilized country was finally settled on a clear basis by the *lex Rupilia*.

But it was a perilous career on which the state was launched. How could a citizen army, how could annual magistrates, serve at the confines of the world? How could the murmur of the *comitia* govern distant provinces? And when the Carthaginians receded from Sicily, these questions were already implicitly answered: the citizen army must become a mercenary army; the annual consul must become a perpetual imperator; the voice of the tribes must be silent before the wisdom of the Senate, until the word of a Caesar supersedes them both. But all this was not yet; for the present a Temple of Hope (*Spes*) was consecrated under the western slope of the Capitoline; and the armies of the republic turned to vanquish the Illyrians and the Gauls.

We may note that in this year of the peace (241 B.C.), the Tribes, which had been increased by two in 299 B.C., were raised to their ultimate number of thirty-five.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> See p. 44

## CHAPTER X.

### CONFLICTS IN THE FIELD AND IN THE FORUM BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND PUNIC WARS.

EACH of the two great states, which had thus terminated their first struggle for supremacy, had its own home difficulties to settle.

And the settlement in each case illustrates how decided  
The mutiny  
of the  
Carthaginians by this time was the superiority of Rome. The ex-  
hausted Carthaginian treasury was unable to pay the  
mercenaries who came home from Sicily; whereupon they rose  
in revolt under the leadership of a Campanian named Spendius.  
Thousands of the discontented subjects of the haughty city joined  
their ranks; and when unconquered Hamilcar Barca was com-  
missioned by the government to repress them, the leaders de-  
termined to cut off all possibility of surrender by murdering and  
mutilating their Carthaginian prisoners. It thus became a "truceless  
war," and even Hamilcar's military genius only achieved a victory  
by mixing some Punic cunning with his strategy.

241-238 B.C. In three years the revolt was stamped out, but it  
showed how little the strongly welded Roman state had to fear  
from the ill-compacted and untrustworthy forces of Carthage.  
Rome could afford to be generous, and she actually did check the  
privateers which ran the Carthaginian blockade to carry supplies  
to the rebels; but Rome's imperial destiny, which more and more  
overshadowed her, could not admit generosity to a rival; she made  
the revolt of some Carthaginian mercenaries in Sardinia an excuse  
for conquering and annexing that great island, with its sinister  
inhabitants, who now began to fill the Roman slave market. A  
remonstrance from Carthage was treated as a *casus belli*, an excuse  
to tear 1200 talents more from the impoverished city. But

this arrogance of brute force entailed on Rome a terrible punishment, for it kindled in the breast of Hamilcar an extinguishable hatred of the ruthless power—a hatred which he enjoined as a religion upon his nine-year old son by the smoking altar of the gods. And thus from this act of unprincipled lust of empire, which only entailed a long series of harassing wars with the indomitable troglodytes of Sardinia, and brought crowds of demoralizing slaves to eat out the Italian yeoman, sprang that scourge of Italy, Rome's greatest opponent, incomparable Hannibal.

The difficulties which Rome had to face were only less formidable than the mercenary war because her constitution and organization were so infinitely superior to the Carthaginian. The great mountain ridge which forms the Italian peninsula is separated from the Alpine chain by an alluvial plain, the valley of the Po. This plain Polybius calls a triangle; roughly speaking he is right. Turin, under Mount Cenis, is the apex, and the two receding chains of the Alps and the Apennines, each about two hundred miles long, form the two sides, terminated by the base, the coast of the Adriatic gulf, at the two points, Venice and Ravenna. This plain was at the time when Pyrrhus left Italy cultivated by Celtic nations, not so civilized as the Romans, but far advanced from barbarism. Since the great victory over the Senonian Gauls at the Vadimonian Lake (283 B.C.) and the establishment of the colony of Sena the Romans had not been disturbed by their dreaded neighbours. Possibly service in the Carthaginian ranks had occupied their minds and given them opportunities of striking blows at the Roman power. But now an army of the Boian Gauls made an assault on the colony of Ariminum (238 B.C.), and it became necessary to make some provision to secure the northern frontier of the Roman state.

This brings us back to the struggles in the Forum, which have been silent during the long war with Carthage. The tribune of the plebs, C. Flaminius, proposed that the Picentine country, which had since the extermination of the Senones been merely occupied by rich *possessores*,<sup>1</sup> should be

<sup>1</sup> Page 20.

assigned in small lots to Roman veterans, who would thus be rewarded for their services to the state, and at the same time act as a garrison against the neighbouring Boii. It was a painful foreshadowing of coming discords that the senatorial interest resisted this proposal, and Flaminius had to fall back on the provisions of the Publilian law (339 B.C.), which enabled him to carry his measure through the *comitia tributa* irrespective of the Senate. This was the beginning of a policy which culminated a hundred years later in the revolution of the Gracchi (133 B.C.). At present, however, reforms, even if they strained the constitution, could be carried without revolution. Picenum was filled with Roman settlers. Furthermore, Flaminius, acting in the spirit of the democratic party, made the great road which bore his name, from the Porta Ratumena across the mountains to the outpost of Ariminum. This road, together with the corresponding Appian Road to Brundisium, marked the complete centralization of the peninsular government in Rome.

An event hardly less ominous than the collision between the tribune and the Senate occurred in the following year (231 B.C.): Sp. Carvillius divorced his wife. Such a thing had never occurred before in Rome.<sup>3</sup> The decline in the sanctity of the home is, though historians do not notice it, more serious than many lost battlefields.

But now that Rome had obtained a footing along the Adriatic she could not view with indifference the proceedings of the robber state, which had formed itself on the opposite coast of Illyricum. The piratical navies of Queen Teuta, commanded by the Greek Demetrius of Pharos, not only swept the shores and islands of Greece, but threatened Ariminum, Sena, and Firmum. Roman ambassadors, C. and L. Coruncanus, came to Scodra in 229 B.C., with an imperious demand that the queen should repress her dangerous subjects; she replied by secretly assassinating one of the sacred legates. Then a Roman fleet from the north, and a Roman army from Brundisium, were despatched against the hardy state. And the same year Fulvius, the consul, returned victorious; no Illyrian ship was to sail south of Lissus, *i.e.* to leave Illyrian waters. His colleague, Postumius,

<sup>3</sup> The statement is not beyond question; but the beginning of decline is,



remained during the winter, and posed as the liberator of Greece. Embassies from Athens and Corinth arrived full of effusive gratitude. And in one sense the Roman arms did liberate wherever they penetrated: they liberated from anarchy and robbery and disorder; but they liberated also from the oppressive burden of freedom. Thus Rome had sailed across to the Hellenic world, as she had already sailed to the Phœnician world, victoriously.

Much, however, was to be done at home before either Greece or Africa could be conquered. The Gauls were astir again. Led by the Boii, and helped by the naked Gæsates from beyond the Alps, they were breathing vengeance for the settlements in Picenum. Those were days of terror in Rome at the beginning of the year 225 B.C. The glorious day of Sentinum and the joy of the Vadimonian Lake had not effaced the awful

memories of the Allia. Men thought they heard the loud war-cry of the light-haired Gaul in the Forum—even the images of the gods broke into a cold sweat. And did not the dark runes of the Sibylline books say that "Roman soil must be possessed by Gauls and Greeks"? In the horror of dread, they did what had not been done in Rome since the fabled days when Heracles in the time of Evander abolished

Human  
sacrifices in  
Rome.

human sacrifices—they imitated the worshippers of Baal-Moloch. To fulfil the letter of the doom a Gaulish man and woman and a Greek man and woman were buried alive in the Forum Boarium. And yet there was little to fear, for according to Polybius there were 700,000 foot and 70,000 horse ready to answer to the Roman levy. But now the news came that 50,000 Gallic swordsmen and 20,000 charioteers and horsemen were on the march for Rome. Suddenly they appeared at Clusium. The Roman legions gave way before them; but soon the consul L. Æmilius from the south, and the consul C. Atilius Regulus from the north, landing at Pisa from Sardinia, closed in upon them and annihilated them at Telamon on the Etrurian coast. In the battle fought the senator Q. Fabius Pictor, Rome's first historian. Then, two years later (223 B.C.) the plebeian champion C. Flaminius, now consul, smote the Insubrians and took Milan (Mediolanum), and colonies were planted in Cremona and

Defeat of the  
Gauls at  
Telamon.

Placentia. Thus the force of the Gauls was broken before Hannibal came. Only the Ligurians in the mountains round Genoa scowled defiance. The Cenomani, in the east part of what now is Lombardy, and the Veneti, at the base of the triangle, entered into a compact of alliance with the conquering power. It was in this war that the consul M. Claudius Marcellus (222 B.C.) slew with his own hand the Insubrian chieftain Viridomarus, and offered

<sup>Third spolia</sup> the third and the last *spolia opima*<sup>3</sup> to Jupiter <sup>opima.</sup> Feretrius. The old order was changing, but Marcellus still links us with Cossus and Romulus.

Three years later (219 B.C.) L. Æmilius Paullus crushed Demetrius of Pharos, and so settled the possible disturbances from

<sup>Second</sup> the East; for now the greatest peril Rome ever had <sup>Illyrian war.</sup> to face was gathering in the West, where the great Hamilcar Barca, nursing his fierce wrath, had slowly formed a new Carthage and a new Carthaginian army and empire, and dying (228 B.C.), had transmitted them, through his son-in-law Hasdrubal to his greater son Hannibal, who at the age of twenty-six (221 B.C.) was chafing at the head of a great army in Spain, burning to accomplish the vow he made at the altar seventeen years before. So it was in Spain. In Rome Flaminius, the censor (220 B.C.), was rearing his great circus on the Campus Martius for the plebeian games, and confining the freed-men to the four city tribes.

<sup>3</sup> The name given to the spoils taken in personal conflict by a Roman general from the general of the enemy v. p. 28.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

#### FIRST PERIOD.—*From Saguntum to Cannæ* (218–216 B.C.).

THE second Punic war is sometimes called the Hannibalic war, and this name is very appropriate, for it was the religious hate of Hannibal which caused it, the military genius of ~~218–202 B.C.~~ <sup>Hannibal</sup> Hannibal that conducted it, and the withdrawal of Hannibal from Italy that ended it. The Carthaginian government has often been blamed for not supporting Hamilcar and Hannibal in their brilliant struggles against Rome; but it must be remembered that this lion's brood, the Barcine family, was out of harmony with the traditional policy of the Phœnician race. It had no sympathy with the commercial spirit which was content to make Tyre a mere merchant city holding aloof from the politics of Asia, which chose the site of Carthage and founded Gades and Tartessus simply to make a trading highway through the Mediterranean without a thought of empire. As little were Hamilcar and his sons inclined for those quiet agricultural pursuits which had turned the neighbourhood of Tunes and Utica into a rich garden, and had produced Mago's great treatise, the only literary work which the practical Roman Senate ever patronized, the most complete agricultural manual of the ancient world. It was quite another spirit which stirred in the blood of the Barcids. Himilco, who held Lilybæum for nine years; Carthalo, who met the Roman fleet at Camarina; and a dozen more, were good generals, better than any Rome could produce in that era, and faithful servants of the Hundred; but in Hamilcar there was a latent element of imperialism. He had the art—an art he transmitted to Hannibal—of binding to himself the

mercenary armies of the state by a close personal tie which was proof against all temptation. It was the art which afterwards raised Caesar to his monarchical position in Rome. We must pardon the Carthaginian oligarchy if they viewed it with a lurking suspicion even in men so honourable so free apparently from all treacherous intent as Hamilcar and his son. We may well believe that in Carthage there was always a strong peace party, which had little hankering after an imperial position so long as the merchant ships might pass freely from Soloeis and Gades on the Atlantic to Antioch in Syria. And, while we stand dazzled before the lightning brilliance of Hannibal, we must not forget that he brought ruin on his country, that but for him Carthage might have retained her commercial importance, as Massilia did, even when the Roman eagles flew unopposed from one end of the sea to the other. Such a quiet consummation was not to be. After Hannibal the conviction was wrought into the Roman consciousness and expressed in the harsh voice of Cato that the city which had produced such a foe must be destroyed. We could hardly expect in Rome the fine discrimination to distinguish between Carthage and the Barcids.

While Rome was facing the Gauls and the Illyrians, Hamilcar, without support or hindrance from Carthage, had welded the volatile Iberian tribes into something like a compact state, and the prudent Senate had even struck a treaty with his successor Hasdrubal as with an independent power, binding him not to cross the Ebro, and guaranteeing the independence of one town south of Saguntum. that limit. This was Saguntum, which seems to have claimed alliance with the Romans as the protectors of the Hellenic interest, for it boasted itself to be a colony from Greek Zakynthos. But in Hannibal's young heart there burnt a fire which would shrivel up treaties and all other obstacles between him and the object of his hate. Two years after the army had chosen him as their general he flung down the gauntlet to the Roman people by attacking Saguntum (219 B.C.), and with a fine irony sent the ambassadors who came with a remonstrance to the Carthaginian government for their answer. Meanwhile, after eight months of siege, he took the town, and the allies of Rome perished heroically on the pyre they made for themselves in the market-place, an awful

holocaust to be imitated, two generations later under strangely altered circumstances by the last of the Carthaginians on the summit of their Byrsa. The booty of the town was sent to Carthage, and judiciously distributed among the opponents of the Barcine faction; and thus when the Roman embassy came to Carthage for satisfaction the peace party was tongue-tied.

Q. Fabius the chief of the embassy gathered up his toga as he stood in the Carthaginian Senate and said, "I hold here peace and war; choose which you will." Hanno and the peace party were cowed by the supporters of Hannibal, and threw the choice on Fabius. The Roman patrician replied, "Let it be war." The Roman patrician, let us observe, for the populace at Rome were as much opposed to this war as they had been inclined to the former war. Their special representatives, Duilius and Regulus,<sup>1</sup> had thrown a lustre over the struggle which they in their *comitia* demanded, while disgrace had more than once attended the patrician generals, Scipio for instance in the first year of the war, and Claudius at Drepana. But now the feeling was different. C. Terentius Varro could, two years later, distinctly accuse the patricians of involving the state in the calamities which ensued. The plebeians had not their heart in the struggle, and their representatives C. Flaminius and C. Varro met with disaster, while a Fabius and a Cornelius (though not without the aid of a plebeian Marcellus) finally achieved the victorious result.

Declaration  
of war  
by the  
senatorial  
party.

It is clear already that the concord which had been completed by the *lex Ogulnia* 300 B.C., was vanishing in a new conflict. This division of opinion in Rome is a straw which marks the set of the tide. The issue is no longer between patrician and plebeian, but between senatorial and popular factions. The year of the opening of the second Punic war (218 B.C.) is the year also of the *lex Claudia*, by which a senator was forbidden to possess a merchant vessel; and thus the *Senatorius Ordo* was defined and emphasized as a new aristocracy separated from the trading and handicraft interests.

The new  
parties.

And this new conflict is much more bitter than the old. Now

<sup>1</sup> Not to mention the prætor Q. Valerius, who commanded in place of Catulus at the Ægæan Isles.

for the first time we find the factions of the Forum paralyzing the action of armies in the field. The days of regretful secessions and of noble compromises are past, and the breach is widening which in less than a century will portend civil war.

But for the present whether a Fabius or a Flaminius were to blame could scarcely be matter for inquiry. The die was cast.

**Hannibal's preparations.** Hannibal, in his winter quarters at New Carthage, was busy with preparations:—Libyan garrisons brought to Spain, Spanish garrisons sent to Africa, and his brother Hasdrubal entrusted with the command when he shall have departed; swift ships crossing the wintry sea between the Spanish and Ligurian coast, carrying entreaties from Gallic chieftains, promises from the Punic general; relations even established with Antigonus, King of Macedonia, who looked with no friendly eye on the "liberators of Greece"; the home government excited by magnificent visions of expected conquest and above all soothed with the bribes. Rome did not yet know what Hannibal was, but it was no time for brawling in the Forum or quarrelling in the Curia. Tib. Sempronius, the plebeian consul (218 B.C.), was sent with two legions to Sicily with orders to cross over to Carthage and strike a blow at the heart of the enemy, while the patrician consul, P. Cornelius Scipio, was commissioned with a fleet of sixty ships and two legions to make his way quietly to Spain, and see that the lawless youth at the head of affairs in New Carthage should not violate the treaty which confined him to the limits of the Ebro.

It was like a thunderclap when Scipio, touching at Marseilles, **Marches for Italy.** heard that the youth of twenty-nine was already far beyond the Ebro, had even crossed the Pyrennees, and was in full career for Italy.

But why, we ask, had Hannibal determined to make for Italy by land, instead of by sea, the Phœnician element? This, like many other movements of that extraordinary genius, has excited the criticism of the historians ever since. In **Why he did not go by sea.** the present instance his reasons are not very hard to guess. Since the battle of the Ægæan Isles, the Carthaginians had lost their confidence in their naval skill; further, Hannibal had all his life been engaged in training an army of land forces;

but the determining consideration would be the surprise it would create in the Romans to find that they were not inaccessible from the north, and the terror which might be inspired by the thought of the gathering hordes of their ancient enemies, the Gauls. Then the messengers of the Insubrians had assured him that the Alps were by no means impassable if he came early in the summer; and that he should receive plentiful support on the other side. Thus his resolution was taken, and with 90,000 foot, 12,000 horse, and 37 elephants, he started on his perilous venture. But before he had reached the Rhone he had sent back 10,000 who were faint-hearted, and had dropped 10,000 more, with 1000 horse, to hold his line of communication with Spain. At a point<sup>2</sup> Crosses the Rhone.

"four days journey from the sea," he threw his forces over the river in the face of a hostile army of the natives, adopting one of those tactical ruses which distinguished his method of warfare. Hanno was sent with a select troop to cross the river higher up and take the enemy in the rear. At a signal from Hanno the main body of the army began to cross in boats; down rushed the barbarians to the brink, but to their horror their camp burst into flames behind them, and the invaders rushed upon them out of the flames. Attacked before and behind they fled. Scipio's light cavalry reported to him that the enemy was across the Rhone, and foreseeing what would happen he hastened back to Pisa, crossed the Apennines and took up his station at Placentia to face Hannibal if he should ever break through the passes of the Alps. But so little was this to be expected, that the main body of the consular army continued their journey to Spain, led by the consul's brother, Cnæius. The Scipios had yet to learn that Hannibal was not to be treated like other men, and above all that the mechanical fulfilment of senatorial orders must be superseded by the promptness and daring of a genuine master of war, if Hannibal was to be beaten in the field.

We have now to follow Hannibal in that great achievement which has fixed upon him the wondering eyes of Crosses the Alps. seventy generations of men, the passage of the Alps with his army. After a skirmish between Scipio's detachment of horse, and a handful of Hannibal's Numidian cavalry, in which

<sup>2</sup> Probably near Orange.

the Romans found an omen of an easy victory, Hannibal led his army for four days up the Rhone valley, to the junction of that river with the Isère; crossing this stream he still marched northwards to Vienne, and then diplomatically making his way through the semi-hostile tribes he struck eastwards, and ten days after leaving the Isère he stood before the first low outwork of the gigantic Alps, the Mont du Chat (4000 feet high). The pass was occupied by the natives who disputed his passage; but again he tried successfully one of his innumerable tactical ruses; he lit his camp fires, and the enemy withdrew thinking he was settled for the night, and then he gave the word "forward." Not without loss his army with their sumpter beasts and baggage and the unwieldy elephants effected the crossing. But the first ridge left behind, they were now in the upper valley of the Isère and following the course of the river they marched for three days unmolested and even welcomed by the people.

The pass of  
the Little St.  
Bernard.

In the heart of the Graian Alps, entering the defile which led them up to the pass of Little St. Bernard,<sup>3</sup> they suddenly perceived showers of great stones and boulders come thundering down from the ridges on either hand; the treacherous mountaineers had passed from friends into foes. The "White Rock" may still be seen where Hannibal drew back his men to escape the danger; the cavalry pressed forward and secured the head of the pass. They were nine days of terrible danger and suffering for the sons of the desert, and the beasts of the desert, strangers to snow and ice; but the greater part of the army had made its way up the seven thousand feet of steep ascent, and now halted for stragglers to come in. But no stragglers came; they had either fallen under the pitiless avalanches or the still more pitiless missiles of the barbarians.

It needed all the enthusiasm of Hannibal's unflagging passion to nerve his despondent troops to face the dangers which yet awaited them. He pointed down the track which would bring <sup>He encour-  
rages his men.</sup> them into the Val d'Aoste, and picturing to them the broad plains of the Po, he told them that friends were waiting there for their arrival; and by a striking metaphor which has lived in

<sup>3</sup> Niebuhr, Arnold, Mommsen, and Ihne, all prefer this to the Mont Cenis Pass which seems to be the only alternative.



history, and makes us almost fancy we hear his voice as he stood there under the mighty shadow of Mont Blanc, "Ye are on the Acropolis of Italy," he cried; "yonder is Rome." But what a descent that was down the slippery sides of Italy's Acropolis! A glacier seems then to have existed in the pass which leads from the Little St. Bernard to the bed of the Dora Baltea; besides, the October snow began to fall. Slipping and stumbling, falling through thin snow crusts into crevasses, the ever-diminishing host struggled downwards, until, in the gorge below La Tuile, when at last they had reached the Valley of Aosta, they were suddenly horrified by the discovery that a landslip had carried away three hundred yards of the track, and a projecting crag seemed utterly to block the way. The fictions of poets, not content with the actual splendour of this great military feat, represented that Hannibal softened the rock by fire, and split it with vinegar.<sup>4</sup> But the more matter-of-fact Polybius aptly describes that unlovely valley as "treeless and bare." It is more likely that Hannibal's half-frozen soldiers ate their meat uncooked and ungarnished, than that faggots and gallons of vinegar were at hand for removing the obstacle. But what is more wonderful than fiction is fact: in three days the sappers had reconstructed the way; and in three more days the eyes of the famished men and beasts—the men not very different from beasts to look at, if Polybius may be believed—were gladdened by the autumnal tints of the rich foliage, and the yellow corn, and the hospitable inns of the plain of the Po.

But when, among the friendly Salassi, the muster-roll was called, with a view of chastising the hostile Taurini (Turin) who held the gate of the Mont Cenis Pass, it was found that of the host which set out from New Carthage only 20,000 foot and 6000 horse remained. And with these Hannibal must face the teeming armies of his enemies, who in the recent war with the Insubrians had appeared in the field 120,000 strong, and had the 700,000 grown men of Italy to recruit from.<sup>5</sup> But Hannibal was Hannibal, and wherever there were men, he could draw around

<sup>4</sup> Juv. Sat. x. 153.

<sup>5</sup> Ihne, ii., Appendix, calculates that the available fighting men in Italy, Romans and allies, were about a million, the free population nine millions, in the year 218 B.C. See Polybius, ii. 24.

him and retain an army by the magic of his person; and the only thing which really hindered his great purpose was that the men of Italy had by the iron will of the city at its head become Romans first and men afterwards.

Five months had elapsed since Hannibal left New Carthage, and but for the rapidity and success of his movements, Tib. Sempronius might have repeated the feat of Agathocles and of Regulus. Having beaten the Carthaginian fleet off their old stronghold of Lilybæum, and annexed the eastern outpost of the Punic Empire, the island of Malta, he was preparing for his descent on Africa, when the awful news that Hannibal was this side the Alps was brought to him. He had nothing for it but to obey the command of the Senate, and sending his fleet to Ariminum to bid his troops march thither by the Applan and Flaminian roads. But long before they reached the rendezvous, Hannibal had met

**Battle on the** Scipio on the river Ticinus. Before the battle the  
**Ticinus.** Carthaginian army had been so downcast that their

general had set some of the captive Taurini to fight each other with the promise of liberty for the victors, in order to show how brave men prefer death to slavery. After this first battle his troops never lost their proud self-confidence while they were on Italian soil. No Roman army could terrify them while Hannibal was at their head. The arm which won the battle was the

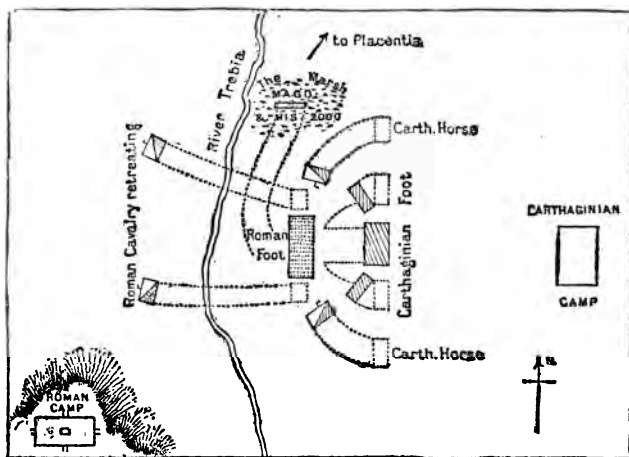
**The Numidian** Numidian horse. More like the fabled Centaurs than  
**horse.** human beings, these sons of the desert rode their

African barbs without saddle or bridle, a shield of elephant's hide on the left arm, the weapon in the right hand, a lion's skin flung over the shoulder their only raiment by day their only couch by night. They would break upon the enemy like a deluge, or in little groups of two or three, like a pitiless sleet, and long before the legionary could touch them with the sword, they had wheeled and were scudding away to form and reform in ever-varying combinations. The Romans were always deficient in horse, the complement to the legion of 4200 men was only 300 cavalry.<sup>6</sup> But horse like the Numidians were to them as discomposing as the needle-guns were to the Austrians in the Prussia-Austrian war of 1866. On the

<sup>6</sup> The corresponding legion of Socii, however, contained twice as many horsemen.

Ticinus the consul P. Scipio was wounded, and would have perished but for the courage of his son, who had but just donned the *toga virilis* (i.e. was seventeen years of age), a boy who was to live to conquer at Zama even the terrible Hannibal.

The Romans fell back on their stronghold, Placentia, placing the Po between them and the winged Numidians; but the general who crossed the Rhone in the face of the Gauls contrived to cross the Po though Scipio had cut the bridge and to camp six miles south of the colony. The Gallic waves rolled again over



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TREBIA (218 B.C.).

the Transpadane country, and beat against the one rock which was not submerged, Cremona. For all the Gauls from the Ligurians to the Boii joined Hannibal; the Boii came bringing the Roman commissioners who had just arrived at Mutina to parcel out their land. A troop of Gauls even deserted from the Roman army, their hands red with the blood of their Roman officers. Scipio was uneasy on the level ground, and marching past the host of Hannibal and across the Trebia, he occupied a northern spur of the Apennines, where he was joined by Tib. Sempronius from Ariminum, eager for battle, as the consular

elections were near, and a successor might come and pluck the laurels from his grasp.<sup>7</sup>

In the plain east of the Trebia, was a long low marsh grown over with tall bulrushes; here Hannibal hid 2000 horse and selected foot under his brother Mago. At dawn of a bitter **Battle of the Trebia.** winter day, a small troop of Numidian horse dashed across the swollen stream, and rode up to the Roman camp, where the united armies of 40,000 had not yet breakfasted. Sempronius hoped to cut them off, and in chasing them his men were drawn across the stream, which reached their arm-pits. Drenched to the skin, and hungry, a wild east wind driving the sleet in their faces, they met the fully-prepared Carthaginian infantry; they fought as Romans could fight. But the 4000 Roman cavalry broke and fled, leaving the flanks of their army exposed, and at the critical moment, like some pestilent malaria, Mago and his 2000 rose from the marsh, and decided the day by charging the left flank of the Roman army. Still 10,000 legionaries fought their way through to Placentia. It was a terrible disaster. As the angry stream rolled the corpses to the Po, and the brief December day sank in wind and tempest, it might seem the darkest hour that could come to Rome; but darker were to follow.

The news caused no panic in the city. The imperturbable Senate sent legions to Sardinia, Sicily, and Tarentum, to keep the dependencies quiet, and ordered sixty quinqueremes to be set on the stocks. The new consuls Cn. Servilius and C. Flaminius enlisted four new legions, and bade the commissariat to open markets at Ariminum and in Etruria; and 1500 auxiliaries were welcomed from faithful Hiero. We can sympathize with the terse comment of Polybius: "Then are Romans, as a state and as individuals, most terrible, when they are bested with genuine cause for terror." They could afford to wait, and even in these dark days Cn. Scipio was upholding the honour of the republic in Spain, and had recovered all the country north of the Ebro.

Before the spring opened to him the passes of the Apennines Hannibal had an opportunity of testing how far he could trust his new allies the Gauls. He was able to speak their language,

<sup>7</sup> The effects of the annual change of generals should be noticed.

and like Haroun Alraschid he would disguise himself and mingle freely with the soldiers, bandying speech with them and learning their inner sentiments. There was <sup>How Hannibal utilized the</sup> not much to reassure him in these vain and fickle <sup>Gauls.</sup> followers, who cared for nothing but plunder; but like all great leaders of men, he based his power, not upon abstract general principles, but upon personal observation of individuals. Recognizing that Gaul differed from Numidian, and Iberian from both, he was able to govern all equally well, because he treated none of them alike. And even the Gauls, whom he now heard plotting against him and planning revolt, he managed so to train that they fell into their due place in his invincible army, and the observer, judging only from the outside, does not distinguish them from the other "Carthaginians," as his followers are generically called, Hannibalians, as it would be more correct to call them.

At last the spring came, and while the two new consuls watched the two roads, by Ariminum and by Fæsulæ, Hannibal crossed the Apennines to Lucca by an unfrequented route.

Nothing now but the fertile Etruscan country lay <sup>217 B.C.</sup> between Hannibal and Rome; nothing but the country and Flaminius, who had taken his station at Arretium, the next post south of Fæsulæ, on the route which was afterwards known as the Æmilio-Cassian Way. But before Hannibal struck this line of march he had to pass along the valley of the Arno, <sup>Difficulties on</sup> which was like one great morass, for the floods were <sup>the Arno.</sup>

out. From Lucca to Fiesole is by rail little over twenty miles; but it took the Carthaginian army four days and three nights to accomplish the distance, plunging through the bogs, sleeping by night on the carcasses of the drowned beasts, which succumbed to a horrible disease of the hoofs. The general himself, mounted on his one surviving elephant, watching anxiously the Gallic contingent of his army, which was only kept to its fidelity by the lances of Mago's horseman in the year, and tortured by ophthalmia which robbed him for ever of one eye, needed some inspiration within to urge him forward without losing heart. And, indeed, he was convinced that he was following the divine guidance: before he left Spain he had offered his vows at Cadiz to the god of his father, Melcarth; and before he embarked on the

present expedition, he had seen in a vision of the night the hand of Melcarth, guiding him to Italy; and turning round, as he dreamed, contrary to the god's behest, he had seen the wide plains of Italy, devoured, as it were, by a monstrous beast; and he understood that so he was to ravage, and plunder and burn the country which he hated.

But at length Fæsulæ was reached, and Hannibal set his face towards Rome. Flaminius saw to his horror, from the rampart of his camp at Arretium, the army, verily like "a vast and monstrous beast twined with serpents,"<sup>s</sup> devastate the land of his Etrurian allies; but his colleague, Servilius, was still at Ariminum, watching for Hannibal! The memory of the Ticinus and the Trebia was before his eyes; yet he and his two new legions could not sit quietly by and see the "vast and monstrous beast" swoop upon Rome. When Hannibal had past, there was nothing for Flaminius to do, so he thought, but to follow.

But before we march with the consul to his doom by the Trasimenean Lake, we must make ourselves better acquainted with him, for we shall see him no more. If we look at him through the eyes of the nobility we shall see only the eloquent demagogue who had betrayed the Order, who in 232 B.C. divided the Picentine country against their wish, and in 223 B.C. kept their letter forbidding him to fight unopened in his toga until he had secured the victory over the Insubrian Gauls. If we look at him through the eyes of the populace we shall see the vigorous assertor of popular rights and the patriot to boot, who marked his censorship not only by building the circus for the plebeians but also by laying the stones of the great road which opened up the connection with Gallia Transpadana, the country which he was the first Roman consul to enter. Thus he symbolizes the increasing political disunion of the state. In the gloom which spread over the city after the news of the Trebia, the centuries insisted on electing the champion of the people to the consulship. The nobility were bitterly opposed to him. The Roman nobility held in their hand the engine of the state religion; and now for the first time it was brought into the arena of the party controversies. "Prodigies" of all kinds

Flaminius  
commands  
the Romans.

<sup>s</sup> Cic. de Div. i. 24.

followed one another with startling rapidity; a child of six months in the Forum Olitorium cried "Triumph;" while in the Forum Boarium, a bull ran up the stairs of a house and leapt from the window of the third story. Clearly Flaminius ought not to be elected! But he was elected. The consul was shockingly regardless not only of prodigies, but even of time-honoured rites. With Hannibal in Cisalpine Gaul he could not wait to celebrate the *Feræ Latinæ* on the Alban Mount, as the Spartans stopped to keep their festival while Athens met the Persian at Marathon. The solemn faces of the religious nobility foreboded the anger of the gods; as for the prodigies, the whole college of augurs could scarcely manage to record them, so fast were they reported on all hands; even in the consul's camp at Ariminum, a calf brought to the altar had escaped, and sprinkled with blood the bystanders!<sup>9</sup>

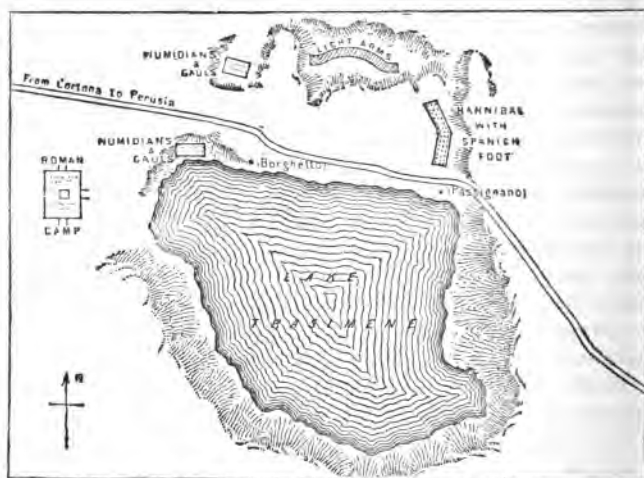
Flaminius was no match for Hannibal, but who shall tell how much the religious minds of the legions at Trasimenus were paralyzed by these industriously circulated tales? It would have been treason to drug the soldiers before the battle, but it was not then thought treason to rob the men of all confidence in their leader by representing him as the object of the divine wrath. When the religion of a people is used by a political party as a party weapon, not only does the weapon wound the hand which uses it; it is itself rendered fit for no other purpose; it ceases to be a religion. A defeated general is never treated very leniently by history; when, however, the historians all belong to the opposite political party, we are bound to examine their charges and implications very narrowly. Clearing away the calumnies of his enemies we can see with tolerable clearness what actually took place.

When Flaminius broke up his camp at Arretium to hang on the rear of Hannibal's forward march, he sent post haste to Servilius to march down the Flaminian Way, that the two consular armies might converge on the enemy at the point where the two roads meet. His strategy was not at fault, but he had not reckoned on Hannibal's Carthaginian cunning and unrivalled military skill. He only pressed on along the road from Cortona to Perugia, never for a moment

The battle  
of the Lacus  
Trasimenus.

<sup>9</sup> Liv. xxii. 1, for a list.

doubting that the enemy was pressing on too to surprise the capital. Nothing was further from his intention than to fight with Hannibal until he had effected his junction with the army of Servilius. As the shades of the spring evening fell he fortified his impregnable camp near the rivulet which runs into the north-west angle of the Trasimene lake, intending next morning to pursue his march along the northern shore. But the quick eye of Hannibal had earlier in the day marked the country along this northern shore as a trap set by Nature to catch the unsuspecting



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE TRASIMENIAN LAKE (217 B.C.)

army of the consul. A semicircle of hills touches the shore of the lake at Borghetto and Passignano, leaving at Borghetto a defile between two spurs, through which the road runs, and at Passignano only a narrow space between the hill-side and the water. On the two spurs at the entrance of this amphitheatre Hannibal during the night stationed his Numidians and Gauls; along the ridge of the arc he placed his light troops and Balearic slingers. His Spanish and Libyan infantry occupied the hills near Passignano to dispute the exit from the fatal circle.



The morning sun rose, but a white mist from the lake filled all the hollows of the hills. Flaminius gave the word to go forward, and the Numidians and Gauls on their hill tops heard the heavy tramp of 30,000 men entering the defile, never to come out again. Hannibal gave the word, and the panic-stricken Romans saw breaking from out of the mist foes to the left of them, foes behind them, foes in front of them, and to their right only the quiet waters of the lake. Six thousand fought their way by Passignano, only to surrender next day to Maharbal, but when the mist quite cleared away 15,000 Italian corpses lay on the ground, and there were the ruthless Numidian horsemen wading into the shallows of the lake to cut down the fugitives who thought to hide their bodies in the waters or to swim across and so escape. As for the brave consul, not even the spleen of party rancour could deny that he died as a true soldier should die. Animating in all directions his wavering maniples, he was recognized not only by his consular cloak but by his face, which was only too well known to the Insubrian Gauls, whom his valour had been the first to conquer six years before (223 B.C.). "There is the man who felled our legions," cried one of them; "see me offer him as a victim to the shades of our slaughtered countrymen." With which words he drove his spear through his nation's and the Senate's foe. Hannibal's great heart could pity him, but he sought in vain for the transfixed body among the heaps of the killed. To complete the victory 4000 of Servilius's advanced guards fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Hannibal was now within eighty miles of Rome, and there was nothing but his own choice to hinder him from appearing at the Porta Ratumena within four days. But the news of the disaster travelled faster than even Hannibal could march. Towards evening on the following day the *prætor* announced from the Vulcanal to the agitated crowd, "We have been defeated in a great battle." As fugitives began to arrive one by one, the woe of the city broke into a long wail. But the Senate sat in the Curia, going not out to sleep or to eat until they had determined how, in the spirit of the constitution, they could save the state. It was thirty-two years ago (249 B.C.) since such an emergency had occurred. Then the godless consul Claudius

Terror in  
Rome.

named his secretary dictator, to mock the Senate and the gods; but he had been prosecuted before the people for his contempt and pride. Now the godless consul Flaminius was dead, and who could name a dictator, for between Rome and the consul Servilius was the army of Hannibal? This grand adherence to law in the midst of panic marks the greatness of the Roman Senate: as a dictator could not be constitutionally created, a pro-dictator Q. Fabius Maximus was chosen by the people.

It was fitting that in this year of inflexible legality Cato should serve his first campaign.

Fabius strengthened the defences of Rome; but Hannibal did not march on the city. Why not? men have asked in amazement.

**Hannibal** He was on the Flaminian Way, which seemed to  
**does not** point straight to the goal of his ambition, and  
**March on** Rome. Flaminius lay dead behind him. The answer is brief,  
**Rome.**

but sufficient. His clear understanding perceived, as he is reported to have said, "that Italy could only be subdued by the strength of Italy." He must entice the Roman dependencies from their allegiance, before he could hope to enter the imperial city; he did not yet know how different they were from the broken emasculated ill-treated subjects of Carthage.

So far from being able to break through the ramparts of Romulus, he was repulsed from the walls of the small Latin colony of Spolletium (founded 241 B.C.). And now he made his way across the backbone of Italy into the valleys of Picenum, where his weary troops were plentifully fed and healed of their wounds, and even the horses were bathed in wine from the rich vintages. From the small harbours of the coast he was able to communicate with the home government, and in the face of his great achievement they could not refuse him some dribblets of reinforcements. But in the main he had to rely on his own unaided strength. We are told that he utilized the armour of the Romans whom he had slain, teaching his heavy infantry to use it as the Romans did, the most unmistakable compliment he could pay to his beaten foe. Meanwhile, with that diplomacy which was all his own, he made a bid for the support of the Italians, by drawing a marked distinction between them and the full Roman citizens. Prisoners who could make the proud boast, which one day would be a passport to the

respect of the world, *civis Romanus sum*, Hannibal put to the sword; prisoners of the Latin name were dismissed with kind words.

During the rest of the year the Carthaginian army ranged the eastern coast of Italy, and finally made their head-quarters in the Apulian town of Arpi. Before this place Fabius came <sup>217 B.C.</sup> up with the intruders on the soil of Italy, but he had <sup>Camp at Arpi.</sup> no intention of exposing his newly enrolled army to the hazard of battle.

Fabius, the "Lingerer," as he was now dubbed, adopted the cautious policy of watching the movements of Hannibal from a safe distance; in the strength of the camp, which was <sup>Fabius</sup> always erected when the halt was made for a single <sup>Cunctator.</sup> night, he defied the great general to make him fight, or to shake him off from the skirt of the Carthaginian army wherever it moved. Hannibal, irritated by this stolid enemy, as difficult for him to deal with as his own flying horsemen were for the Romans to deal with, tried at last to provoke him to a battle by a raid upon Campania, where Hannibal's clemency had inclined a party in Capua to side with him.

But the time for revolt was not yet come; and Fabius, encamped on Mount Massicus, watched, as if unmoved, the beautiful Campanian fields and homesteads devastated and burnt. When Hannibal, however, was withdrawing again to Apulia, by the pass of Beneventum, the pro-dictator did venture to attempt to entrap him; but the wily Carthaginian by an ingenious ruse slipped by and made his way to Gerunium followed closely by the Roman army. But this prudent policy of Fabius was marred by the malignity of party spite, which began to whisper in the Forum and in the camp that his caution was cowardice, and that no true Roman would sit idly by while Italy was ravaged. The dissatisfaction with the policy of cautious delay found expression in the master of the horse, the pro-dictator's second in command, M. Minucius. It chanced, as the winter drew on, that Fabius crossed over to Rome for a few days, leaving his policy in the hands of Minucius, who carried it out by reversing it. He tempted Hannibal to leave the neighbourhood of Gerunium, and by a not unskilful manœuvre cut down a company of Carthaginian foragers,

and came to within a little of occupying Gerunium, where all the winter stores of the enemy had been collected. What clearer proof could be given that the popular view was correct? A tribune, Metilius, pushed a law through the *comitia* of the tribes, by which the master of the horse was to hold an equal command with his superior officer, a curious instance of the Roman passion for the letter of the law, which is often inconsistent with the spirit of it; an instance, too, of that extreme logical precision, which often

Two becomes absurdly illogical. To avoid deposing the dictators. supreme and ultimate magistrate, whose justification was that arbitrary authority was demanded by the necessity of the state, they had made another supreme and ultimate magistrate, who could only neutralize the other, or else lead to a hopeless collision.

Never was a more stupid measure passed in a political assembly than the *lex Metilia*; it shows that the tribes had at least lost their head. The two dictators divided the army between them. Minucius and his two legions were inveigled by Hannibal into an engagement; from the hollows near the battlefield suddenly issued unexpected foes, whom the cunning Carthaginian had hidden in ambush; and it would have fared ill with the choice of the populace had not the choice of the nobility come to the rescue. Minucius had the sense to resign his untenable position. But the dictatorship of Fabius—the “cunctatorship” we might almost say—was drawing to an end. The old Roman poet, Ennius, has immortalized his policy in the line

“Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.”

And this was precisely what he had done: he had held his troops in the presence of Hannibal immovable, unassailable, until their trembling timidity, created by the experience of the Trebia and the Trasimenean Lake, was turned into a burning desire to fight; he had made the hostile army realize that Italy was not conquered by the defeat of her troops. Without genius, without military ability of any kind, he had embodied in himself the old invincible spirit of Rome; he had haunted the march of the conqueror. Encamped at Arpi, or attacking Venusia, or penetrating the passes of the Samnites, or ranging the meadows of Campania, Hannibal never could shake himself free from the

squire palisading of the Roman camp, which frowned upon him from the hill-side.

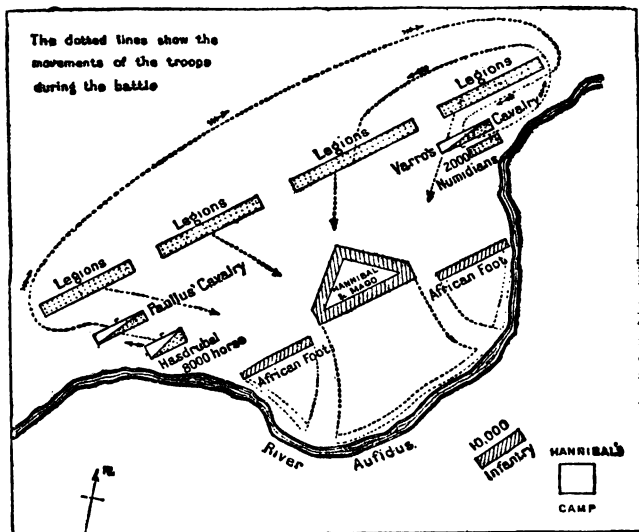
But the violence of party schism, so the belief ran at Rome, was leading to a neglect of the national gods, which foreboded ill for the state. While the imperturbable Senate was sending reinforcements to Spain, and embassies to Philip of Macedon and to the Illyrians and Ligurians, with as haughty a tone as if Hannibal had been at the end of the world; while it was declining the proffered help of Hiero, though courteously accepting his goddess of Victory weighing 325 lbs. of gold as an omen, to be placed in the Temple of Capitoline Jupiter, the *comitia* were electing a godless democrat, a butcher's son, to the consulship, The election of C. Terentius Varro for 216 B.C.

We must remember that our historians breathe the spirit of aristocratic prejudice; but, without believing all the scandals about this plebeian, C. Terentius Varro, we can see that this was no time to send divided counsels to the battlefield: it was, therefore, a calamity incident to the Roman system that the army now enlisted of eight Roman legions<sup>10</sup> and an equal number of allies had to face Hannibal, commanded one day by the consul Varro, whom every aristocrat in the army inwardly cursed, and the next day by the consul L. Æmilius Paullus, who we may suppose was not more acceptable to the soldiers of popular sympathies. On the other hand, we must so far correct the implications of our authorities as to remember that Varro and Paullus acted together in harmony; they were not influenced by the political rancour of their respective partisans.

Early in the spring Hannibal moved from Gerunium, where the stores were exhausted, to the little town of Cannæ on the Aufidus where he hoped to surprise the stores of the Romans. 216 B.C. Cannæ. The "boisterous, far-resounding" Aufidus, which Horace has made as familiar to us as our own childish associations, was to see a sight which even now thrills us with terror, though we only read of it in books. In Rome it was the talk in every assembly of people that the Roman army was lying within six

<sup>10</sup> The legion on this occasion was greatly strengthened in numbers; no fewer than 5000 infantry and 300 cavalry were enrolled. Thus the full Roman force at Cannæ was over 80,000 men.

miles of Hannibal, on the south side of the stream, intending to strike a blow. The air was full of omens and portents; possibly no one knew the most serious omen of all, that while the huge army was being thrown to one side or the other of the river on alternate days, the spirits of Hannibal were rising to a jubilant height. It was on a hot June day that Varro was in command; he led the whole army across to the north of the Aufidus, and drew it up in four squares facing a curve of the river, beyond which could be



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ (216 B.C.).

seen the camp of Hannibal. In the van of his right wing was one squadron of cavalry under Paullus; in the van of the left wing he stationed himself with the remainder. His maniples were sixteen lines deep, instead of ten, for otherwise it would not have been possible to bring his large force into the limited field, to face the small Carthaginian army. Hannibal's infantry was not half as numerous as the serried ranks in front of him; even his cavalry was but slightly superior in strength, but there were still 2000 of

the terrible Numidian horse, who faced Varro's own squadron, and he could mass an overwhelming weight of 8000 Gallic and African horse upon the 2400 Roman cavaliers, the pick of the senatorial and equestrian families, who were under the command of Paullus. Leaving 10,000 foot, however, to protect his camp, he could only bring 20,000 foot soldiers across the river to meet the terrific shock of eight solid Roman legions, backed by their complement of allies. But these 20,000 men were disposed in the most ingenious way; the Gallic and Spanish contingent occupied the centre of the semicircle of the stream in a kind of hollow triangle, the apex of which menaced the Roman line; the African infantry were drawn up in two bodies, a little in the rear to the right and left of Hannibal's this wedge. It was a portent indeed, that the spirits <sup>high spirits.</sup> of Hannibal were irrepressible; "a jest in time of danger shows the pulses even." We are told that as Hannibal and Gisco watched from an eminence the armies forming as we have described, this conversation took place:—Gisco (nervously): "The number of the enemy is astonishing!" Hannibal (gravely): "There is something which is still more astonishing." Gisco (more nervously): "What is that?" Hannibal (more gravely): "Why, that in all that host there is not a single man whose name is Gisco!" It was irresistible; inextinguishable laughter ran along the lines; the spirit of the general seized his men.

The battle began. Hasdrubal with his 8000 scattered to the winds Paullus and his Roman knights, rode in the rear of the Roman host, and fell upon Varro's Italian cavalry from behind. These also broke and fled, followed by the fleet Numidians, while Hasdrubal turned his attention to the Roman infantry. This had moved forward *en masse*, and had driven back the wedge until the Carthaginian army was pressed against the river on all sides in a concave semicircle; it seemed as if the very weight of the Roman maniples must crush the thin ranks of Spaniards and Libyans into the boisterous stream, when Hasdrubal's elated and victorious squadron fell upon the legions in the rear. Had the gods forgotten Rome? Surely they were smiling derisively now at the impious butcher's son who had laughed at their *auspicia*; for, hemmed in on every side, the mighty Roman army was mown down on that hot June day like the harvest before the September sickle. There

the brave Æmilius Paullus, who had fought the Illyrian pirates, smitten by a Balearic slinger still amid the surge of war clung to the saddle cheering on his men, but at last he fell exhausted; and the pro-consul Cn. Servilius fell, and poor gallant hot-headed Minucius too, and the quæstors of the two consular armies, and twenty-one military tribunes (colonels as we may call them). It was a long harvest-day for the Carthaginian sword, eight hours without pause for food or rest. But the great sun was setting, that god Apollo, whose votary had foretold this disaster, who was to be propitiated in future by the Apollinarian games: for the present he looked upon 50,000 slaughtered Romans, sixty slaughtered senators, and slaughtered knights so numerous that when their golden rings were collected from the stiff fingers, they filled three bushel measures, to be emptied before the astonished eyes of an assembled Carthaginian senate. But plebeian Varro rode off the field to Canusium, and collecting such fragments of the army as he could, lay that night in the colony of Venusia; and for this he was formally thanked by the Roman people, who never showed their greatness so strikingly as in these moments of irretrievable disaster; no impassioned recriminations, still less the brutal Carthaginian frenzy which crucified a defeated general, but grave, dignified thanks because "the consul had not despaired of the republic."

This was not the only circumstance which gives to the days after Cannæ an interest almost painful in its intensity. We too may publicly thank the Roman people for not having despaired of their country: the immovable Fabius whose stout heart reanimated Rome: the young Scipio, who swore by the gods he would not leave Italy, and would thrust through with his sword any who should propose to leave it: and M. Claudius Marcellus who was preparing to retrieve the plebeian name. These men have taught us the strength and heroism of human nature, have taught us "not to despair of that republic," which is wider even than Rome, humanity. Nevertheless, there had been no such days as those in the city since Brennus marched through the open gates and camped in the Forum, one hundred and seventy-four years before. The games of Ceres could not be celebrated, for it was not lawful to celebrate them with tears; but who in Rome was not weeping in



those bitter days? The wails of the women drowned the voices of the senators in the Curia. And as if to add to the horror of the scene, the Sibylline books again said, that a Greek man and woman and a Gaulish man and woman must be buried alive in the cattle market; and it was done. The awful whispers began to reach the city that the old enemy, Samnium, and the more recent enemies in Lucania and Bruttium, the Greek cities, and even Apulia, were throwing off their allegiance; and it was murmured that in Capua, the Carthaginian party was gaining ground. Men looked down the Appian Way, and expected to see the flying Numidian cavalry; but there came instead some of the 20,000 prisoners sent by Hannibal on parole, to propose a ransom and Carthalo to propose a peace. The heart of the invader must have sunk within him, when the prisoners returned with the news that Roman gold could not be wasted in purchasing *dediticii*, men who could surrender in battle; the Romans preferred to purchase with their money slaves to fill the legions, and already was the new dictator, M. Junius Pera, at the head of 25,000 men. As to peace, the Romans now as fifty years before could not treat with an enemy while he was on the soil of Italy. It is this inflexible resolution, of which the incorruptible colonies were but the material expression, which still fills us with admiration, which must then have filled Hannibal with despair. It is the fact, that in the face of this, Hannibal still held his ground in Italy for thirteen years; that makes us call Hannibal the greatest of ancient generals.

The heroism  
after the  
defeat.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SECOND PUNIC WAR (*continued*).

#### SECOND PERIOD.—*From Cannæ to Zama.*

WE may pause here for a moment to notice how the vacancies in the Senate were filled, because not only will it give us some idea of

How the the construction of that body, but it will also illus-  
trates the Roman inflexibility on its less favourable  
side. It was only four years since the last Lustrum

had been held (220 B.C.). It was determined, therefore, to choose an extraordinary magistrate in the place of regular censors to conduct the *lectio senatus*. There was already a dictator in the field, but M. Fabius Maximus Buteo, who had been censor in 241 B.C., was named by Varro as dictator for six months to carry

out this particular business. And now a very remarkable proposal was made by Sp. Carvilius: it was

that two citizens from each of the Latin communities should be called up into the Senate. Such a course would have drawn the Italian population into a closely welded body, which might have prevented the great Social war one hundred and thirty years later; but the bare proposal awoke all the old Roman prejudices; another Manlius recalled the fierce language of his ancestor before the Latin war, and by an unanimous vote the speech of Carvilius was buried in silence. Then the dictator proceeded to fill up the one hundred and seventy-seven places in the Senate. First, he named all those men who had held a curule office since the last lustrum (i.e. consuls, prætors, and curule ædiles), but had not yet been formally enrolled on the *album senatorium*; then he named all

who had held the plebeian magistracies of ædile or tribune; then all who had been quaestors; finally any citizen who could show in his house spoils taken from an enemy, or that most honourable chaplet of oak leaves, which was given as a reward for saving a fellow-citizen's life on the battlefield. Thus the Senate was replenished with those who had been most honoured, whether in the Forum or the camp; and Fabius resigned his dictatorship.

On every hand it began to be plain that even the slaughter of Cannæ did not express the ultimate will of the immortal gods; "touched with pity for the empire, they had left a remnant of the Roman name." Before the year was out the good news was announced in the Forum that the self-

*Gleams of  
success.*

confidence in sending reinforcements to the two Scipios in Spain, while the very safety of the city yet seemed threatened, had justified itself, for in a great battle on the Hiberus, Hasdrubal, who was coming to the assistance of his brother in Italy, had been completely defeated, thus being hindered for nine years from crossing the Alps. The Roman army was filled up with Celtiberian mercenaries; an alliance was formed with the Numidian Syphax; and by the time that P. Scipio and his brother met death at the hands of Hasdrubal and Mago, the favourite of heaven, the son of Publius, was receiving the divine afflatus which was to carry him to Carthage, draw

*212 B.  
The young  
Scipio  
in Spain.*

Hannibal from Italy, and bring to an end the war. While we follow the flagging interest of the war in Campania, we must remember that all the time the young hero, who was ædile at twenty-three, and pro-consul<sup>1</sup> before he was ever consul, was seizing New Carthage and conquering Spain, and veiling himself in a mystical nimbus through which we are still bound to regard him, for Polybius himself could not escape the charm. The counter drama, working itself out in Spain, touches with even a more romantic pathos the mournful drama of Hannibal's later years in Italy.

The first result of Cannæ was that the second city in Italy, Capua, opened its gates to Hannibal. He thus obtained what he

<sup>1</sup> The breakdown of the old constitutional machinery under the stress of foreign wars and enlarging dependencies is one of the features of the period which should be constantly marked and borne in mind.

had desired ever since Trasimenus, a basis of operations in the neighbourhood of Rome. But the Capuans declined to *Capua revolts.* serve in his army; and his attempts on Neapolis and Nola failed. At this last place he first came into contact with M. Claudius Marcellus (who, as consul six years before, had won the *spolia opima*, p. 74), whose dead body nine years later he was to honour with a respectful burial—the first general of any capacity that the Hannibalic war elicited from Rome. The siege of the *Casilinum* Campanian town of Casilinum, on the hill across the *resists.* Volturnus facing Capua, in which the motley garrison held out until they were reduced to eat the leather thongs of their shields, must have impressed the great general with the hopelessness of his task. Italy was studded with Casilinum. If little towns of this kind made such a defence, what could be expected of Latin colonies, Roman colonies, Rome herself? Even Casilinum was recaptured next year; and Marcellus, in the pitiless Roman way, attacked the garrison which had surrendered, in defiance of the stipulation. There was little chivalry in the ordinary Roman character.

Hannibal wintered in the luxurious capital of Campania. Rome was straining every nerve to bring back her moral and physical *215 B.C.* strength. To this year belongs her first sumptuary *Lex Oppia.* law, the *lex Oppia*, which forbade women to have more than half an ounce of gold or to dress in variegated garments. Indeed, it was no time for unnecessary expenditure. Every penny which the war-tax (*tributum*) or private patriotism could yield was wanted. The result of the effort was, that before Hannibal's astonished eyes rose eight new legions. He had slaughtered 120,000 Roman soldiers, but his foe seemed inexhaustible. On the other hand, he was at length receiving aid from Carthage; Philip of Macedon was promising an alliance; and, most important of all, Hiero was dead, and there was a possibility of the inveterate rivalry between Greek and Carthaginian in Sicily giving way to a united effort against the arrogant republic. The Gauls too were not, apparently disposed of by the religious murder in the Forum Boarium. The Boii had defeated Postumius, and out of a cup made of his skull they were now pouring libations to their gods.

The new consuls were Q. Fabius Maximus Cunctator and M.

Claudius Marcellus, respectively called the "Shield and the Sword" of Rome; but even before they entered on their office their predecessor Tiberius Gracchus, had gained a

214 B.C.

victory over Hanno and liberated the slaves who formed his army on the occasion. From their consulship the tide turns against Hannibal. For two years the great Carthaginian tried to gain a footing in Southern

Tide turns  
against  
Hannibal.

Italy, relying on the democratic party which was always to be found in every Greek city, and was always in opposition to Rome; but by the time he had secured an entrance into Tarentum—though the citadel still remained in the hands of the small Roman garrison—an event had happened in Sicily which permanently decided the ownership of the island. It is a grim story. The Romans had no pity for rebellious subjects, and when Sicily, in the year 214 B.C., declared almost unanimously for Carthage, and Himilco landed to secure the old battlefield of Greek and Carthaginian, and of Carthaginian and Roman, Marcellus went over to supersede the prætor Appius Claudius, his teeth set with a firmness which we can easily imagine from the busts of the Marcellan family.

Leontini and Enna and many other cities were punished in a way which makes the blood run cold and in two years' time came the crowning horror of Syracuse. Yet it is hard to pity men who had so little pity for each other; and if we are disposed to condemn the conduct of Marcellus, we must condemn still more severely the horrible outrages of the Syracusans themselves upon the family of

their wise and virtuous prince Hiero. Marcellus took the great city from the height of Epipolæ, which had seen the famous efforts of Nicias and Demosthenes

Marcellus  
takes  
Syracuse,  
213 B.C.

and the Athenians two centuries before. We are told that he shed tears when he saw the city in his power. When he returned to Rome he dedicated a temple to the deities Honour and Virtue. We may believe that he did not approve of the murder of the great mechanician, Archimedes, whose gigantic burning glass had set the Roman fleet on fire, and whose great engines, like living claws, had lifted the Roman siege works and Roman soldiers, and even great ships aloft, dashing them down again with destructive force.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Ranke, *Weltgeschichte*, ii. 238, gives reasons for not discrediting these stories.

But the only consideration which can reconcile us at all to the Roman treatment of Sicily is the extremity in which the state found itself after Cannæ—an extremity which would have made it hard for a much more humane general than the rough uncultivated Marcellus, even for a Scipio or a Lælius, to act entirely without passion. And this consideration must be present to us when we come, as we are coming, to the recapture of Capua. With the revolt at Tarentum—a result due it is said to the severe punishment of the Tarentine hostages by the Romans because of an attempt to escape—Hannibal began a new period of activity. Two armies of irregular troops were annihilated by one of his rapid marches, and even the two consular armies, which were beleaguering the guilty Capua, quickly decamped when his forces appeared over the hill-top, so that he was able to revictual the city before the leaguer closed around it. But Hannibal must have realized by this time that his great undertaking was a failure. The citadel of Tarentum, standing in the centre of the city impregnable faithful to Rome, seemed but a symbol of the Roman power, which neither force nor diplomacy could assail. His Numidians had been recruited from Africa by 4000 fresh men, and forty elephants had reached him from the home government. His army continued invincible but futile. There

**The Romans  
besiege  
Capua.**

were three armies, however, now throwing a complete double line of circumvallation round devoted Capua. The prætor, C. Nero, was co-operating with the two consuls of 212 B.C., Q. Fulvius Flaccus and App. Claudius Pulcher. A Numidian messenger stole through the closely guarded lines to summon Hannibal again from Tarentum. Again, all of a sudden, the army of Hannibal appeared on Mount Tifata. But the assault on the outer line, accompanied by an assault from the besieged on the inner line, failed. It illustrates the hopeless incapacity of an ancient army for siege operations to learn that Hannibal could only attack the Roman line by filling up the foss with the carcases of the slain elephants.

**211 B.C.**

Hannibal saw but one way of relieving his allies. He would march upon Rome, not with any hope of taking the city, but with the hope that the Romans, panic-stricken at the realization of a fear they had felt for five years past, would summon the consuls

from the walls of Capua. But the cool head of Fabius who was in Rome guessed the meaning of that manœuvre, and would only permit one of the consuls Flaccus to be recalled. Thus the leaguer of the rebel city was not broken. Hannibal failed in his purpose, but he left an indelible impression of his terrible presence upon the Roman mind. Looming through a mist of romantic fable unconquerable, pitiless he was actually seen touching the walls of Rome, hurling with his own hand a spear into the sacred Pomoerium. He had marched along the Via Latina, **Hannibal at the gates.** driving crowds of fugitives before him, who sought refuge in the city. He had passed by Anagnia, and emerged into the Roman Campagna by Mount Algidus, where in the infant days of the state the hostile Æquians had often encamped. He had fixed his camp on the Anio, within three miles of the Esquiline. To realize the state of feeling in Rome during those days of panic would be to get at the very heart of the Hannibalic war. The Senate left the Curia and sat in the Forum, to reassure by their calm composure the excited crowds. Fabius noticed from the battlements that the ravagers spared his property. It was a cunning attempt on the part of Hannibal to bring suspicion on him; but he forthwith offered the property for sale; and such was the effect of his quiet confidence that the market price even of the land on which the camp of the enemy was drawn never fell an *as*. Yet what a flimsy obstacle seemed to stand between Hannibal and his ambition! There were, says Livy, twelve hundred fugitive Numidians in Rome—even Hannibal's soldiers, it seems, could desert, though they could never mutiny—and Flaccus had encamped them on the Aventine; but, thinking one day they would be more useful upon the broken ground of the Esquiline, which was at this time a kind of suburb, with beautiful gardens and mansions scattered about the ravines and natural hollows, he gave the word for them to march through the Velabrum and the Forum and the Carinæ. Some observers on the Capitol spread the awful rumour that Hannibal's cavalry was in the city, had effected an entrance from the side of the Janiculum. Nothing but the sight of Hannibal's camp on the east prevented the terrified people from pouring out through the Colline and the Esquiline gates. "*Hannibal proximus urbi*" is one of those spectacles which have always arrested the attention

of men, because the "might have been" seems so nearly realized. Only the mound of Servius between him and his lifelong purpose to sack the city! But the appearance is a little deceptive. Behind the mound of Servius was the constitution of Servius—that firm, compact, immovable political framework which is the true greatness of Rome. Against this no mere military genius could prevail. Hannibal marched away into the Sabine country, and made his way back to Tarentum, Rome unsacked, Capua unrelieved.

Capua fell; the Senate, in whose hands the government of the town had been left after the Samnite wars, had to be annihilated.

211 B.C.      Terrible are the exigencies of imperialism; they leave  
The Romans      no room for compassion. For a Roman magistrate  
recapture      in dealing with a revolted subject city to show  
Capua.

compassion would have been a kind of treason. The people who idolized Brutus and Tibertus and Manlius for not sparing their own sons, who were ready at any time to lay down their own lives for the sake of the state, which always was in effect the sole object of religious worship, could not in consistency hesitate to "war down the rebels."<sup>3</sup> Yet we, whose religion is not a religion of state policy but a religion of divine humanity, watch that awful day of vengeance from Mount Tifata with a shudder which no ancient heart could understand. Twenty-seven senators met in the house of Vibius Virrius, and with a kind of ghastly hilarity pass round the poisoned cup. Then the gates are opened. Twenty-eight more of the devoted number are carried to Teanum, twenty-five more to Cales, and scourged and beheaded before the unswerving eyes of Q. Fulvius Flaccus in the two market places, that in the one instance the Campanian settlements in the other the Latin colonies may see the inevitable penalty of revolt. It was said that a letter from Rome was sent to hinder the execution, but that Flaccus kept it unopened until the last prisoner was dead. That is quite improbable, for it was not the bloodthirstiness of Flaccus but the policy of Rome which exacted this condign punishment. In Rome itself three hundred Capuans, faithful soldiers in the Roman army, were shortly afterwards executed on a suspicion of setting fire to the city, a suspicion only substantiated by that most futile engine of Roman law the torture of slaves.

<sup>3</sup> *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*



This was the treatment of the Capuan nobility; the commonalty were scattered among the Latin colonies or sold into slavery. But the beautiful city still smiled on the Voltturnus which washed her feet. As a political community it vanished, as a centre of refinement and luxury it remained. A Roman prefect was sent year by year to govern it, and its fertile and enchanting territory became *publicus ager*, a rich possession for the Roman treasury, which was never lost till the time of Cæsar. Atella and Calatia were treated in the same way.

It was a great year for Rome; the patience and courage of her people seemed on the point of receiving their reward. Marcellus returned in the summer and led his magnificent triumph up the Alban Mount because the Senate of Marcellus, <sup>Triumph 211 B.C.</sup> would only allow him an ovation;<sup>4</sup> but the great model of the city and harbour of Syracuse was carried in the procession to the Capitol. He was elected consul again, chosen by fate, thought the people, to face Hannibal in Italy. In the autumn an alliance with Ætolia imposed a check on the warlike intentions of Macedonia. Meanwhile young P. Scipio had received the appointment to command in Spain. Men thought that Hannibal must soon give up his fruitless purpose. But men did not understand Hannibal. For eight years more the great general remained invincible in the field. In the attempt to recover the cities of Apulia, Cn. Fulvius the prætor perished with his army (210 B.C.). Even Marcellus was driven to take refuge in Venusia and to remain quiet. On the other hand Tarentum was recovered (209 B.C.) by the consul, the great Fabius (consul for the fifth time); and gradually the Roman power in Italy checked confined reduced by the genius of Hannibal began to return to its old limits.

Rome could bear the loss of her greatest men, for it was not in great men that her greatness consisted. Thus the death of Marcellus in a skirmish near Locri, and of his fellow consul, T. Quinctius Crispinus, who succumbed to his <sup>208 B.C.</sup> Two Consuls slain. wounds soon after, though never before had the two chief magistrates fallen in battle together, left Hannibal in much the same position as before.

<sup>4</sup> In law it rested with the imperator alone whether or no he should have a triumph; but in practice he never ventured to have one in Rome against the wish of the Senate.

A much greater danger than this had been weathered the year before. Twelve Latin colonies in the neighbourhood of Rome, Ardea, Nepete, Sutrium, Alba, Carseoli, Sora, Suessa, **Exhaustion of the colonies.** Circeii, Setia, Cales, Narnia, and Interamna refused further supplies. They had no wish to revolt; they were simply exhausted. For a moment it seemed as if the compact framework of the Roman power was about to give way. But the other Latin colonies, headed by Fregellæ, came to express their ability and readiness to help. It must have filled Hannibal with wonder: there were thirty Romes or more, and each was inexpugnable. Could he hope to exhaust them? that was the question.

The answer to that question was furnished in the neighbourhood of an old burgess colony, Sena Gallica. Hasdrubal had slipped away from Spain, and following in the steps of his great brother, had reached the frontier of Italy with a large army. The family chronicles of the Cornelii would have it that P. Scipio had just defeated him at Bæcula. It is not always that we have so patent a fact as Hasdrubal's presence on the Metaurus with which to prune the luxuriant foliage of the family chronicles.

207 B.C.

The crisis of the war had come. This was felt in Rome; and by the favour of the gods the consular elections had provided a man of courage and ability to take the command. This was C. Claudius Nero, who was sent to keep Hannibal occupied in the south, while his colleague M. Livius Salinator was to march against Hasdrubal in Cisalpine Gaul. But he ventured to disregard his commission; by a happy chance the messenger sent to Hannibal with the summons to meet the new Spanish army at Narnia fell into Roman hands, and Nero determined that he, and not Hannibal, should go to meet Hasdrubal. It was a bold step, that march of two hundred miles along the east coast of Italy, but it was successful. Working

**Hasdrubal slain on the Metaurus.**

in true Roman fashion with his colleague who was a personal enemy, he overthrew Hasdrubal on the Metaurus. The Carthaginian army, finding Hannibal had not come and fearing the worst, was attempting to withdraw across the river into Cisalpine Gaul, there to wait for news; but the guides proved faithless and morning revealed to the Romans their enemies in a state of exhaustion and disarray. Nevertheless the Spaniards fought with desperate bravery,

and the Gauls occupied an impregnable position. The battle was only determined by a brilliant movement on the part of Nero, who passed behind his own line and assailed the enemy unexpectedly in flank. Hasdrubal perished gloriously; and six days later Nero reappeared in his proper place in the south. Hasdrubal's head was thrown into his brother's lines as an announcement of the battle. It was a heart-breaking moment for Hannibal. He looked at the white face, exclaiming, "I recognize the fortunes of Carthage." In that hour he knew that he had lived in vain. As for the feelings which prevailed in Rome, no pen could adequately describe them: When the march of Nero was announced every one realized how much depended on the issue; not a senator left the Curia, not a citizen the Forum; every temple was crowded with Roman matrons. Towards evening two horsemen rode in from Narnia with the news of the victory. Then came a letter, which was read to the surging masses from the height of the Vulcanal; then the messengers came from the consuls. All the city poured out along the Flaminian Way and met them at the Mulvian bridge. But the news was incredible. It could not be—a brother of Hannibal, a son of Hamilcar slain! the omen of Capua confirmed! the horrors of Cannæ reversed!

For three days a solemn *supplicatio* was held to thank the gods, the immortal gods, who had decided against Melcarth, and pitiless Moloch, and impure<sup>5</sup> Tanith. Then the two consuls came to the Temple of Bellona to meet the Senate and wait to enter the city in triumph. Livius rode first on a car drawn by four horses, for it was by his *auspicia* that the battle was fought; but all eyes dwelt on Nero, who rode his war horse behind his colleague. Then Livius dedicated a Temple of Youth in the Circus Maximus, as if the gaiety and joy which had been lost were now returning.

It was the battle on the Metaurus which decided the fate of Spain; when Scipio went to subdue that peninsula to Rome he had no great battle to fight. The strength and chivalry of the Carthaginian power in Spain had perished with Hasdrubal in the great attempt to relieve Hannibal in Italy.

The toils were closing in around Hannibal. Foiled and confined, yet still unconquerable, he heard the bitter news of what

<sup>5</sup> The Phœnician goddess of Lust.

was passing in Spain. He was now unable to leave the Bruttian Promontory. He was preparing an inscription to be placed in the Temple of Lacinian Juno not far from Croton which should tell to after ages the story of his great campaign; that record we now read worked into the history of Polybius. No hero ever strove more manfully through long years of danger and difficulty to work out a great end for mankind than Hannibal strove to bring the forces of the Western power which his father had organized to crush the Italian state. But now two armies had come from Spain to no purpose; and he began to hear how Scipio, aided by Neptune, had taken Hamilcar's city, New Carthage; how, by chivalrous generosity, he had won the hearts of the Spaniards; how, by persistent valour, he had compressed the Carthaginians within their first and their last Spanish possession, Cadiz (206 B.C.); then how his brother Mago, driven from Spain to the Balearic Islands (205 B.C.), had crossed over to Genoa, and tried for two long years to organize some opposition to Rome in the rude mountains of Liguria, but beaten in the Insubrian country and wounded and heart-sick, summoned to Carthage to protect her walls, had died before he ever saw the towers of the Byrsa (203 B.C.). All this Hannibal's messengers told him. Late in the year 206 B.C. too he heard that the young hero Scipio had met the Senate in the Temple of Bellona, to tell them that Spain was theirs, and he was ready to make Africa theirs also. And Scipio was the chosen of the gods.

Roman  
victories  
in Spain.

Round the head of Scipio was an aureole of glory. He was accustomed to go daily to the Capitol and hold mystic communion with Jupiter, as once Numa Pompilius communed with the nymph Egeria; and the awestruck people would hush the tumult of the Forum as they saw his beautiful face irradiated with a celestial intelligence passing through them back to his house in the Tuscan Street under the Palatine. He was but thirty years of age; but, as at twenty-three he declared that if the people thought him old enough for the ædileship<sup>6</sup> he was old enough, so now he might say that if the gods had marked him for their own, he was surely worthy of

P. Cornelius  
Scipio  
(Africanus).

<sup>6</sup> v. p. 99.

the people's choice to hold the consulship. And consul he was made. But the Senate did not love the favourite of the gods. He was despatched to Sicily with but two legions and thirty ships; and the scandal of the Curia then murmured that he was living in luxurious ease, dressed in Greek clothes, reading Greek books, at Syracuse. The age for understanding demigods was clearly passed. Taking little heed of his critics, Scipio managed to wrest Locri from Hannibal, who was thus confined to Croton and the neighbourhood; and it was said that the awful vengeance taken upon the Locrians was rather what the gods might take than what became a man. And all the time he was preparing for his descent upon the African coast. At length he sailed from Lilybæum with solemn prayers uttered in the hearing of the crowded quays, and landed safely—happy omen—at Fair Promontory in the Tunisian Gulf.

Consul.  
205 B.C.

Lands in  
Africa.

But it was well for Rome that the gods had at length espoused her cause; for human strength was failing her. The victors of Metaurus were censors this year, and they found on the roll of citizens only 214,000 men, 56,000 fewer than when the war began. And Scipio's little fleet and two legions were but a remnant indeed, if one remembered the mighty armament of Regulus and Manlius forty years before.

204 B.C.  
Tribes  
increased.

Only the gods could help: Masinissa, the Numidian ally of Rome, came to meet Scipio, not with an army, but as an outlaw. Syphax, King of the Massesylians, who should have been the ally of Rome, had been won to the Carthaginian cause by the lovely bribe which Hasdrubal, son of Gisco, offered him—his daughter Sophonisba. Thus Scipio had to wait in the neighbourhood of Utica, on a spot called ever after the *Castra Cornelia*, till the will of the gods should declare itself.

The Senate prolonged the proconsular authority of Scipio "till the war should be finished." This was a mark of confidence; it was a sign, too, of portentous omen, as will be seen later on.

203 B.C.  
Proconsular  
authority  
prolonged.

The will of the gods did before long declare itself. Syphax and

<sup>1</sup> Yet in 203 B.C. we find twenty legions in the field, i.e. more than 100,000 men.

Hasdrubal were surprised and beaten, leaving 40,000 men dead on the field. Sophonisbe, so the tragic story went, became the bride of Masinissa, and drank the cup of poison at his bidding when Scipio bade him show his fidelity by putting her away. And Masinissa was rewarded by the title of king which Scipio conferred upon him; and was reserved to be a torment to the humbled Carthaginians.

And now the long-silenced peace party in Carthage found a voice again, and began to make advances to Scipio; but the inexorable Senate did not suffer him to listen. Nothing, therefore, remained for the Carthaginian government but to summon the sons of Hamilcar to drive Scipio from Libyan soil. Mago, as we just saw,

**Hannibal recalled.** died before he could obey the summons; but Hannibal heard and obeyed the voice of his country.

For fifteen years he had flashed from point to point over the Italian country, and had never, so Polybius expressly tells us, been defeated in the field; but now the flame was paling. Hannibal left Italy. For five days the city rang with hymns of thanksgiving to the gods, and Fabius, who seemed the incarnation of the state's passive power of resistance, was crowned with the chaplet of grass, and so died towards the year's end as it were overwhelmed with joy (203 B.C.).

Hannibal spent the winter at Hadrumentum, and it was not till the autumn of the following year that he found himself confronting

**202 B.C.  
Battle of  
Zama.**

Scipio at the fountain head of a tributary of the Bagradas, not far from Zama. The three lines of the Carthaginian army advanced to the battle, preceded by eighty elephants. Scipio, who was in no way bound by the mechanical rules of tradition either in politics or in tactics, varied

**The battle  
array.**

the accustomed arrangement of a Roman army to meet this formidable vanguard. At this period the legion consisted of three lines, besides the *velites* or light-armed (1200 men): the first line, the *hastati*, and the second line, the *principes*, were each broken up into ten maniples;<sup>a</sup> and the maniples were arranged like the squares on a chess-board, so that if the *hastati*, when their *pila* were discharged found themselves unable to support the battle, they could fall back, and the *principes* could advance through the openings, and discharge their *pila*; then

<sup>a</sup> The maniples of the two first lines contained 120, of the third line 60 men.

the ten smaller maniples of the *triarii*, the veterans of the legion, remained in the rear ready in case of emergency.

Scipio now arranged his maniples behind each other, so that long avenues were left between the columns from the van to the rear. The battle began, and the elephants, judiciously goaded by the Roman spears and sword-points, rushed down the open valleys and passed harmlessly out behind them. Then Masinissa had furnished Numidian cavalry to meet the horsemen of Hannibal; so that the long struggle between Rome and Carthage was at last to be decided by a fair fight between the infantry on either side. Down rushed the terrible shower of the Roman *pila*, transfixing Ligurian, Gaul, and Moor in Hannibal's first line; then came the swift stroke of the Roman broadsword on the Carthaginians in the second line; and before long the spears of the *triarii* were dealing death among Hannibal's Italian veterans, whose countrymen of Bruttium would soon pay dearly for having submitted to the fascination of Hannibal's spells. Twenty thousand of the Carthaginians lay dead on the ground, 20,000 more were in Roman hands. The prayers of Scipio were answered. Hannibal escaped, and thus entered Carthage for the first time since he was eight years old.

The terms of peace were not such as seemed very insupportable to the Anti-Barcine party: the state was limited to the African domain; but Masinissa was planted in Numidia as a thorn in their side, and they might not resist him without permission from the Senate at Rome; the war indemnity was 10,000 talents (£2,440,000). But the bitterest article of all was one which demanded the destruction of the fleet. In days of prosperity the state used to go into mourning, and the great walls were hung with black, if any disaster befell even a portion of the navy. But now not an eye was dry as the sorrowful people saw their 500 ships, the wings with which they had flown from Tyre to the Casiterides, with which they had hovered with unassailable majesty over the Western Mediterranean, towed out of the harbour and burnt to the water's edge before their eyes.

Terms of  
peace.

Fleet burnt.

Possibly the walls would have shared the doom of the ships, but that Scipio was a man of ruth, and that Rome was eager for peace, because the threatenings of the great Macedonian kingdom were coming to a head.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### RESULTS OF THE FOREIGN WARS.

ROME had conquered, because she was politically, morally, religiously stronger than Carthage. Had Carthage conquered, she would only have left Italy in the hands of the barbarous Gauls, **Effects of the victory.** and Spain in the hands of the fickle Iberians, for it was a family, the Barcids, not a state, that showed any capacity for empire, and a monarchy of a Cæsarian kind was not then possible even to Hannibal. Rome had conquered, but at what a cost!

There were ruptures in the Roman state which could never now be healed. The ancient deities were superseded in the moment of their victory. The Apollinaria were instituted in **On religion.** 212 B.C., and the mother of the gods, Cybele, was brought to Rome from Phrygia, and the Megalesia celebrated in 203 B.C. These were results of Greek influence. Fabius, as dictator, built a temple to Mens on the Capitol; but, opposite to it, another to Venus Erycina, a goddess who became the inspirer of vice.<sup>1</sup>

The ancient morals were destroyed just when their strength seemed established. Let us take one illustration. The first year of the first Punic war was the first year of gladiatorial **On morals.** games in Rome;<sup>2</sup> this horrible form of amusement was borrowed from the cruel and sombre Etruscans. In the year 192 B.C. L. Flamininus; to compensate a favourite boy for the loss of the gladiatorial games, on his way to his province of Cisalpine Gaul, stabbed a Boian chief who happened to come into the camp, that

<sup>1</sup> In 209 B.C. C. Valerius Flaccus, a dissolute rake, was made a flamen of Jupiter, to restore him to respectability!—Livy, xxvii. 8.

<sup>2</sup> D. Junius Brutus munus gladiatorium in honorem defuncti patris primus edidit. Livy, Epit. xvi.



the boy might feast his eyes on the agonies of a dying man. The censor Cato, who clung to the old manners, struck the murderer's name off the senatorial roll, but the sympathy of the Roman nobility was with Flamininus.

The political constitution, strained by the military development, and still more by the acquisition of foreign dependencies, began to break in the very moment when it seemed to have crushed the only rival which ever could offer it any

On politics.

serious opposition. The great triumph which Scipio led up to the Capitol, was the first which celebrated a victory out of Italy; and the triumphator was the first who set at naught the forms of the constitution. Proconsul before he was consul, ædile and consul long before the legal age; his *imperium* prorogued in Africa for an indefinite time; called by the admiring Spaniards a king, and answering them with the proud

Dangerous  
pre-eminence  
of Scipio.

claim that he was not a king, but kingly; pressed by the grateful citizens to accept a life dictatorship; made *princeps senatus* for fifteen years in succession; hailed as a son of the gods, and regarded as constantly inspired by them,—we see already in him the general outlines of Cæsar. But he has neither the inclination nor the opportunity to anticipate that brilliant career. Many things must happen before such a thing could be possible. The nobility, growing more exclusive, more aristocratical, more corrupt, and more incapable, will have to show themselves unequal to the task of government, which they were very far from being in the Hannibalian war; the people, driven more and more from their homesteads, and supplanted by slave labour, crowded into the stifling and vicious atmosphere of the Capital, contaminated by the moral refuse of the world which gathered there as in a cesspool, will have to lose the sense of citizenship and the love of liberty, which they were far from doing at present; the legions, too, will have to carry the conqueror's sword to the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Rhine; above all, an excelling genius must appear,—and then the republic which conquered Italy will pass into the empire, and Fabii, Marcelli, and Scipios will merge in the name and the diadem of Cæsar.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE FIRST PROVINCES, SICILY AND SPAIN.

BEFORE we turn our eyes to the East and inquire how the ancient civilization there regarded the issue of the prolonged wrestle between organization Carthage and Rome, in which at length Carthage was of conquests. thrown but not killed, we must for a moment more linger in the West to see how the lands won by the conqueror were organized.

By the end of the second Punic war that inner consciousness of an imperial destiny, out of which had grown the story of the gory head found on the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, had clearly worked itself out before Roman eyes in a tangible form. The most valuable parts of the Phœnician empire, Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, and Spain, had fallen to Rome. We must anticipate subsequent history a little in order to get a clear view of the way in which this accession of territory was treated by, and reacted on, the republican government. And, as Sicily and Spain form the two types on which the provincial administration of other countries was afterwards conducted, it will be useful to make ourselves familiar with the outlines of the arrangements in these two provinces; so that when we find one conquered land after another formed into a Roman province, *in formam provinciæ reducta*, the phrase may not be merely a phrase to us, but may present a distinct if not a very detailed picture. First, we will look at Sicily.

When Marcellus had done weeping his somewhat hypocritical tears over the fall of Syracuse, and had celebrated his private triumph on the Alban Mount, the Senate turned its  
Sicily.  
210 B.C. attention to the organization of the whole island, which hitherto had been half under the dominion of Hiero, and

half under the dominion of the Roman prætor. This first organization is only known to us by the light of the more complete organization of Rupilius, which followed upon the anarchy of the disastrous Slave war (135-132 B.C.). After the *lex Rupilia*, we find the government fixed until the time of the empire. The Romans very wisely recognized the right of the individual city communities, of which the country was practically composed; these were sixty-eight in number. Each of these cities held a territory of its own; but they were differently dealt with, according to their individual relations with the conqueror: (1) Three of them, Messana, Tauromenium, and Netum, were treated as free states, an alliance was made with them as with an independent power; hence they are called *civitates fœderatæ*. (2) Five of them, of which the most important was the flourishing town of Centuripæ, in addition to other privileges received immunity from taxation (*civitates liberæ et immunes*). (3) But one-half of the sixty-eight cities were required to pay tithes of their produce to the Roman government, as they had formerly paid to the over-lord of Syracuse, according to the *lex Hieronica*. Hence these states are called *civitates decumanæ*. This was very mild treatment on the part of Rome; but the way in which the tithes were collected was capable of becoming very oppressive. A company of *publicani*, who might be native Sicilians, but were usually Roman business-men, contracted to pay the censors at Rome a certain quantity of corn and wine and oil; as this quantity was determined by the competition of several firms, it would sometimes happen that the proceeds of the *decumæ* fell below what was stipulated. Then the tax farmers were tempted to recoup themselves by wringing from the unfortunate peasants a good deal more than the tenth, which was due. All the produce realized by this taxation went to Rome, and became, as we shall see later on, the means of pauperizing the citizens, and so enervating the moral sinews which had conquered Sicily. (4) Twenty-six cities, among them Syracuse and Lilybæum, were treated in a more unfavourable way still. All their territory was confiscated to Rome, and dealt with as *publicus ager* by the censors. These towns were therefore called *civitates censoriæ*. But while the Roman government did not interfere with the internal constitution of the states to any great extent, it tried

to isolate them one from another, as it had done with Italian communities. Thus the *civitates*, like Centuripæ, which might trade with any one they pleased, acquired extraordinary wealth and consequence, while the others shrivelled into small and spiritless country villages.

We saw some time ago how a prætor was sent from Rome every year to act as governor in Sicily; the old division of the island was maintained in the custom of always sending two quæstors with the governor of Sicily, one of whom was stationed at Lilybæum, the other at Syracuse. Later on, instead of prætors, ex-prætors (proprætors as they are called) went to the provinces, because the prætors were more and more wanted during their term of office in Rome. The proprætor was a little king for the time; his province was mapped out into districts (*conventus*), and he went on circuit, like the English judges, administering justice, or sometimes, it must be owned, injustice, through the districts in succession. All the subject people would come out to meet him; they were bound to furnish him and his retinue with every necessary, and even with every luxury, of life. No magistrate in Rome ever received such homage as was constantly paid to the provincial governor; and it is easy to see that when a man had tasted the sweets of such an irresponsible power he would fret and chafe at the equality and subordination of the republic at Rome. It was not only the conqueror of provinces, like Marcellus or Scipio, that was tempted to regard himself as an emperor superior to the jurisdiction of the state, but the ordinary governors of provinces got the feelings of monarchs, and little by little the Senate which to Kineas seemed like an assembly of gods, became, what was worse, an assembly of kings.

This fatal tendency we shall understand more clearly still, as we now turn our attention to the other typical province,  
 Spain.

Spain was to Rome what America has been to Europe; it was the new world of undefined possibilities, the land of savages, the land of gold. It was regarded as Roman territory from the day that Scipio left it "subdued;" but it was a strange kind of conquest. For nine years two generals with proconsular power were sent every year to fight the conquered

people; and even when at length two *provinciae* were formed, one with its capital at New Carthage, corresponding to the modern Murcia, the other with its capital at Corduba, corresponding to the modern Andalusia, it took two hundred years to subdue the countless tribes of penurious, courageous, but unorganized Spaniards. To the long wars between Roman armies and Spanish tribes there is no closer parallel than the constant wars between the Americans and the Red Indians; and the reason why the ultimate victory of the Romans did not involve the extermination of the native races, as the triumph of the American means the destruction of the Indian, is to be found partly in this, that there was no great difference in civilization morals and religion between Spaniards and Romans:—the former were unorganized, the latter were organized savages—but partly also in that power of assimilating its subdued enemies, which never quite deserted the Roman state, and which made it not much exaggeration to call Rome the “mother not the mistress of the conquered.”

In Spain there are two contrasts to the administration of Sicily First, in the matter of taxation. Instead of the long cultivated and fertile fields of Sicily, the Romans found a very im-  
Taxation.  
 perfect state of agriculture; for the men, like true savages, left the tilling of the soil to the women. It was not possible to appropriate the revenues (*vectigalia*) of the preceding government, for the government of the Barcids had been merely a military, not a civil, organization. The Romans, therefore, exacted a fixed sum annually, on the pretext of pay for the soldiers employed to protect the country (*vectigal certum quod stipendiarium vocatur*). The several tribes and towns were at liberty to raise this sum as they pleased; the only thing which was compulsory about it was, that it must be paid somehow. In Spain, too, there were a few cities like Tarraco and Gades which enjoyed immunity from taxation. But the other contrast with Sicily arose from the necessities of the wars with the unconquered tribes. It became the training ground for imperialism, on which generals were practised and armies exercised to overthrow the republic. In 197 B.C. the number of prætors was raised to six, in order that there might be two regular governors each year to take the command in Hither and Further Spain; it was necessary to give them a proconsular

dignity and twelve *fascēs*, those symbols of the supreme power of the Roman state. But the distance to the New World was so great that the *imperium* was frequently prorogued for another year, and the drain of men was such that the Roman armies were recruited from the natives. Thus it came to pass that Roman magistrates became familiar with the idea of a permanent army under their own individual control. The two safeguards of the constitution, divided command, and annual change of commander, were becoming obsolete.

In Spain, too, the Roman character began to deteriorate; for indeed nothing is more demoralizing than prolonged war with savages.

**Oppression.** Tales of incredible cruelty, such as the treacherous massacre of a whole tribe by Servius Sulpicius Galba, began to circulate in Rome. The rapacity and arrogance of the legal despots at last wrung from the Spaniards (171 B.C.) the piteous entreaty that the Senate "would not suffer them to be robbed and harried more foully than if they were enemies instead of allies." And before long the first permanent law court had to be established in Rome by the *lex Calpurnia* (149 B.C.) for the purpose of trying these despotic governors when they returned from their provinces. The first Basilica,<sup>1</sup> reared by M. Porcius Cato about this time, must have often heard within its walls the cries of outraged Spaniards, the defence of hardened nobles; but such scenes were of ominous significance.

Yet strange to say, year by year Spain became more and more Romanized. Scipio Africanus had founded Italica, the first Italian town ever built outside Italy, in Bætica; and when **Romanizing.** another Italian colony was founded at Carteia, a generation later (171 B.C.), the inhabitants were in most instances the children of Italian fathers and Spanish mothers.

<sup>1</sup> It was erected in 184 B.C., the year of Cato's censorship; probably the idea of the building and the name too had been suggested to Cato during his stay in Athens by the hall of the King Archon.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE WARS WITH PHILIP, KING OF MACEDON.

BUT now we must leave the Roman governors to carry on their task of organization and administration in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. Nor need we at present trouble ourselves with all the dangers to the republic involved in the novel situation; as yet those words of Livy,<sup>1</sup> which take us to the very fountain head of Roman success, are essentially true: "The sovereign power of the laws is above the sovereign power of individuals." Let us transport ourselves to the East.

We must try to conceive what questions agitated that part of the Mediterranean which regarded itself as the civilized world and treated with indifference the struggle between *The Hellenic* the peasant republic of Italy and the merchant *world*.

republic of Carthage. In the great cities of Alexandria, Antioch, and Pella, the transient vision of a world empire which came from the conquests of Alexander, was treated as a sober and practical possibility. The vital question was only who should be world-emperor. The kingdoms of the Diadochi had settled into three—Egypt, Syria, and Macedonia; and the balance constantly wavered between them. But while it was being decided whether a Ptolemæus, an Antiochus, or a Philippos should climb the throne of Alexander, the republic from the west bore down upon the degenerate Greeks, and by one quick stroke after another cut up the dominions of Alexander into Roman provinces.

During the first Punic war the prevailing power in the East was Ptolemæus Euergetes, the third Ptolemy of Egypt. *Egypt.* He had taken Cyprus and Cilicia and a crowd of the islands in the Ægean, and was master of Cœle-Syria. But in

<sup>1</sup> ii. 1. 1.

224 B.C. Antiochus the Great came to the Syrian throne, and the predominance passed gradually over to him. He was beaten by Ptolemæus in the great battle of Raphia; but that did not prevent him from maintaining his enormous kingdom, which reached from the Mediterranean to Bactria and Parthia.

**Syria.** The third great power was the Macedonian kingdom, which aspired to be the mistress and leader of Hellas; but in extent and material resources it was in no condition to compete with the Seleucids who governed Syria. When Pyrrhus crossed to Italy Antigonus Gonatus sat on the throne of Pella. From the year 233 B.C. Philip III., his grandson, had held that exalted position, and saw in himself, as he thought, a worthy successor to his great namesake, the father of Alexander.

We have now to see how these great monarchies first became conscious of the budding power in the West. We must begin with Macedonia, and we shall have to retrace our steps to the commencement of the Hannibalian war, to recount the events which are usually dignified with the name of the first Macedonian war, but which were barely important enough to attract our attention in the midst of the absorbing interest of Hannibal's first years in Italy.

The result of the Illyrian wars had been to leave the Greek states, Apollonia, Epidamnus, and Corcyra, on the east coast of the Adriatic, under the protection—which always meant under the domination—of Rome. Demetrius of Pharos, the vanquished Illyrian general, had found a reception at the Macedonian court, and had lost no opportunity of pointing out how the arrogant republic had thus obtained a foothold on Greek soil. And, further, the Romans were posing as the champions of Hellas. Philip was induced by these representations to conclude a treaty with Rome's great enemy, Hannibal. It was just after

**First Macedonian war.** Cannæ.<sup>2</sup> “And ye shall be to us,” runs the Carthaginian form of words, “[allies] for the war on foot against the Romans until the gods give to us and to you peace.” Why did not Philip throw his forces across the sea, and march with Hannibal on Rome? It seemed as if on him, as on the Cisalpine Gauls, a spell had fallen during those three years; like meaner combatants, the powers of the earth drew back to let the

<sup>2</sup> Polybius, vii. 9.



mighty champions, Hannibal and Rome, fight unhindered, unaided. Philip's only object was to win Apollonia; and the Senate was able to send from Brundisium a sufficient force to drive him from that undertaking. The restless Greeks were ever ready to enter a new alliance and to break it. The Ætolians entered into such an alliance with Rome; but when they received no adequate help from the embarrassed Romans, they concluded a separate treaty with Philip (205 B.C.), and that same year Rome herself flung Philip a district or two of Illyria that he might make peace; she wanted all her energies that she might gather herself together against Carthage.

When Scipio had returned in his triumphal robes from the Capitol, most people in Rome were eager to shut the gates of the Temple of Janus, as they had been shut in the year 201 B.C.

after the first Punic war for the first time since the days of King Numa, to signify that Rome was at peace with all the world. When an embassy came from Athens, which claimed as an ally help against Philip, whose army had invaded Attica, the *comitia* of the centuries were not inclined to take a romantic view of the situation. They yearned for peace. Besides, serious news came from the north of Italy; the Insubrian Gauls were in arms under a Carthaginian with the awful name of Hamilcar; he had done what Hannibal could never do—he had captured a Latin colony; Placentia had fallen.

But the highstrung pride of the Roman Senate could not allow the honour of the Roman people to suffer loss. There are few occasions which impress us more strongly with the Second  
Macedonian  
war invincible resolution of that august assembly. Disturbances in Spain and in Gaul, the state exhausted, (200-196 B.C.)  
declared  
by the  
Senate. the treasury drained! But what of that? Rome is Rome. And that determination of the Curia won the day. War was declared against Philip.

With such a spirit within the walls we cannot wonder to see the porch crowded with the ambassadors of foreign potentates. It is a new feature in Roman history: there are the Embassies to  
Rome. representatives of the greatest naval power in the world, the republic of Rhodes; there are the envoys of Attalus, King of Pergamus, who holds his small kingdom secure in the

midst of the Syrian empire, strong in the affections of his people whom he saved from the inroads of the Gauls. Both these embassies come with bitter complaints against Philip. There too on the Græcostasis waiting for audience are the ambassadors of Vernina son of Syphax, and those of Ptolemæus the Illustrious the young Egyptian king. The star of the republic is high in the heavens.

Now let us see what Philip had been doing while Rome was shattering at Zama the life-work of his ally. In the year 205 B.C.,

**Philip and Ptolemy.** the Egyptian king died leaving a minor of five as his heir, Ptolemæus Epiphanes. This was an opportunity not to be missed by the great monarchs of Syria and Macedonia; for the game of politics, be it remembered, was then simply, who could seize the widest territory. They entered into an alliance. While Antiochus overran Palestine and Cœle-Syria, Philip took steps to seize the Egyptian possessions in the Ægean. Never was there a more shameless pitiless tyrant than this hero who sat on the throne of the demigod Alexander. The gods of his captain Dicaearchus were Godlessness and Lawlessness (*ἀρεβία* and *ἡλιότης*). No Greek city was safe; and when the united fleets of Pergamus and Rhodes met him at Chios and Lade (201 B.C.), they were, to say the least of it, not successful, for Philip burst upon Caria like a ravaging tornado, and next year he appeared on the Hellespont victorious and merciless.

The Roman ambassadors found him engaged in the siege of Abydos; but before appearing in his camp with the declaration of

**200 B.C.** war, they had accomplished one of those brilliant strokes of diplomacy, which no less than the irresistible legions led Rome to the mastery of the world. They appeared in the East as the guardians of the young Ptolemæus Epiphanes, but by allowing Antiochus to retain what he had secured of the Egyptian territory, they managed to detach him

**Diplomacy with Antiochus.** from Macedon till his turn should come. These *grands monarques*, with their incredible blindness, surrounded by trembling courtiers who dared not tell them the truth were no match for the sober shrewdness and unswerving purpose of the great republic. The simple ambassador stood before Philip at Abydos, and bade him touch no Greek

city, and pay indemnity to Rhodes and to Attalus. There was a sublime impudence in the demand of Æmilius; he spoke as a mere unit of a compact state, Philip answered as one who himself was the state.

Abydos fell, as once before Saguntum fell: not a citizen escaped alive. But the sure footsteps of Rome only tarried. Already the ships returning from Carthage were ordered to Macedonia, and P. Sulpicius Galba the consul was crossing the Adriatic to winter in Apollonia: Chalcis was surprised though not retained by the Roman admiral, C. Claudius, who was already anchored in the harbour of Piræus. Operations begun.

It was a strange part for this uncultured Roman people to be playing—a part very difficult to play with any sincerity, a part which resulted in an inversion of the original expectations of protector and protected; but the Romans were now definitely embarked on the mission of "liberating Greece." The Liberators of Hellas.

The liberation they promised was a political liberation, but that ended in a political servitude of their own imposing; the liberation they effected was a spiritual liberation, but that ended in their own enslavement. On the one hand Rome brought the firmly compacted city community, which the Greeks had in vain attempted to create, a city community which had solved the problem that baffled Athens, how a free state can hold the hegemony of an empire; but on the other hand, Greece was rich in that individual life which hitherto had found no foothold in Rome, a mythology tender and beautiful, a poetry perfect in form, a plastic art which had filled every Grecian city and every plain of the Peloponnese with temples and statues, a philosophy, a historical science—all these spiritual forces took captive the captors; and here lies the abiding interest of the Macedonian wars.

It must have astonished the Roman soldiers, born and bred under the iron discipline of their own constitution, to find the pitiable weakness, the disintegration of Greek politics; their astonishment must have passed quickly into a feeling of contempt. Let us glance for a moment at the condition of things in Greece which occupied the attention of Sulpicius during his winter inactivity in Apollonia (200 B.C.). Philip held the country by means of three fortified places—Demetrias on the Pagasean

Gulf, Chalcis in Eubœa, and the strong citadel of Corinth; but his hold was secured by that immemorial local jealousy of Greece. which had always made the citizens of two states hate each other precisely in proportion as they were near to one another. Thus Bœotia, Phocis, Locrians, and Acarnanians were thrown into the arms of Philip by their repulsion from the Ætolian league which had its centre in Naupactus. Athens hated Philip, as the countrymen of Demosthenes once hated a greater Philip, but the Athenians had degenerated from their ancestors, as Philip III. had degenerated from Philip I. In the Peloponnese still lingered traces of Greek greatness. Sparta never had nobler men on her curious dual throne than Agis III. (241 B.C.), and his brave successor, Cleomenes III. (236-221 B.C.), who, inspired by the Stoic philosophy, attempted a work of reform which was to furnish an example, a tragic example to the Gracchi; but Sparta never had so bad a ruler as the tyrant Nabis, who held the city by a reign of terror in 200 B.C.

Sparta, as might be expected, was in unremitting hostility with the other considerable power south of the Gulf of Corinth, the The Achæan league of the Achæan cities. This league had been led by a *strategos* of great capacity, from 251 to 213 B.C. His name was Aratus; he had given to Philip his stronghold at Corinth, to secure his alliance against Sparta, and had reaped a reward from the hand of that ruthless despot in the shame of his own son's wife, and then in his own death by poison. Philopœmen, his successor, was hardly less able, but he had left his country just at the time when Sulpicius came to Greece; and the federal council of the Achæan towns was divided in opinion, whether to cleave to Philip, the ravager of Greek cities, or to join hands with Rome, the virtuous liberator from the West. During the winter, Philip helped them and other waverers to decide, by passing through Attica, in his barbarous fashion, breaking every beautiful Ionian column, defacing every sacred inscription, reminding Hellenic peoples that Macedon at heart never could be Greek.

But though Philip was essentially a barbarian, he was a formidable antagonist in the field. The terrible strength of Philip. Macedonian phalanx had as yet never been beaten by the legions. And to face the absolute power and undivided control

of a general who had been engaged in military undertakings since his accession to the throne at the age of sixteen, the Romans had to send the magistrate of the year, who was superseded by the magistrate of the following year before he was well under arms. When P. Villius Tappulus arrived in Apollonia to take the command from Sulpicius, he found that the first campaign (199 B.C.) had been abortive, except that <sup>The war</sup> the Illyrians and Dardanians to the north-west, and <sup>linguishes.</sup> the Ætolians to the south-east, had cast in their lot with the Romans, and thus formed the wings of the attack upon Macedon from the west. Tappulus, on his part, had accomplished nothing, when early in the following summer (198 B.C.) the consul T. Quinctius Flaminius appeared in Corcyra to succeed him. It was the weakness of the Roman system that it required some clumsy mechanical fumbling before the right man was found; it was its strength that when the right man was found, he could by the *proconsularis potestas* be rendered permanent, at least as permanent as it was ever safe for the welfare of the state that a general at the head of an army should be.

Flaminius was the right man. He was only thirty years of age, and he was untried; but as prefect of Tarentum, he had acquired some knowledge of the Greek character, and, what <sup>Flaminius.</sup> the Senate wanted above all, was a man who could work upon the Hellenic feeling, and so resuscitate the old Hellenic spirit of resistance to Macedon. Roman generals of this age are the incarnation of the existing senatorial policy; they are to us not persons but masks. Fabius was the stolid patience of the Senate; Scipio the religious inspiration of the Senate; Flaminius was the matchless diplomacy of the Senate, which knew how to utilise every political, national, religious, or moral sentiment to be found in the Mediterranean world for the one end—the greatness and solidarity of Rome.

Philip's army lay in the valley of the Aous. By the local knowledge of an Epirot shepherd, Flaminius was enabled to attack him in the rear and in the front at once, and the <sup>198 B.C.</sup> ruthless king retired through Thessaly, his own <sup>Forces Philip</sup> country, ravaging and destroying, that the enemy <sup>to retreat.</sup> might have only a desert to pass through. But as winter came

on, Flaminius quartered his army in Anticyra, and set himself to work on the Hellenic sympathies of the Peloponnese. A great congress was held at Sicyon, and Aristæus the *strategos* of the Achæan league persuaded all the cities included in the federation, with the exception of Argos and two others, to declare for the Romans. Philip found himself, as the spring came round, silently ousted from the Morea; only Corinth and Argos remained to him. Under the shield of an armistice for two months, ambassadors were sent to Rome to arrange for a peace. A resolution once taken in the Curia was carved in the hearts and on the faces of all the senators. The evacuation of every Greek city was the condition of peace; that it was at the beginning, that it should be; though the phalanx should sweep away legion after legion, legion after legion would still appear until that end should be accomplished. No concessions of Philip could evade that demand; and to fulfil that demand Philip, as yet undefeated in the field, was not yet prepared.

It was chance and not skill which finally settled this issue between the phalanx and the legion. When it was clear that no basis of peace had yet been found, the two armies sought each other in Thessaly, and by accident met on the ridge of Cynoscephalæ after marching for two days, one on either side the line of hills, from Pheræ towards Scotussa. The Macedonian army numbered 23,500, the Roman, we conjecture, about 24,000. The accidental nature of the collision gave to the light maniples an advantage over the phalangites, who, ranged in a solid square sixteen lines deep, with their spears (*sarissæ*) over twenty feet long locking rank to rank, presenting in front a bristling wall of iron, were quite undefended and helpless if taken in the flank or in the rear. The phalanx was surrounded by the Romans. Before long up went the *sarissæ* like a tall forest; it was a token of surrender; but the Romans did not understand the sign, and they hewed down 8000 men, and captured 5000 more, while only 500 of their own number fell.

197 B.C.  
Battle of  
Cynos-  
cephalæ.  
  
The legion  
beats the  
phalanx.

It was the opinion of the Ætolians that the victory was due to them; but Flaminius was not concerned to argue the point. Philip was ready to make peace; and Flaminius was not anxious

to leave the settlement of the war to his successor, who might at any time come to supersede him; for M. Claudius Marcellus, the new consul, was moving heaven and earth to get the command in Macedonia. Thus it came to pass that the conquering consul and the defeated king met in the Vale of Tempe, where in better days the gods met, to arrange the terms of peace.

These terms, sanctioned by the Senate, were, in a word, (1) the complete freedom of every Greek town; (2) the reduction of the Macedonian army to 5000 men, nor might any war be undertaken without the permission of the Senate; (3) Terms of  
peace. an indemnity of 1000 talents (£244,000). Macedonia was in effect made a vassal state, but there were reasons for not yielding to the wish of the Ætolians to press matters to the bitter end. Rome did not wish to remove the northern barrier of Greece against Thracians and Gauls; again, her own northern barrier in the Po valley demanded her attention; above all, Antiochus must be dealt with, who might come to the help of his ally in Macedonia, instead of waiting at home to be visited by the Romans. The tribes, therefore, assembled before Jupiter's temple on the Capitol, peremptorily commanded that peace should be made.

In the year which followed Cynoscephalæ at the great Isthmian games, the white marble stadium was crowded with an eager assembly of Greeks who had forgotten their *pentathlon* for the time, and the hoary Temple of Poseidon heard the herald proclaim that the "Senate and the consul Flamininus accorded their liberty to the Corinthians, Phocians, Locrians, Eubœans, Phthiotians, Magnesians, Thessalians, and Perrhæbians." In the wild shout of exultation, loud as Poseidon's own waves, which followed this announcement, no one heard the growl of the Ætolians, who as they thought had contributed most to the victory. The Greeks had forgotten the meaning of the word "Liberty;" they did not reflect that it cannot be received, but must either be kept or won. And that is why the picture of those rapturous Isthmian games presents such a contrast to another picture which we shall see in Corinth fifty years later.

Two years afterwards, when Nabis had been chastised for his occupation of Argos, and confined to Sparta and its immediate

196 B.C.  
Greece  
declared  
free.

neighbourhood, the Roman garrisons evacuated even the keys of the peninsula, Demetrias, Chalcia, and Acrocorinthus. Greece was free! and Flamininus enjoyed a triumph which lasted three days.

In this first war of Rome with the old civilization of the eastern half of the Mediterranean we are struck not so much by the military superiority, as by the diplomatic skill and the far-seeing wisdom of the state. It was no war of aggression. Rome did not seek it, and when peace was made she was not the richer by a province. We are more inclined to blame the moderation which spared the detestable despots, Philip and Nabis, than to complain of any undue ambition. In fact, there was an absence of buoyancy, a sense of exhaustion in the years which followed the Hannibalian war. It is significant that the legions in Apollonia mutinied in 200 B.C.; they had served in Africa, they wanted to get home to their farms. How could a burgess army serve across the sea? that was the recurring question of those times. It was, then, merely the grim purpose of the Senate which carried through the unwelcome task, and utilized Attalus, Rhodes, the Ætolians, and the Achæans to annihilate the threatening power of Macedonia. Let us look now at the dangers in Italy which counselled moderation in Greece.

The mass of mountains which cluster round the Gulf of Genoa was an impregnable stronghold of the untamed Ligurian tribes.

**Ligurian  
wars.**

With the intermittent courage of uncivilized mountaineers they carried on desultory wars with the ever-strengthening power of Rome for fifty years. They would pour out of their valleys into the plain of Etruria, striking terror into the heart of the peaceful peasants; or they would swoop from their eyries down to the plain of the Po, inspiring with a momentary energy the declining power of the Gauls. While Flamininus

was treating with Philip at Nicæa, the two consuls of 197 B.C. the year, C. Cornelius Cethegus and Q. Minucius Rufus, were both engaged in meeting the dangers which threatened from the Po valley. The first was accorded a triumph, the second in dudgeon gave himself a triumph, as Marcellus conqueror of

Syracuse had done, on the Alban Mount; but next year the consuls had to lead fresh armies against the Boians and Insubrians. In 195 B.C. the famous M. Porcius Cato



was consul, and he was needed in Spain, where the wave of guerilla warfare had swept over the north-east province, so that he had to fight his way from Emporia, the very gate of the country. But his colleague was occupied in Cisalpine Gaul. It was weary work. The census in 194 B.C. showed only 140,000 against 214,000 of ten years before. But the perseverance of Rome began at last to prevail. The Boians were exhausted, and the sign of conquest appeared in their midst, not again to be withdrawn; the Latin colony of Bononia was founded in 189 B.C.; and six years later two burgess colonies of the old type, Mutina and Parma, formed garrisons along the road to Placentia (183 B.C.). And the line along which the swift legions might run was now finally constructed, a double line, for the Via Æmilia led from Ariminum to Bononia, and on the same point converged a road from Arretium across the Apennines.<sup>3</sup> When the Roman road was laid, and the Roman colonies were built, the Latinization of the Po valley was only a matter of time. The last of the genuine Latin colonies, Aquileia (181 B.C.), secured the north-east frontier of Italy, and henceforth we may regard Gallia Cisalpina as part of Italy.

Not so with the north-western frontier, Liguria. Most of the Roman military leaders for fifty years, amongst others Q. Marcius Philippus and the famous L. Æmilius Paulus, fleshed their swords against the Ligurians. Sometimes whole tribes were transported by the Romans to Southern Italy. The full burgess colony of Luna (founded 180 B.C., replenished 177 B.C.) marks a stage in the subjugation of these mountaineers. Still both the consuls were ordered to take the field against them in 173 B.C. And Italy in its fullest extent could not be said to belong to Rome until the year 143 B.C., when the consul Claudius annihilated the Salassi; and it is highly significant that this very consul set the Senate at defiance and attempted to celebrate a self-decreed triumph in the Capitol. Rome had conquered Italy. But could she conquer her own citizens? This, however, is far ahead.

<sup>3</sup> A continuation of the Via Cassia, which led from Rome to Arretium.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SYRO-ÆTOLIAN WAR, AND ITS REFLEX EFFECTS UPON ROME

WHEN the Roman armies left the three fortresses, Chalcis, Demetrias, and Corinth in the hands of the Greeks themselves, it seemed to

the large majority of the Achæan cities as if Flamininus  
194 B.C. had faithfully fulfilled his promises. The Ætolians, however, thought otherwise; with the ignorance and vanity of a half-civilized people they imagined that the victory over Philip had been due to them, and they were indignant because they had not obtained possession of the conquered kingdom. No sooner, therefore, were the Roman ships out of sight, than the Ætolian league resolved to summon the great Antiochus, King  
Antiochus of Syria. of Syria, to come as the genuine liberator of Greece from the perfidious Romans. That magnificent monarch had already conceived plans of his own for dealing with the upstart republic of the West; but the request of the Ætolians was seconded by the Acarnanian Alexander, who whispered in his ear that Philip of Macedon and Nabis of Sparta would accord him a warm welcome.

Never was an omnipotent monarch so helpless for  
192 B.C. want of trustworthy information. When at last the energetic Ætolian captain, Thoas, came as it were to fetch him, he sailed across from Ephesus to Demetrias with 10,000 infantry, 500 horse, and six elephants; a mere trifle, as he assured his allies, for in the following year he would flood Hellas with his men and his chariots, and cover the sea with his ships! How was this lord of Asia, supreme ruler from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægean, regarded in the city which he thus defied? The attitude of Rome is a model of unimaginative courageous persistency. We can well believe Appian, who tells us that the alarm about Antiochus was

great. In 199 B.C. he had utterly beaten the Egyptians commanded by the Ætolian Scopas ; in 196 B.C. he had occupied Ephesus ; and from that as his basis of operations he had crossed into Thrace to claim what he called the ancient possession of his ancestor Seleucus. Lysimachia was in his hands. Yet an embassy from Rome (196 B.C.) appeared before him with unruffled resolution, requiring him to resign Lysimachia and all towns that had belonged to Philip, and indicating already that the Greek cities in Asia were a matter of interest to the Romans.

Next year it was still more difficult for the Senate to retain its serenity. Hannibal, a name which had never lost its terror, was with Antiochus and in high honour ! As a *suffete* at Carthage he had tried to reform the government of the Hundred and to husband the finances of the state, for the vow of his boyhood was yet upon him and he still hoped to stand on the ruins of Rome ; but the peace party denounced him to the Senate, and he was compelled to go into exile, though his great antagonist Scipio would have preferred to leave him in Carthage, from a feeling, it is said, that the rivalry of Carthage was a wholesome stimulus to Rome. The exile was welcomed by Antiochus for a time ; he asked for 10,000 men and 100 ships, promising to repeat his great exploit in Italy for the benefit of Antiochus. The great king did not want such a rival as Hannibal might be in the victory which in his opinion was assured. Hannibal was compelled to play a meaner part, but even so he sealed the fate of Carthage. It was his awful name which now again filled Italy with trepidation, and sent legions to Bruttium ready to resist his landing. And the consul of that year, for one, M. Porcius Cato, settled it with himself that the city which could produce a Hannibal must be destroyed. Yet no alarm forced the Roman state to abate one tittle of demands which had once been made. The diplomatic congress between the two *soi-disant* liberators of Greece, Flaminius and Antiochus, who was represented in Rome by an embassy, presents us with the kernel of the coming war. If Rome was the friend of Greek independence, how came it that she was mistress of Kymæ, Syracuse, Tarentum ? If she commanded Antiochus to relinquish his posts in Europe, still with what face could she warn

Hannibal.

195 B.C.

194 B.C.  
Quarrel  
between  
Antiochus  
and Rome.

him off from cities in Asia? The truth was that the liberation of Greece, disintegrated, restless, fickle Greece, was a mere blind. The real issue was, should Greece be under the hegemony of an Asiatic despot, Greek only in name, or of the Roman republic? No diplomatist could have stated that issue then, but to us now it is clear enough, and inevitable enough.

To the question, then, how did Rome regard Antiochus and the Syrian power, we must answer that she trembled at the forces arrayed against her, more especially at Hannibal, but there was that within her imperial blood which forbade her to avoid the contest. The embassies which crossed and recrossed during the years 196-194 B.C.: the slowness to send the consular armies to Greece: the eager inquiries at the temples of the gods, only satisfied when the *fetiales* prescribed the method of declaring war and the *haruspices* declared that the entrails indicated "victory and an extension of the Roman borders"—all these seem like the futile struggle of the state against its genius. And so far as we can see, the conflict might have been long deferred, had not the restlessness of the Ætolians precipitated the crisis.

191 B.C.

This solemn hesitation on the part of Rome enabled Antiochus to achieve some successes in Greece before the Senate had actually declared war. The Ætolians got possession of the important fortress of Demetrias, and Antiochus surprised the equally important town of Chalcis (192 B.C.), and thus became master of Eubœa; and the Messenians of the Peloponnese promised him assistance. On the other hand, an attempt of the Ætolians to secure Sparta resulted in the assassination of the tyrant Nabis; upon which Philopœmen, the *strategos* of the Achæan league, succeeded in winning over the liberated state; further, Philip would have nothing to say to Antiochus. We are struck with the submissive way in which a vassal state came immediately under the spell of its mighty conqueror, and served as a most valuable ally against its former friends; no one was more loyal or useful during the Syro-Ætolian war than the king who was defeated at Cynoscephalæ. The Achæan league, too, listened to the representations of the Syrian ambassadors in the presence of Flamininus, and then, on the proposal of Philopœmen, joined the Romans. Still, when war was formally declared, Antiochus had erected a monumental column

in Bœotia, as if the victory were already his, and the prætor Bæbius in Apollonia served only as a check, and a very slight check, upon operations in Thessaly.

Forty thousand men took the field under the consul M'. Acilius Glabrio in the spring, and when joined by 10,000 Macedonians, they drove the small force of Antiochus out of Thes-  
191 B.C.  
 saly. The great king retreated towards Chalcis, but War begun.  
 determined to make a stand in the famous pass of Thermopylæ. He had stationed the few Ætolians who were with him on the heights of Callidromos, and with his phalanx he occupied the narrow way. Glabrio reminded his men that if they could force the pass they would be not only conquering the army before them, but opening up the way to the boundless riches of Syria, and extending the Roman empire from Cadiz to the stream of Ocean in the East. The battle began; and the phalangites, looking up, saw descending from Callidromos, not Ætolians, but Victory at  
 Romans who had captured the heights. There was a Thermopylæ.  
 panic. Antiochus saw his army flee, and joined in their flight; nor did he rest until he had crossed the sea to Ephesus.

It was a great victory. At home in the *Forum Olitorium* the Temple of Pietas and the gilded equestrian statue of the consul constantly reminded the busy citizens how Glabrio made a compact with the gods, and how, they having kept it to the letter, he too had paid them their due—an episode very characteristic of what the Romans called religion.

Soon after the battle of Thermopylæ the Roman fleet, consisting of 105 decked ships and 50 smaller ones, under the prætor C. Livius, won a famous victory over the squadron under a Rhodian renegade, Polyxenidas. Amongst the Roman ships were six from Carthage. Meanwhile Glabrio was reducing the Ætolians who held out in Naupactus. But Flaminius recommended that the siege should not be pressed; it was not the Roman policy to leave Philip without a rival in Northern Greece; and next Truce with  
 year Glabrio's successor granted them a truce of six Ætolia.  
 months, while the victorious legions should track the great king to his lair. On the other hand, Philip was treated with great respect; he was allowed to occupy Demetrias; and he received back the hostages which had been sent to Rome as a guarantee of his good conduct.

But who was able to bring the war in Asia to a successful issue? Imagination failed to picture the hordes of men who were at the call of the king; and then there was Hannibal, terrible Hannibal, looming in the background. It was no slight relief when P. Scipio

190 B.C. Africanus, Hannibal's conqueror, declared himself

ready to go with his brother, the newly elected consul for the coming year; and when he erected on the Capitoline, at the head of the Via Triumphalis, in sight of the temple where he so often communed with the god, a splendid arch of triumph, anticipative of victory, the people grew hopeful; nor were they even alarmed by the eclipse (14th March) on the day of his departure.

Arrived in Greece the two brothers, instead of sailing across to Asia by sea, spent eight months in marching along the coast of

Macedonia and Thrace to the Hellespont; and it was on this march that Philip showed his loyalty by providing for the necessities of the army, and helping in

the passage of rivers and in the resistance to the savage tribes who opposed the march. Antiochus seemed to hear the tramp of these ever-approaching legions through those long months. Now with fevered restlessness he turned from one plan to another unable to fix his mind on any; then he was like a rabbit held under the fascination of a rattlesnake. He tried to capture the town of Pergamus; but an Achæan contingent succeeded in strengthening the garrison and repelling his attack. But what was more inspiring to the advancing army than the trepidation of Antiochus was the news which reached them from the coast of Pamphylia. The awful shadow of Hannibal's name had passed like a shadow. The Roman admiral, L. Æmilius Regillus, who succeeded C. Livius, watching from Samos the Syrian fleet which remained in Ephesus, sent a detachment to meet the Phœnician squadron which Hannibal was bringing from the south. They met at the mouth of the

Eurymedon, thirty-six ships on each side; but three of Hannibal's ships had seven tiers of oars, and four had six. Hannibal led his left wing and was holding his own, when he saw the right take to flight. He was beaten now on the sea as before on the land. Then it was by Roman patience, now it was by that skilful Roman diplomacy which managed to have in their fleet the Rhodians, who were the best seamen of the time.

The Scipios  
make for  
Asia.

Battle of the  
Eurymedon.

Compared with this defeat of Hannibal, even the great day of Myonnesus seemed a slight achievement. Regillus had enticed the Syrian ships, eighty-eight in number, out of the harbour of Ephesus, and half of them never returned again; for hanging great cauldrons of burning pitch on the bowsprits of his swift-sailing Rhodians, he darted with sharp sting as it were on the astonished crews of Polyxenidas; and by a brilliant victory he dealt a final blow at the king's expiring courage. The garrisons were even recalled from Lysimachia and the other strongholds of the Hellespont. The towns in which the democratic party was predominant, and which were therefore antagonistic to Romans, were awed into inaction by the fate of Phocæa, which Regillus captured and dragonaded in the terrible Roman way, killing women and children, and cutting in two even the dogs they met in the streets. And now Prusias, King of Bithynia, sent in his submission to Scipio, who had leisurely crossed from Sestos to Abydos. Antiochus in an agony sent Publius, the son of P. Scipio, whom he had made a prisoner, as an envoy to his father, and offered what the Romans had at first demanded. The offer could not be accepted, for "the bridle was on and the rider was mounted," as Scipio said. The only terms now possible—terms not to be diminished before, or raised after, a battle—were, (1) payment of all the cost of the war; (2) the surrender of all countries this side of Mount Taurus. This was intolerable, and the king nerved himself to fight. At Magnesia, on Mount Sipylus, the fate of Asia was decided. In the Syrian host were Arabs on their dromedaries, and fierce Galatian mercenaries—but the Gauls were no longer a horror to Roman soldiers—and scythed chariots and Indian elephants were in the van. But the host fled, at least all that was left of it, for of 70,000 men, 50,000 were slain; Scipio lost 325. Antiochus the Great had vanished away like a mist of the morning; the saying was on every gibing lip in the East, "There was a king, Antiochus the Great." He withdrew beyond the Taurus, and paid 15,000 talents, and his fleet, reduced to ten ships, was never to sail west of Cilicia.

Battle of  
Magnesia,  
autumn of  
190 B.C.

The splendour of L. Scipio's triumph was unparalleled: 234 standards, 134 models of conquered towns, 31 tusks of the slain

elephants, and 32 conquered commanders, were in the long train that wound along the Sacred Way. But the demonstration was no exaggeration of the achievement. No one who saw the magnificent show realized its full significance; the empire of Alexander had passed over to Rome.

What a contrast is presented between the condition of things in this year, and that in the year 212 B.C. In 212 B.C., Southern Italy in the hands of Hannibal, Carthaginian Hi-  
 Contrast between 212 and 190 B.C. milco victorious in Sicily, the Scipios defeated in Spain, Philip of Macedon in arms, it seemed to the Romans as if the waters had well-nigh passed over their head: in 190 B.C., Southern Italy, Sicily, and Spain quietly lying under the yoke; Carthage, Macedon, and Syria, forced into treaties which left them mere shadows of what they were, Romans might well think that no further danger could seriously terrify the republic. But it was in the very greatness of the success that the most formidable danger lay.

To begin with, how was the great family of the Scipios who had conquered Hannibal and Antiochus to behave itself in a free state? Men began to talk about the kingship of the Scipios in the Senate. It had not been the custom of the great Publius ever to observe very religiously the forms of the republic; a man who held personal intercourse with Jupiter could hardly be expected to wait upon the decision of the laws; but it was a more serious matter when he began to throw his shield over his far inferior

brother, Lucius. As soon as the excitement of the  
 Position of Scipio. magnificent triumph had subsided, the two tribunes of the plebs named Petillii insinuated a charge against Lucius of misappropriating the indemnity of Antiochus, by demanding in the Senate a statement of accounts. But Publius took the notebooks from his brother's hands and loftily tore them in shreds before the eyes of the senators. Dare the plebeian knaves question the integrity of the favourites of heaven? But republican Rome could not yet be overawed by the arrogance of a monarch. A commission was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the ex-consul,

and Lucius was convicted of peculation. The soul of  
 184 B.C. these stern proceedings was M. Porcius Cato, who now instigated a charge against the divine Publius himself, a charge of



having received a bribe from Antiochus to secure more favourable terms of peace. Never was a more impressive spectacle witnessed in the Roman Forum. Every inch of room was occupied; the roofs of the porticoes and temples were crowded. But Scipio, instead of replying to the articles of indictment, mounted the rostra, and said, "This is the day, tribunes and quirites, on which I beat Hannibal at Zama; it is not a time for law-court wrangles. I am going to pay my homage to Jupiter, best and greatest, and Juno and Minerva, and the other gods who watch the Capitol; come with me, and pray that they will send you other generals like me." And all the people followed him, even the clerks and the apparitors, and they went from temple to temple glorifying the gods. If that was the monarchy of moral influence, it was none the less a monarchy. But the time for the throne and the diadem was not yet come: the great P. Scipio Africanus withdrew from Rome, and died soon after (183 B.C.) at his country seat near Liternum.

More serious than the personal predominance of Publius was the fact that a colourable charge of corruption could be made against Lucius, and that the brilliant triumphator should have been rescued from the Mamertine prison Changes in  
Rome. under the Capitol, where the conquered should be immured not the conqueror, by the generous intervention of a private enemy, Tib. Sempronius Gracchus. Already a tribune leagued with a victorious general was casting an ominous shadow on the Forum. But the corrupting influence of the conquered East began to be felt among others besides the leaders of armies. "The germs of foreign luxury," as Livy says, "were brought into the city by the army from Asia."<sup>1</sup> It need not surprise us that this corruption crept into Rome under the guise of religion, for religion is ever the most potent of influences for good or for ill.

Already in 204 B.C. the Romans, following the guidance of the Sibylline books, had obtained through their friend and ally Attalus of Pergamus, the mystical stone from Pessinus, the symbol of Cybele, mother of the gods. The round temple with its cupola on the Palatine was the scene of a frenzied worship. Once a year the sacred stone was washed by the high priest in the Tiber, while the

<sup>1</sup> xxxix. 6, 7.

other priests howled, and beat upon drums, and lashed themselves with knotted cords. In this temple, too, the dramatic representations of Plautius and Terence took place before the regular theatre was built. It marked altogether a new influence, a significant change from the sober and legal religion of Janus or Jupiter. The Roman Senate brought Cybele to Rome, to avert an evil omen; but the omen they brought was more terrible than the showers of volcanic stones which excited the religious anxiety of the people.

It was not long before the Megalesia of Cybele found a rival in the still more frenzied Bacchanalia. The worship of Bacchus, like the worship of the Lares in earlier times, came from **The Bacchanalia.** Etruria. Just after the close of the war with Antiochus a lurid light was cast upon the proceedings of the worshippers of this foreign deity by the depositions made before the consul Postumius (186 B.C.) by a young man named Æbutius, whom his stepfather wished to dispose of by initiating him into those fatal orgies. From the *Senatus Consultum de Bacchanalibus* (a copy of which, in 1640, was found in Calabria), it is clear that the government used all its influence to destroy this exotic cult. A political meaning was attached to the secret meetings; and to the charges of unnameable sensuality was added an implication of revolutionary designs. The danger to the state could not have justified the panic which was created; and possibly these sensational and enthusiastic rites were the necessary reaction from the formality of the established state religion; but the looseness of manners is only too well supported by evidence. Cato, who was **Cato censor, 184 B.C.** censor two years later (184 B.C.), already began to stand somewhat alone in stemming the rising tide of luxury. The first sumptuary law, the *lex Oppia*, had been repealed in 194 B.C., but from 181 B.C. begins a series of such enactments; and sumptuary laws are the surest mark of declining morals.

The ancient men and the ancient manners were becoming not only ancient but antiquated; the signs of increased wealth were visible on every side. The senators began to appear **Distinction of ranks.** as great lords instead of merely fathers of the city. In the year 194 B.C. the ædiles, C. Atilius and L. Scribonius, set apart reserved seats for members of the Senate at the Megalesia.

It was asked with some astonishment, why could not the fathers, who for five hundred and fifty-eight years had watched the spectacles shoulder to shoulder with the people, continue to sit in the pit, as of old? And with the greater dignity of the senatorial rank there grew up a keener competition for the curule magistracies, which were more and more the stepping-stone to the Curia, and the gateway to the treasures of the provinces. Hence bribery at elections began to assume serious proportions, and the *lex Cornelia Bæbia de Ambitu* (181 B.C.) was introduced by the consuls, preventing any candidate convicted of corrupt practices from standing for office within ten years. The following year the eagerness for curule authority was confined within some limits by the *lex Villia Annalis* (180 B.C.), which required a quæstor to be 31 years of age, an ædile 37, a prætor 40, a consul 43.

Another indication of increased opulence is furnished by the *lex Cincia de Muneribus* (204 B.C.), which forbade orators to receive fees for their services before the judges. It was an age of oratory: P. Licinius Crassus (consul 205 B.C.) was one of the fathers of Roman eloquence. Cato's great speeches between 189-180 B.C. have an almost historical interest. The best oratory was, it is true, at present employed by the stalwart defenders of the existing order of things. Cato and the tribune Tib. Sempronius Gracchus and the tribunes Petillii used all their powers of speech against those who, like Scipio, endangered republican equality, or those who, like L. Flamininus, endangered republican simplicity; but a weapon was being forged, which one day in the hands of another Gracchus would answer another purpose.

It was an age too of nascent literature, and a nascent literature is not favourable to rigidity in politics. If the government has not learnt to patronize it, there is some probability of its modifying the government. Livius Andronicus had come as a slave from conquered Tarentum, the first marked gift of the Hellenic spirit to Roman literature. In 194 B.C. died Cn. Nævius, a genuine Italian who fought in the first Punic war, and who founded that peculiar kind of Roman comedy which was slavishly copied from the newer Attic comedy of Philemon and Menander. All through the Hanni-

Corruption  
at elections.

Oratory.

Literature.  
288-204 B.C.

254-184 B.C.

halian war, and the Macedonian and the Syrian wars, T. Maccius Plautus was a well-known name in Rome. Cæcilius was his contemporary and less successful rival.

The first Roman historian, Q. Fabius Pictor, was among the ambassadors sent to Delphi after Cannæ. Then Q. Ennius, the epic poet and tragedian, was brought to Rome from Sardinia in 204 B.C.; in Cato's consulship (195 B.C.) Terence was born; Cato himself, as well as the son of Publius Scipio, spent some time in historical composition.\*

Literature had an unsettling tendency; with the exception of these last-mentioned historical compositions, the Roman literature of the period was a direct assault on the ancient faith and morality. Ennius was more of a freethinker than Euripides, and the comedy of Plautus and his compeers laid its scenes in an atmosphere of immorality, than which even the bloodshed of the amphitheatre could hardly be more corrupting to the austere national character. When the braggart and the libertine were presented as the heroes of the stage, the heroes of the republic began to degenerate into libertines and braggarts.

We have thus been led on from the glorious triumph of L. Scipio to a survey of the dangers which were gathering in the hidden places of Roman life; we may now again avert our eyes from these unrealized possibilities to follow the arms and diplomacy of Rome in their career of victory in the East.

\* See Appendix on Roman Literature.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONDITION OF GREECE—THIRD MACEDONIAN WAR—EFFECTS UPON ROME.

WHEN the news of Magnesia reached the several potentates and commonwealths of the East they seemed with one accord to recognize that the republic which had conquered Antiochus was the future arbiter of the world. Their ambassadors in their motley garbs arrived in Rome, and might be seen from the Forum crowding the open space of the Græcostasis, waiting for an audience of the Senate, "because in the Senate lay all their hopes of the future."<sup>1</sup> No wonder that those august senators, who had been undismayed by Brennus and Pyrrhus, began to waver before this subtle enemy, adulation. The brave hearts, incorruptible by fear, were slowly enervated and demoralized as they recognized more clearly every year that they were gods—gods not in the old heroic sense in which Kineas had so styled them, but gods because crowned heads and ancient commonwealths had to grovel at their feet and offer them the incense of flattery and the presents of gold and the sacrifices of slaughtered honour and truth, as was meet to the revolting idols of Eastern worship.

Splendid  
position of  
the Senate.

The first sovereign act of the Senate after the defeat of Antiochus was to reward the faithful ally of Rome, Eumenes, who had succeeded to the throne of Attalus in 197 B.C. His little kingdom was extended to the Halys river and the Taurus range, except that Bithynia remained an independent principality, and so did Cappadocia; while the faithful republic of

Settlement  
of Asia.

<sup>1</sup> Polyb. xxii. 1.

Rhodes retained its possessions in Caria and Lydia; and a flutter of hope was raised in all genuinely Hellenic minds when the senatorial commission pronounced the Greek cities in Asia Minor free.

189 B.C. The consul of the following year, Cn. Manlius Vulso,

could not, however, resist the temptation, before he withdrew the Roman armies from Asia, of making a raid upon the Gauls in Galatia. There was no senatorial order for this proceeding, and it was a dangerous precedent, but the Gallic name was hateful to Roman ears, and it was an exquisite delight to visit upon Gauls even in Asia the sins of the Boii and Insubres who had hardly yet ceased to trouble the republic in Italy.

But there was one people in the East who could not yet be dealt with merely by commissions on the one hand and desultory raids

on the other: that was the Ætoliæ. The other  
 Settlement of Greece. consul, M. Fulvius Nobilior, arrived in Apollonia to

settle accounts with these half-civilized courageous ignorant men of the mountains, who had been the main cause of bringing Antiochus to Thermopylæ. The siege of Ambracia, King Pyrrhus' town, where all his bronzes marbles and pictures still remained, but now annexed to the Ætolian league, taxed all the skill of the Roman sappers, who indeed were clumsy enough. They tried to dig a tunnel under the walls, as Camillus had done at Veii, but the Ambraciots dug a counter tunnel and smoked out the besiegers with burning feathers.

These loose federal governments, however, like the Ætolian and Achæan leagues, which were the highest effort of the Hellenic

politics towards unity, could offer no permanent resistance to the mighty Italian political organization.

While the towns of Greece were attempting to unite local liberty and municipal equality with a centralized administration, Rome was silently working out her  
 Contrast between federal government and Roman centralization.

great principle of free supremacy. Thus in 188 B.C., for instance, we find the Valerian *plebiscitum* conferring the full franchise on Formiæ, Fundi, and Arpinum, which had been *civitates sine suffragio*; and such gradual extensions of rights must have been always in progress. The Ætoliæ submitted, but were left nominally free as a balance to Macedonia.

In the Achæan league there was more political wisdom, and the

prudence of the nationalists who were opposed to the Roman predominance gave some hope that Grecian independence might survive the humiliation of its old opponent <sup>The Achæans.</sup> Macedon, at the hands of its new "protector," Rome. Philopœmen, "the last of the Greeks," a man worthy of a better age, and Lycortas, the father of the great historian Polybius, represented this prudent and intelligent policy. But the disease of disintegration was too inveterate. Philopœmen attracted Roman jealousy by his attempt to bring Sparta into obedience to the league, and Flamininus encouraged the Messenians to revolt, though we may hope that there was enough chivalry in the "liberator" to make him shudder at the crime which put an end to the brave *strategos'* life. The Messenians poisoned him in 183 B.C.

Lycortas was left for a few more years engaged in a courageous struggle to consolidate the league and to vindicate its independence. But the irresistible destiny of Rome already cast a shadow over such attempts.

In the same year that the "last of the Greeks" was murdered, the great Hannibal also perished. A fugitive at the court of King Prusias of Bithynia, demanded by T. Quinctius Flamininus, who was in Asia to settle the relations of <sup>Death of Hannibal.</sup> Prusias and Eumenes, he was on the point of being delivered up to the foes he had so well and consistently hated from the day when he swore the oath at the altar five and fifty years before. His great life had been a failure; Melcarth had deserted him; now he took poison to escape the pitiless vengeance of Rome. He might meet his father Hamilcar with a clear conscience.

Up to the end of the Syro-Ætolian War, there is no instance in which we can definitely charge the Romans with aggressive undertakings. Her great struggles with Pyrrhus and Carthage and Macedon were strictly self-defensive. From <sup>Macedonia.</sup> the time when the infant state was imperilled by the raids of the Æqui or Volsci, she had learnt her strength in the hard school of adversity; yet even from that early period she had practised the art of dividing her opponents, an art which a weak state can scarcely be blamed for employing, but which bears a revolting aspect when employed by a strong and predominant state. It was the peculiarly conservative character of Roman politics which led

the leaders of the people of Rome to retain at once the arts of war and the arts of diplomacy, which had been forced upon them in hours of weakness. By a kind of instinct, when Roman armies had gained the upper hand in the field, Roman commissioners made settlements which secured the gradual enfeeblement of the defeated nations. If we leave out of mind the defensive attitude in which Rome had been forced to stand before her supremacy was secured, we shall be inclined to judge much too harshly the methods in which she exercised her supremacy. At the same time, we cannot withhold a kind of shuddering sympathy from those unhappy nations which provoked this irresistible monster to exert its strength, and fell, little by little, bruised, broken, annihilated, before it.

At the point which we have now reached, Roman diplomacy had so settled the defeated world, that the several forces were sure to <sup>Roman</sup> lead to their mutual enfeeblement. Numidian Mas-  
<sup>diplomacy.</sup> inissa was like a great incubus on broken-spirited Carthage; Egypt, protected and favoured, was a constant menace to Antiochus; and over against the beaten Philip was the pampered client of Rome, lord now of Asia Minor, Eumenes of Pergamus. Furthermore, the skill of the Roman commissioners had brought it to pass, that in every city and province there was always to be found a Roman party, so that confronting the solid strength of the united republic was a group of nations animated by mutual jealousies, every nation internally more or less divided against itself; and the Roman Curia was the inevitable court of appeal for all the contending interests, the appointed place for their political suicide. If we shudder at the cold cruelty of the conqueror, it is still hard to avoid contempt for a world which could be so conquered.

King Philip of Macedon was, as we have seen, an incurable savage; it was well for the happiness of the world, that Roman policy demanded a very high curb upon his still unconquered ambition. The Senate harshly forbade him to extend his dominion in the direction of Thrace; fuming with rage, he muttered to the envoys that the evening of all days was not yet come. It was clear that he meant before long to involve his country again in a contest with the victors of Cynoscephalæ; and in this selfish intention he was warmly seconded by his eldest, though illegitimate son, Perseus, a noble, handsome, and humane prince, who can scarcely be blamed if



he refused to believe that the independence of Macedonia was not feasible, merely because his unprincipled father had been unable to maintain it. The younger and legitimate son of the king, whose name was Demetrius, embraced the Roman cause with enthusiasm. He had been in Rome, and there he had become aware of the impossibility of an equal struggle between exhausted Macedon and the vigorous republic; and his Romanizing tendencies were confirmed by the warm reception which he met with from Flamininus and the leading statesmen. King Philip was not the man to admit differences of opinion in the royal family; he had his son and legitimate heir poisoned at a banquet (182 B.C.). It was the only blow which he in his impotent wrath could inflict upon his conquerors, to kill his own son. Three years later he died, and Perseus succeeded to the throne. *Mean- Perseus king.* while Rome was disturbed with terrible portents. *179 B.C.*

The eternal fire went out in the ancient Temple of Vesta near the Forum; there were storms and earthquakes, which cast down the statues of the gods on the Capitol; and, as often happens in a volcanic soil, an awful malaria followed the earthquake, and Italy was ravaged by the plague for three years. The excited temper of the people was in no mood to bear patiently the accounts which constantly arrived of the new king's proceedings. He was allying himself with Seleucus IV. the successor of Antiochus by marrying his daughter Laodice; he was marrying his sister to Prusias of Bithynia. News came from the new colony of Aquileia, the north-east key of Italy, that the allies of Rome the Dardanians were attacked by the Bastarnians, and Perseus was the instigator of the attack. The ambassadors of the king were heard of at Carthage making dark proposals to the humbled town.

At present there was the worry of the Istrian war, and the irritation of the constant conflicts with the Ligurians, but every one felt that the young king of Macedonia would yet give some trouble; war was only a matter of time.

In 173 B.C. war was on the point of breaking out, but the consul M. Popillius Lænas was at daggers drawn with the Senate, a significant fact; he had sold into slavery a tribe of Ligurians; the righteous Senate bade him liberate them. Unhappily the Senate had no legal right to control the action of the supreme magis-

trate; the inherent weakness of the constitution was becoming apparent. The consuls of the next year (172 B.C.), too, were in sympathy with the headstrong officer; they were sent, therefore, to Liguria, and nothing was said about the intended war with Perseus. But now King Eumenes of Pergamus arrived in Rome with a long bill of complaints against his energetic rival of Macedonia. It was true the obsequious king had not much damnatory evidence with which to support his spleen: Perseus was gaining an influence in Boeotia and in Ætolia, and was collecting money and arms. The intelligence was not new, but it served to give a point to the long-accumulated feelings which were fermenting in the city. When news came that a minion of Macedon had attempted to murder Eumenes the friend of the Roman people at Delphi, no one waited to sift the evidence for the charge; the die was already cast. The Senate brought the question of peace or war before the centuries, but it was scarcely more than a matter of form; the mind of every one was made up, and the new consuls, P. Licinius Crassus and C. Cassius Longinus, were ordered to prepare to cross the Adriatic. When ambassadors came from Perseus with remonstrances, they were not allowed to enter the city, but were told in the Temple of Bellona on the Campus Martius by the assembled Senate, that P. Crassus would soon be in Macedonia with the answer to any deputations which might be sent. Some of the older politicians in Rome were not quite easy in their consciences; they thought it was not in the spirit of the old order, when their representative in Greece, Q. Marcius Philippus, plumed himself on the skill with which he had held Perseus engaged with delusive promises of settlement, in order to give the government time to make its preparations. But the younger men were dazzled with the recollection of Scipio's triumph and longed to emulate it. Possibly it did not occur to any one in Rome, that Perseus was a patriot king about to fight for the liberty and independence of his nation. The long habit of self-assertion, learnt in the practice of self-defence, had quite blinded the Romans to any rights outside the Roman name. Macedon attacked Rome in the hour of peril when Hannibal was in Italy; Macedon must be broken against the rock she then rashly assailed.

Perseus began the war by invading Thessaly. There is something very pathetic in his hopeless isolation. The Roman party in Achaia under Callicrates was in the ascendant; the Roman party in Ætolia under Lyciscus was in the ascendant. Acarnania, Epirus, and Thessaly, all furnished their contingents to the Roman army; so did Bœotia; and Eumenes immediately appeared at Chalcis with a large force. Altogether the Roman consul must have commanded little short of 70,000 men. Against these Perseus, by straining every nerve, could only put in the field 21,000 phalangites, 4000 horsemen, and 18,000 light armed troops.

Yet such was the weakness of the Roman method of military appointments, which left the command in a campaign to the chances of the hustings, and such was the advantage which Perseus enjoyed in defending his mountain-girdled country against an invader; such also, we are bound to add, were the vices which began now to consume the energies of the Roman army, that Perseus was able to offer an effective resistance for fully two years.

The gorge of Tempe is the gate of Macedonia on the side of Thessaly, and of this gate Perseus was in possession when the consul reached the scene of conflict. The hap of the Perseus' successes. hustings had not been fortunate; Crassus was a sordid and incapable commander, and the Macedonian cavalry rode up to the Roman camp with impunity. In a skirmish at the foot of the hill Callicinus, nearly three thousand legionaries and allies were put *hors de combat*, and Crassus was glad to withdraw to the left bank of the Peneus.

But the dogged determination of the Roman spirit seldom deserted even the most contemptible men who wore the *paludamentum*. Crassus would hear of no terms of peace, and Perseus, by offering terms on the morrow of a victory, only pointed the contrast between his own uncertain hopes and the unswerving confidence of his enemies. He withdrew behind the gate of Thessaly; Crassus remained knocking at it. Meanwhile it had fared ill with the stray Greek towns which declined the Roman alliance. Haliartus in Bœotia vanished from the face of the earth. The Roman party in Thebes and Coronea were enabled to set their feet upon the necks of their political opponents. It was a ghastly spectacle which was presented by these Grecian cities, the all-

powerful enemy at their doors, themselves torn by unappeasable party passions. The temptation they offered to the cupidity and cruelty of the worst elements in the Roman army, and still more in the Roman fleet, proved often irresistible; an attack even on an allied town could always be excused as an attack on the anti-Roman party in it. It was this which led to the plundering of allied Chalcis; it was this which led indirectly to the revolt of Epirus to the side of Perseus. The first campaign was thus indecisive.

Next year the Roman commander, A. Hostilius Mancinus, was even more helpless than his predecessor. King Perseus treated him as a nonentity, and marched into Illyria; and during the summer the Roman Forum was agitated with the news that an army under Appius Claudius Cento had been cut to pieces on the Illyrian frontier, and that Gentius, King of Scodra, had declared for Macedonia.

170 B.C.  
Second  
campaign

When the new consul, Q. Marcius Philippus, the master of crooked diplomacy, found himself entrusted with the command of the war, he determined at all hazards to break his way into the territory of the enemy, which had as yet not been entered by a Roman soldier. In his army was an envoy from the Achæan league, the son of Lycortas the *strategos*, a man who was to be the greatest historian of Rome, Polybius. He has recorded for us how Philippus evaded the strong outposts of Perseus which held the pass of Tempe, and by extraordinary exertions crossed the mountains by a difficult and untraversed path. Perseus was so dismayed by this sudden display of energy that he hastily withdrew. It gives us a vivid idea of the impression which Roman invincibility had made on the degenerate Greeks that after nearly three years of virtual success against Roman arms, the descendant of the great Alexander should beat a precipitate retreat the moment the Roman army, like an awaking lion, began to bestir itself. We may conjecture that the degraded national feeling of Macedonia was fruitful in treason to the king, and possibly it was not only the terror of the Roman legions, but also the terror of his own wavering captains, which made him issue orders to his garrisons to fall back from Gonnos and the other fortresses of Tempe. Whatever was the reason of this panic, Philippus owed to it his rescue

169 B.C.  
Third  
campaign.

from a most perilous position. He was in a trap between Olympus and the sea, with the stronghold of Dium and the Macedonian army in front of him. The fleet, which throughout the war showed to very little advantage, failed to bring him provisions, and when the news came that the Vale of Tempe was in the hands of the legatus, Sp. Lucretius, it came to the army as a respite from absolute starvation.

The gate of Macedonia was passed, but the consul remained cooped up, as it were, in the porch; and Perseus was free to send ambassadors to Pergamus, Syria, and Rhodes to see if a coalition against Rome were possible, or, failing that, to seek for mediation. Coalition was quite out of the question; no two states could trust each other. Eumenes was ready to mediate if Perseus would give him 15,000 talents, but they could not agree where the money should be deposited in the interim. Antiochus Epiphanes, son of Antiochus the Great, who had succeeded his brother Seleucus on the throne of Syria in 175 B.C., was watching his opportunity of advantages in Egypt, and did not wish to call the attention of Rome to himself in any way. But the Rhodians, un- **Mediation of** happily for themselves, were more inclined to exercise **Rhodes.** their influence: the inveterate diplomatist Philippus suggested to their representatives in his camp that the Romans would view with approbation their mediation for peace. Finding itself approached on two sides by the conflicting powers, the little state with that national vanity from which no Greeks were wholly free lost its head. They assumed an air of lofty importance. Their ambassadors were to appear in the Senate with high-sounding phrases:—the trade of the island had been hindered for three years by the war; peace was necessary for its revival; let Romans and Macedonians therefore make peace, or the Rhodians would regard as an enemy the obstructive party. Terribly was the island to suffer for its miscalculation of the Roman character and resources; but nothing could show more clearly than this incident how hard the Hellenic race found it to comprehend that the days of their political supremacy were irrevocably gone.

Thus Perseus's negotiations did not improve his position; they only scored a black mark in the retentive Roman memory against Eumenes, Antiochus, and the Rhodians. It might be

delayed but vengeance should certainly fall upon those who could dream that defeat in a first, or a second, or even a third campaign, could ever make the great republic swerve from its original intention.

In Rome itself there was no unusual anxiety. The two censors C. Claudius Pulcher and Tib. Sempronius Gracchus were holding

Composure  
at Rome.

their census, and registering 312,805 citizens on the roll, and were quietly confining the freedmen to the four city tribes, lest their presence in all the tribes should determine each tribal vote; Cato was making a speech for the *lex Voconia* to prevent women from succeeding to property; the games and the shows were undisturbed, except that at the games of Apollo, where Ennius produced a play named "Thyestes," the death of the gifted poet filled the city with sadness. Men wished to see the war at an end, but the consular elections were not greatly influenced by the wish. There was some satisfaction when it appeared that L. Æmilius Paulus, who had been consul in 182 B.C., and in the following year had enjoyed a triumph for a victory over the troublesome Ligurians, was elected; but his appointment to Macedonia was only determined in the usual way, by lot. He was, however, the capable man arriving at last. It was a sign of the patient strength of the Roman state, that it was not yet compelled to interrupt the usual comitial machinery in order to appoint a special officer to meet an emergency; it could afford to keep the emergency waiting until the slow machine, after repeated failure, should evolve the suitable man.

The new consul was a simple, single-minded man, sprung of the old Sabine stock, from which most of the great patrician families, 169 B.C. except the greatest, the Julian, were sprung. To Paulus. understand Paulus would be to understand the best side of the republic; he was the typical Roman of the second century B.C. Without any brilliancy, he was absolutely trustworthy. His friend Polybius has recorded how, like the Athenian Aristides and the Theban Epaminondas, he was proof against the temptations of cupidity, and after handling all the wealth of Spain and Macedonia, died a poor man. The typical Roman, he was yet by no means blind to the charms of Hellenic culture, and he took the opportunity of his presence in Greece to visit the places which were rich in historic and artistic interest quite in the spirit of a modern traveller. His family life too exhibits some of the most

characteristic of Roman manners. His two eldest sons were adopted into other families; thus one became a Fabius, and the other, and greater of the two, became a Scipio, his adoptive father being a son of the conqueror of Hannibal. Such adopted sons retained in a fourth name the memory of their own family; thus L. Æmilius Paulus was called L. Cornelius Scipio *Æmilianus*. It is equally characteristic of Roman habits of thought, that Paulus incurred no censure for divorcing Papiria, his nobly born wife, and marrying again. His four young children by this second marriage he treated with the tenderest care, spending most of his leisure time in the superintendence of their education.

From the moment of his appointment the consul inspired the people and the Senate with confidence. An extraordinary levy of troops was begun; there were to be eight Roman legions enlisted, and their *tribuni* were all to be men who had served in high office before. If we include the complement of *socii* we must believe the republic to have had 100,000 men under arms in the spring of 168 B.C. About half of these forces were sent to Macedonia.

Before setting out himself, Paulus addressed a large *contio* of the people in the Forum, and in the genuine spirit of the Roman aristocracy, bade the people spare their criticisms in their "clubs and dinner parties" upon the conduct of the campaign. If any one had any valuable advice to give, by all means let him come to Macedonia with the army; he should be provided with passage, horse, and expenses. Otherwise let him hold his tongue. All the spirit of the old republic breathes in the contempt for the men of "clubs and dinner parties."

The consul was a man of despatch. Leaving Brundisium at sunrise, he reached Corcyra at 3 p.m. In five days he was sacrificing to Apollo in Delphi; five days more and he had reached the camp; a fortnight later the power of Perseus was finally broken.

The prætor Anicius had reached Illyria before Paulus reached Macedonia, and Appius Claudius gladly passed his inauspicious authority over to a successor. Gentius, unsupported by Perseus, not even receiving the stipulated payments from him, instantly succumbed. Thus the one substantial success of Perseus was obliterated; he lay now at Dium, thunderstruck by the electric movements of

his foe, which already portended to him his overthrow. Paulus, by a flank movement, crossed the pass of Pythium, and thus rendered the position of Persens untenable; the Macedonian army fell back upon Pydna. And there the fate of the helpless kingdom began to

**Battle of Pydna.** verge towards its crisis. It was the night of the 21st of June: the two armies were encamped facing each other, when a general agitation was created by a sudden eclipse of the moon. The king, nervous and dispirited, saw in the event an omen of defeat. In the Roman army consternation was great: the soldiers clashed brazen vessels together and waved torches towards the sky to frighten away the monster which was devouring Diana; but a military tribune, Sulpicius Gallus, explained to his fellow countrymen the nature of the phenomenon. Rationalism vanquished Superstition, and the Romans recovered their composure. The following day towards evening, the cavalry on both sides were watering their horses in the river Leucos, when a dispute arose, and this gradually brought on a general engagement. The solid phalanx could never act without careful preparation; as at Cynoscephalæ, therefore, the advantage in an unpremeditated conflict was with the more flexible legions. Never had the Roman arms won a more complete victory than that which crowned their efforts at Pydna: the elephants advanced steadily and effectively; the legionaries slaughtered the helpless phalangites, entangled in their own *sarissæ*; the marines landed from the fleet and cut down the fugitives. When night fell, 20,000 Macedonians were dead, and 12,000 were prisoners; while the Roman soldiers had only to bury 100 of their comrades. As for the unhappy king, he rode from the battlefield to escape through the woods from the conqueror. No native Macedonian accompanied his flight; a Cretan, a Boeotian, an Ætolian, rode with him to Amphipolis; thence he crossed to Samothrace a discrowned fugitive. A Cretan captain stipulated to carry him to Thrace; and Perseus had stowed his remaining treasure in the ship; but stealing out by night with his wife and children to the shore, he found that the faithless miscreant had sailed away. Penniless, as well as discrowned, he was forced to surrender to the prætor Octavius. He and his family were taken to Rome to deck the triumph of the conqueror, and to point a contrast with the conqueror's domestic sorrows.



Four days after the battle the Roman people were assembled in the circus enjoying the games, when one of those mysterious impressions which Homer ascribed to the goddess *Joy in Rome.* Ossa spread from seat to seat that a great victory had been won. No voucher could be found for the belief. But nine days later the people were again ranged in the circus. The consul, C. Licinius Crassus, was on the point of giving the word to draw the bolts of the *carceres*, from which would issue the racing chariots, when a messenger arrived bearing a letter wreathed with laurels. The consul waved aloft the welcome missive, and the people poured into the arena to hear the good news. It was one of the most dramatic spectacles ever witnessed in Roman circus or amphitheatre; the struggling charioteers and the crowned victor had become the living symbol of Rome's great chariot race, with all the states of the Mediterranean, and her triumphant rounding of the Nieta. Every altar in Rome smoked with sacrifices to the gods; every heart in Rome was beating with exultant pride, unless it were the unfortunate ambassadors from Rhodes, who were puzzling their brains to think what plausible turn they could give to their arrogant message in this new aspect of affairs.

But the Senate soon recovered its gravity: there was the momentous question before it, what must be done with the conquered and kingless country. The war had not been, strictly speaking, a war of conquest; it was undertaken only in obedience to that inarticulate impulse in the Roman consciousness which urged the imperious people to be indisputably the foremost among their neighbours. But the country lay at their feet; and the ruling instinct in them forbade them to leave it ungoverned. A commission of ten, including the leading men of the day, was sent to Greece. They met in Amphipolis, under the presidency of the conqueror, and, strange as it may seem, the sole article of instruction upon which they had to work was that *Settlement of Macedonia.* Macedonia was to be free. Freedom was to be understood in a Roman sense. It was agreed that the country should pay to the Romans one-half of the sum it formerly paid in taxation to Perseus, for which consideration Rome would release it from the necessity of maintaining an armed force! It was to be divided into four districts, each of which should govern itself on republican

principles. The Catonian spirit which deprecated the extension of the Roman dominion, from a dim feeling that the attempt to govern dependencies would prove the ruin of the state, thus had its way. But it was a disastrous arrangement for the conquered country; not only was it rendered politically impotent, but its commercial prosperity was blighted, for the Romans forbade the working of the great mines, and the cultivation of the royal domain lands, because they saw no way of working them except by tax-farmers (*publicani*), and "where the *publicanus* appears, public right vanishes, or the allies lose their liberty." Illyria was treated in a similar way.

Macedonia, the one power which had ever given some semblance of unity to Greece, had itself fallen in pieces. The remaining Greek states north of the Corinthian Gulf fell immediately under the undisturbed sway of the Roman factions. For instance, Lyciscus, in Ætolia, invited five hundred and fifty of his more distinguished countrymen to meet him in an appointed place, and massacred them with the help of a Roman cohort. Similar atrocities occurred in Boeotia and Acarnania and Epirus. Our pity for the treatment which the Greeks received at the hands of the Romans almost entirely evaporates as we observe how they treated one another.

The fate of the Achæans is more calculated to arrest our attention and sympathy. The Roman partisan Callicrates was sent to the peninsula with two Roman assessors to search out those who had favoured the cause of Perseus; as a result of this inquiry a thousand of the best and most intelligent of the Achæans were sent to Rome to plead their cause before the Senate. This weakening of the Achæan league seems deplorable, because it was by far the most enlightened government which found a place in Greece during the period of her decadence; its merits may be judged by one remarkable fact, that it had established a uniform system of weights and measures throughout the cities of the federation. It had produced men who must rank among the greatest of the Greeks—Aratus, Philopœmen, and Lycortas. Yet there could hardly be a more powerful plea of justification for this rigorous act of Roman policy than this, that Polybius the historian was among the thousand Achæan exiles,

and it is from Polybius more than any other writer that we understand the greatness of Rome. He was not lacking in patriotism, but he grasped with astonishing vigour the idea of Rome's intrinsic superiority to her rivals, and thus his Hellenism became cosmopolitanism; he understood—he furnished himself an example—how, while Rome conquered Greece, the Hellenic spirit mastered the Roman spirit.

The treatment of the great trading island of Rhodes affords us an instance of the extent and of the limits of Roman magnanimity. When we reflect that the terror of the Roman name was by now so far spread that Polyaratus, the leader Rhodes. of the anti-Roman party in Rhodes, found no place of escape even in the heart of Phrygia, but was delivered up to the omnipotent republic, and that nevertheless this insignificant community had treated the Senate with the insolence just now described, we shall feel some admiration for the self-restraint which listened to the pleadings of Cato. A fragment of Cato's speech on this occasion has come down to us; it is the earliest genuine fragment of Roman oratory; the old censor opposed a war with the island; he had no wish to see another consular enriched with the spoils of her warehouses and quays. When, on the other hand, we reflect on the civilizing effect of commercial enterprises, we shall hardly repress a feeling of indignation with the imperial ignorance of the Romans, which shorn from the industrious state all its continental depots in Caria and Lycia, and paralyzed her flourishing commerce by declaring Delos a free port. How the Rhodians themselves regarded their treatment is seen from the enthusiasm with which they accepted the decision, and the golden wreath which they despatched to their protectors, the Senate.

There were two other powers which had entered into some relations with Perseus—Eumenes of Pergamus, and Eumenes and Antiochus. Antiochus Epiphanes. The Senate was content to make each of them feel the power of its grip without inflicting any further punishment. The brother of Eumenes, whose name was Attalus, came to Rome with congratulations on the victory; he was treated with marked favour as a rebuff to the king; and when Eumenes himself came to Brundisium, he was warned to return home; the Senate gave him to understand that foreign

princes were not received in Rome. This was in 167 B.C. Eight years after he died; and then for twenty-one years his brother acted as a most faithful protector to the young heir to the throne; and shortly after his death, the kingdom of Pergamus fell like a ripe fruit into the lap of Rome.

Antiochus who was on the point of invading Egypt was reminded still more forcibly where the fulcrum of power now lay. Confronted by the Roman commissioner, C. Popillius Lænas, with the command to withdraw from Egypt, which was under Roman protection, he replied with the diplomatic assurance that he would consider with his councillors. Whereupon the brusque consular drew with his stick a circle in the dust around the king, and said he should not leave the circle until he had made his decision. And this greater successor of Seleucus submitted, and withdrew from Egypt.

Scarcely more significant of the new position of Rome was the appearance in the senate-house of King Prusias of Bithynia, clothed in the garb of a freedman, prostrating himself on the threshold with the exclamation, "All hail, ye saviour gods!" Contemptible he was, no doubt, as Polybius observes; but if submission to the great republic was itself a stigma, then all the civilized powers from the Pillars of Hercules to the river Halys and Mount Taurus had become contemptible.

In the autumn of 167 B.C. the Roman army marched through Epirus to embark for Brundisium. The old kingdom of Pyrrhus now expiated its ancient sins against Rome and its more recent sin of having allied itself with Perseus. It was given over to pillage. Seventy towns were ravaged, and from them the soldiers received their meed of victory. This was a senatorial command, not the choice of Paulus; against that simple-hearted man there was no charge more serious than these, that he had thrown down the statues of Perseus and ordered his own to be put in their place, and had taken as his share of the spoils of Greece a few Greek books for the education of his children.

It was a sight to fill a philosopher like Polybius, or a patriot like Cato, with many absorbing thoughts, when the crowds in the Forum Boarium saw the great conqueror rowed up the Tiber in

the royal galley of Perseus with its sixteen banks of oars. In that luxurious vessel, though he little dreamed it, he was bringing into the city all the vices of Greece, so that in a few years his son Scipio would stand out as a marked exception among the youth of his day, because he was not ready to give a talent for a slave with whom to gratify his passions. That was a danger in the future, though in the immediate future; a thoughtful man must have been even more struck with misgiving when a faction formed in the city round a plebeian tribune to deprive the illustrious general of his triumph; and the reason almost undisguisedly was that he had brought the spoils into the treasury instead of giving them to his army to loot. It would be hard to say which was the graver omen for the future, the splendour of the triumph, or the opposition which was made to the triumph.

*Increasing  
signs of  
depravity.*

We have watched at a distance more than one triumph; let us come nearer and observe this one in detail. The triumphator is not a great military genius, but a typical Roman. In some respects it is the great moment of Roman history, the point which marks the supreme achievement of that united and wonderfully organized state, the period from which its compact framework begins to fall asunder. We shall soon pass from the era of great Romans to the era of great men; we may well linger on a triumph which was the triumph not so much of the individual as of the state.

*Triumph of  
Paulus.*

For three days Rome held holiday. Every one was dressed in white; the temples were thrown open, and from their portals issued clouds of sweet incense. The route of the triumph was lined with spectators; the circus of Flaminius on the Campus Martius, and the great circus between the Aventine and the Palatine, through both of which the procession would pass, were thronged from an early hour. The Forum, too, was furnished with tiers of temporary seats, every one of which was crowded. Starting from the Campus Martius, the Via Triumphalis ran through the circus of Flaminius, then through the Porta Triumphalis where the Capitoline comes near to the river bank, on by the little stream which ran through the Circus Maximus, trending then to the left along the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian, gaining the entrance to

the Via Sacra on the Velian, and thence descending by the Fabian Arch, crossing the Forum, past the Mamertine dungeon and the Vulcanal, up the cleft of the Capitoline to the great Temple of Jupiter. The first day was occupied with the long procession of two hundred and fifty carriages, which bore the priceless statues and pictures filched from the cities of Greece. The second day the people watched the train of captured arms pass by, especially the forests of long *sarissæ* taken from the slaughtered phalangites; then there followed three thousand men carrying vases of money, the hoards of unhappy Perseus. At length the third day dawned. The procession was headed by a hundred and twenty comely kine decked with streamers, led by youths beautifully girdled; next followed a troop of children singing, each of whom carried a golden libation-bowl; then came men carrying seventy-seven vases, each containing three talents of gold, and great golden goblets which the king had used. The most unsympathetic face must have been touched with sadness when there came in sight, immediately after the chariot and the arms and the crown of Perseus, the discrowned king himself, his noble figure bent with shame and anguish, and just in front of him his three children, who were weeping bitterly. He had prayed to be spared this last disgrace, and Paulus, the Roman through and through, had answered he could spare himself by suicide. Between the conquered and the conqueror were borne four hundred golden diadems, the gifts of adulatory cities; and then appeared Paulus himself, clad in the vesture of victorious Jupiter, holding in his hand a branch of laurel. He had but little need of the slave's voice in his ear, "*Memento mori*;" five days before his third son, and three days after his youngest son, died. In a noble speech he congratulated the people that the Nemesis of the gods for so great a victory had fallen on his family, and not on his country. If he had lived to see the next generation, he might have found reason to hesitate in these felicitations. He spoke with a prophetic truth when he said that he alone was left in his house. Hundreds of others would climb the Sacred Way clothed in purple, but there would be no real successor to L. *Æmilius* Paulus. Even his son Scipio was adopted into a family of another mould, a family about whose brows flickered the rays of another régime.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE COMPLETION OF ROMAN CONQUESTS: CARTHAGE, CORINTE, NUMANTIA (FROM 167 TO 133 B.C.).

FOR ten years after the triumph of Paulus the Roman people enjoyed a comparative calm. They surrendered themselves to the delights of peace, and suffered all those soft Hellenic influences which had lurked under the hatchways of the galley of Paulus to steal with astonishing rapidity into the very marrow of their social life. Greek culture mastered even men of an ultra-Roman spirit like Cato. In the household of the conqueror of Greece, Paulus himself, the wider thought of Polybius the historian, and the stoical teaching of Panætius the philosopher, were being quietly absorbed by Fabius Æmilianus and Scipio Æmilianus. These were the years of the literary activity of the freedman Terence.

In the year 166 B.C. was produced, at the games of Terence. the Mother of the gods, the "Andrea," which had won the admiration of the veteran poet Cæcilius before he died. During the next seven years the five other plays of Rome's most polished comedian were produced, the last of them, "The Adelphi," for the funeral games of Paulus; and then, in 159 B.C., the poet died at the age of thirty-five. But he had left an undying impression upon the Roman mind; the New Comedy of Athens, with its virtues and vices, was engrafted into Roman life. Unhappily, the vices were at least as great as the virtues. Henceforward the Roman nobility begin to show the taint of the unspeakable sensuality of the degenerate Greeks, and with the growth of sensuality comes the growth of cruelty and faithlessness, and the decline even of the most characteristic Roman virtue, courage.

Men of the old school saw with alarm the growing extravagance

and luxury. The consul of 161 B.C. attempted to stem the current by another sumptuary law. By the *lex Fannia*, a citizen was allowed to spend thirty *asses* on his dinner on ten days in the month, but only ten *asses* on the remaining days, though on the great festivals of the *Ludi Romani*, and *Plebeii*, and *Saturnales* the expenditure might be a hundred *asses*. Of course such legislation could be nothing but a failure. Its main interest is that it reveals to us a strong party in Rome which clung to the simpler manners of the past.

Equally futile was the attempt to expel the new learning from the city by a decree of the Senate this same year, banishing the philosophers and rhetoricians. Only two years after (159 B.C.), Crates the Stoic came to Rome as an ambassador from Pergamus. Breaking his leg by accident on the Palatine one day, he was necessarily detained, and he spent the period of convalescence in delivering lectures (*ἀκροασεις*), to which the young men of the city came in crowds. The "Stoic way" became the rage; but it was the Stoic way which stimulated the Spartan kings, Agis and Cleomenes, in their schemes of socialism based upon monarchy, and there were minds in the Scipionic circle which were ready enough to assimilate this teaching. The political ideals of the Gracchi, which recognized and hastened the fundamental change which was coming over Roman society, must be traced to this period of silent Hellenic influences.

If we could take a peep into the city of Romulus during these years we should see everywhere around us the signs that the power of the future was to be not so much Roman as Græco-Hellenizing. Roman. Before long the final conqueror of Macedon, Metellus, will rear the first temple of marble in Rome. Already the passion for statues has become so great that in 158 B.C. the censors have to ruthlessly remove from the Forum all the statues which have been erected without the public authorization. The reason, however, of this proceeding was not to check the æsthetic development of the Roman mind, but to discountenance that spirit of rivalry and desire for personal aggrandizement which was taking possession of the governing classes, and constituting a grave danger for the future.

With the year 157 B.C. begins a new spell of political and martial



activity. The finishing touch is, in the course of twenty-five years, given to the structure of Roman supremacy. But we shall have to observe how the ambition of empire renders the final dealings with Greece and with Carthage inconceivably harsh, and how, in the settlement of Spain, the powerful state which has just achieved the summit of its imperial desires shows the most terrible and unexpected symptoms of decline.

The wars with the Spanish guerillas were a cause of constant anxiety in Rome. Since Cato had served there in 195 B.C., and had won the respect of the provincials and constituted himself their champion, legion after legion had been sent to the peninsula never to return. We can number from the notices of Livy about a hundred and fifty thousand men despatched on the Spanish service between 201 and 168 B.C. Spain had originally been occupied after the second Punic war, in order to prevent the recurrence of a Hannibalic invasion of Italy. In the dogged Roman mind, therefore, every legion which was annihilated in Spain awoke the memory of hostility to Carthage. It happened that in the year 157 B.C. Cato was sent on an embassy to Africa in order to adjudicate on one of the innumerable disputes which arose between the Carthaginians and their Numidian neighbour and rival, Masinissa. He found to his astonishment that the industry and enterprise of the Carthaginians had entirely restored the material prosperity of the state. The fertile country smiled with wealth, as it smiled in the days of Carthaginian pride when Agathocles first set foot upon Punic soil. The docks swarmed with merchant craft; the arsenals were furnished with arms. We may suppose, too, that in magnificence of appearance Carthage formed a striking contrast to the cramped and irregular city on the Seven Hills. With the ever-renewed difficulties in Spain, what hindered this prosperous state from again menacing the Roman power? Might not another Hannibal, arising from her bosom, equally independent of her control, rouse the western land to another war of extermination against Rome? The view was narrow, but Cato's mind was narrow; and the Roman mind, despite the Hellenizing influences, was narrow. Thenceforth Cato, no matter what the subject of his speech in Forum or Curia, had ever but one peroration, *Carthago delenda est*. And gradually the con-

viction worked its way into the political consciousness of the time, and every one felt that the only thing now was to bide the best opportunity. The doomed city was divided into three factions. One was inclined to an alliance with Masinissa; an aristocratic faction was utterly subservient to Rome; a democratic party clamoured for absolute independence.

After bearing the insolence and oppression of the Numidian king for nearly fifty years, the united aristocratic and democratic parties expelled the king's partisans, and engaged in open war with him. By this action the stipulations of the peace with Rome were violated. The pretext for which the pitiless Roman diplomacy was watching fell ready to hand. P. Scipio Æmilianus, who happened to be at the court of Masinissa himself, watched a great battle (151 B.C.), in which the Carthaginians lost, it was said, 50,000 men. He returned to Rome to say that the time was come.

She breaks  
her treaty  
with Rome.

In vain the Carthaginians offered to surrender their general, Hasdrubal, the leader of the war party, in order to purchase peace. The Senate declared war. The consuls of 149 B.C. were despatched to Africa with two consular armies. It was the intention of Rome to make her sentence sharp and final. To this day we shudder as we realize the slow-moving, irresistible wheels of Roman determination. Even the wiles of diplomacy were not despised—they might possibly shorten the death-struggle. Accordingly, when the Carthaginian state made an absolute submission, the *deditio* was accepted. Three hundred hostages must be sent, and then the *dediticii* must obey "the further commands of the consuls." If they were ready to do this, the Senate would leave them their "laws and territory, their religion, their sepulchres, their freedom, and their property." With such a prospect before them, the distressed people even gave up their arms. Two hundred thousand stands of armour, two thousand great catapults which defended the walls, and thousands of projectiles, were carried on waggons from the gates of the doomed city to the gates of the Roman camp. And then, like a thunderclap, came the Roman ultimatum: "The city of Carthage must be removed ten miles inland!" It is impossible for us to fully understand that agonized wail of woe which rang through the city of Carthage when the

ambassadors brought back this awful doom. The city was built by the gods. There were the shrines of the gods: how could Moloch and Tanith be moved? How could Æsculapius, who for centuries had dwelt on the Byrsa, find a home on another capitol? There were the tombs of their ancestors; what would those angry spirits say and do if the owl and the bittern were suffered to reign in the Megara, the immemorial burying-place of the city? Every finest sentiment of antiquity bade the deceived people to rather perish themselves than let their sacred city perish. Accordingly, when the consuls came near to receive the surrender of the city, they found the gates closed. Every workshop was ringing with the hammer of the smith; hundreds of swords and breastplates were being forged. Banished Hasdrubal returned with 20,000 men, and Himilco Phameas was ready to lead his horsemen to victory against the Roman cavalry. For two years the armies of Rome could make no impression on the indomitable city. We must for a while leave them, to see how the activities of the Senate were occupied elsewhere.

The settlement of Greece and Macedonia could not, every one felt, be final. Split into artificial republican territories, as Macedonia was, or drained of all the good men, and handed over to unscrupulous Roman partisans, as Achaia Greece in  
150 B.C. was, the country could hardly have been better prepared by the most skilful prevision for the interference and absorption, to which Roman policy almost unconsciously tended. In 156 B.C. the famous embassy of the three philosophers, who came to appeal against a fine which Athens had incurred in an arbitration for an attack on Oropus, revealed the divisions and the incredible exhaustion of the country. The great city was actually penniless, and becoming a nest of bandits; Greece was reverting to the primitive barbarism and piracy described in the opening chapters of Thucydides.

When, in 150 B.C., Cato persuaded the Senate to restore the Achæan exiles, or rather the three hundred decrepit old men who survived of the thousand, Polybius, the most intelligent among them, preferred to come back again to Rome. He recognized that the politics of his country were hopeless. The counsels of the Achæan league were swayed by two democratic leaders, who were determined at all costs to shake off the Roman supremacy. These

were Diæus and Critolaus. An outbreak of war between Sparta and the league, determined the Roman Senate to dissolve that famous

federation. Their commissioner at Corinth announced the decision : all non-Achæan cities, such as Sparta, Corinth, and Heraclea on Mount Oeta, were to be free. The Corinthian mob insulted the Roman commissioner, Aurelius Orestes. But there seemed to be no wish in Rome to press matters to an extreme. Unhappily Critolaus was *strategos* for 146 B.C., and he took the

decision out of Roman hands. At this time Q. Cæcilius <sup>Rising of the Achæans.</sup> Metellus, the prætor of 148 B.C., was in Macedonia, quelling the rebellion of a certain Andriscus, who was impersonating Philip, the deceased son of Perseus. The impostor had been overthrown, and Metellus was at liberty to march southwards to meet Critolaus. On the Malian Gulf the rash Achæan was defeated and slain. But with him all folly did not die, for Diæus, his successor in command, refused all offers of peace, and armed a host of slaves. The misguided son of a disturbed epoch, this Diæus is not undeserving of compassion. When the consul of 146 B.C., L. Mummius, arrived, he received a check at the hands of the Achæans. For a moment it seemed as if the glories of Marathon were to be repeated; the people of Corinth streamed after the army to divide the spoil of the Roman invader; but at Leucopetra Diæus was utterly routed. He escaped from the field to die courageously by his own hand. The beautiful Isthmian city lay defenceless at the feet of the conqueror; L. Mummius, a *novus homo*, obeying the

order of the Senate, burnt it to the ground, and sent the priceless art treasures to Rome with the *naïve* injunction to the shippers that if lost or broken they would have to be replaced! When a traveller visited the site of Corinth a little later he found soldiers playing dice on the masterpieces of Greek painting.

Macedonia was organized as a Roman province, and was, we may conjecture, in a much more favourable condition than she had been during the last twenty years of nominal independence. The

<sup>Corinth destroyed, 146 B.C.</sup> Romans, who had conquered the Dalmatians (156-155 B.C.), were now in direct land communication with the province, and were able to protect the northern frontier from the hostile tribes.

Achaia was left free; its constitution was reorganized by the skilful hand of Polybius; but the states were disarmed and paid a small tribute to Rome. Prosperity of a material kind might have returned to Greece, which was thus muzzled so that it could not hurt itself, for it was ever its own worst enemy. But unhappily the cradle of European culture became the battle-ground between the East and the West, and it was not till the Imperial times that some aftermath of her intellectual harvest appeared on the soil of Attica and a new Corinth sprang out of the ashes of the old at the bidding of Cæsar.

While the Greeks were making their last frantic effort of resistance to their overpowering destiny, the purpose of Fall of Cato had been fulfilled. Cato himself, and the aged Carthage.

Masinissa, had lived only to see their common foe invested with the Roman leaguer; they both died in 149 B.C. The administration of Numidia was divided between the three sons of the old king, Micipsa, Gulussa, and Mastanabal; and the Numidian party in Carthage hoped that the jealousies of the rival brothers might drive one or more of them to take part in the resistance to Rome. The case of the beleaguered city did not seem altogether desperate. News reached the port of the difficulties which Rome had to face in the East; and many hearts must have beaten high with hope when the reports came of the grand resistance of Viriathus in Spain to the powerful republic. The besieged broke from their south-east gate and burned the great siege-towers—towers so huge that each required six thousand men to move it; and all through the second year of the war the Roman commanders were unable to make any attack upon Carthage itself. But hope, if it existed, was only nurtured on ignorance. The failures which mark the beginning of Roman enterprises in this period were, as we have seen, the signs of superabundant strength. The consciousness of power made haste unnecessary. At the consular elections for 148 B.C. the centuries agreed to appoint P. Scipio Scripto in Æmilianus, who, according to his age, thirty-seven, command. should have been standing for the ædileship, to be consul and commander in the African war. It was a kind of inspiration which selected this chivalrous and scholastic knight, the son of the conqueror of Perseus, but bearing the name of the conqueror of

Hannibal, to preside over the last act in the long drawn drama of Carthage. Accompanied by Polybius and his close friend Lælius, he came, as it seemed, to mark the triumph of the Hellenic-Roman world over the Semite.

Scipio reached the theatre of the campaign just in time to rescue the naval *legatus*, Mancinus, who had penetrated into the town from the seaside, and found himself unable to advance or retreat. It was not a Mancinus, but a Scipio, that was called to the task of taking Carthage. The first business was to restore the discipline of the camp; he then laid his plans for an assault on the great walls which crossed the isthmus from bay to bay.<sup>1</sup> Hitherto Hasdrubal had maintained a camp in front of these walls; he was now compelled to retire behind them; but to effect an entrance on that side Scipio found to be impossible; even modern artillery might have been baffled by those adamantine fortifications. But as the Roman sappers drew their lines across the isthmus to cut the city off from the land side, they saw their fellow-countrymen, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, brought at the command of Hasdrubal and tortured to death on the heights of the ramparts. The Carthaginian general had to silence thus a faction within the city which was clamouring for surrender. Scipio now attacked the weaker wall which faced the gulf of Tunis and ran up to the harbour mouth. To complete the blockade he constructed a great mole of solid stone across the harbour mouth. The city seemed now absolutely isolated, when the Carthaginians gave the final instance of their unquenchable enterprise. Prisoners told Scipio that for many days hammering had been heard behind the great walls of the Kothon. No one knew what it meant. But what must have been the astonishment of the Romans when one day the lofty sea-wall opened, and emerging as it seemed out of the solid masonry, fifty white-sailed triremes dashed into the bay. They were the last fledglings ever hatched by the mighty sea-bird which had ridden the waters for countless generations. But the cruel claws of the Roman ships, after a hard day's fight, tore them in pieces. The Roman siege-engines were now with much difficulty planted on the outer quay which flanked the great merchant harbour, and here a small force obtained a footing, and were near enough to

<sup>1</sup> See description of Carthage, p. 61.

exchange missiles with the enemy within. Even Hasdrubal began to feel that the grip of the Roman could never be shaken off. As the winter came on he offered to capitulate if the town might be spared, but he refused Scipio's proposal that he and his should be spared if the town were surrendered. 146 B.C.

Before the winter was over Nepheris, the last *dépôt* in the neighbourhood of Carthage, was destroyed, and famine raged in the city. Seventy years before, so the story goes, Hannibal had answered one, who bewailed the hardships of the coming campaign, in the fierce Punic fashion, that in the last resort his men could eat one another! Now in Carthage they were eating one another. Stupefied with suffering, they evacuated the lower harbour, and C. Lælius scaled the walls of the Kothon, and Roman soldiers stood in the market-place of Carthage. From that point they looked up three narrow streets—streets the counterpart of the High Street in Edinburgh—lined with many-storied houses. These streets all led up to the Byrsa. The Temple of Æsculapius could be seen flashing in the sunlight; but it took a week's hard fighting to traverse those fateful alleys of death. From house to house the legionaries made their way boring through the walls or crossing over the flat roofs to escape the horrid hail of missiles which fell ever in the streets. At last the citadel was reached. Then 50,000 of the surviving people surrendered. Still a little knot of Roman deserters held out; but Hasdrubal escaped from their clutches, and lived to spend his declining days, like Perseus, on Italian soil. His wife disdained to yield, and with the spirit which animated Sophonisbe, threw herself into the flames of the Temple of Æsculapius, which the desperate band had fired, because the god of healing could only heal them now by death. The art treasures were rescued from the city, and, as if to mark that Rome was acting as a world avenger, were faithfully restored to the Sicilian towns from which Carthage in the days of her pride had filched them; and then the mighty rival of Rome perished under the rolling waves of flame and smoke, perished, as Tyros perished at the hands of Alexander, as later the other great Semitic city perished at the hands of Titus. We know her only from her enemies, and the glory of her end seems to silence the verdict of justice; yet we may safely say that it was well for the world that Carthage, and not Rome, succumbed

in the implacable duel. It was not only as a political power that the conqueror was superior; pity for her doom must not blind us to the incurable moral inferiority of the conquered. The Romans had abolished the practice of human sacrifices in the mythical age of Numa; Carthage maintained it to the last. The Romans worshipped Pietas and Pudicitia as goddesses; the Carthaginians worshipped in Moloch and Tanith personified cruelty and lust. In agriculture and commerce the great Tyrian city was the teacher of the ancient world; their leather currency implies a banking system for which we must seek a parallel in the modern world. But Carthage had no power, perhaps no inclination, to make these benefits expansive; nor had she that political genius which unconsciously moulds dependencies and prepares them by assimilation for absorption into the sovereign state.

As Scipio watched the victorious flames, Polybius heard him repeating the tragic words from Homer, "The day will come when sacred Ilium must perish." It became the foremost man of the Eternal City to view with sympathy and compassion the extinction of her rivals; but if in his mournful musings he foreboded the destruction of his own country, he showed how little **New province.** he understood the elements of her imperishable greatness. The Carthaginian territory was reduced to the Roman province of Africa, with its capital at Utica.

We have now to turn to the western peninsula, for whose sake the destruction of Carthage had been undertaken. We are there confronted with the first indubitable signs that the senatorial government in Rome was becoming enervated

**Spain.** and incapable. In the year 154 B.C. the Senate sent a peremptory order to the little town of Segeda, near the source of the Tagus, forbidding it to renew its fortifications. The consul of 153 B.C., Q. Fulvius Nobilior, was sent to enforce the order; the people withdrew into the mountainous country of the Numantines, and there managed to inflict a defeat on the consular army, which marked the tenth day before the Kalends of September as a black day in the Roman calendar ever after; six thousand legionaries were slain. A second,

and a third, and a fourth defeat determined his successor, **Reverses.** Marcellus, to conclude peace with the vigorous Celtiberian tribes. Even more serious disasters were reported from



Lusitania. The consuls of 151 B.C. were forced to use such severe measures to fill the legions for the formidable Spanish warfare, that the tribunes flung them into prison. This collision between the consuls and the tribunes is an ominous sign that the machinery of the constitution contained self-destructive elements within itself. Still more ominous from another point of view was the treacherous murder of the peaceful Vaccæans by Lucullus in 151 B.C., and the even more hideous butchery of some unsuspecting Lusitanians by S. Sulpicius Galba in 150 B.C. The judges who acquitted him were nursing in the bosom of their country the brutality which was one day to issue in the Proscriptions. But from Galba's massacre one Lusitanian escaped—a man of low birth, but a hero to be ranked with Hannibal and with Vercingetorix; this was Viriathus. From 149 <sup>Viriathus.</sup> to 141 B.C., when he was treacherously assassinated by his friends at the instigation of Q. Servilius Cæpio, who thus showed in another direction how the spirit of Fabricius had vanished from the Roman nobility, this patriot chieftain held the Romans in constant terror. The *fascēs* of the lictors, the terrible symbols of Roman power, captured from defeated magistrates, were sent far and wide over the mountains to call the tribes to arms. In 143 B.C. the Celtiberians again appeared in the field; and when, on the death of Viriathus, D. Junius Brutus had pushed the legions to the Atlantic in 137 B.C., and practically subdued Lusitania, the dying spirit of Spanish independence still held out in the Celtiberian fortress city of Numantia. Perched on a precipitous hill by the banks of the upper Douro, occupied only by eight thousand men, this little place defied the power of Rome as long as Troy defied the Greeks. For two years Metellus, the conqueror of Pseudo-Philip, besieged the eyrie in vain. Then came Q. Pompeius, a lawyer from the Forum, a *novus homo*, who showed <sup>Numantia.</sup> that the excluded aspirants were as incapable as the 143–133 B.C. privileged heirs to political power. In 137 B.C. the consul, C. Hostilius Mancinus, was actually hemmed in by a sortie of the garrison, and forced to surrender. He granted conditions of peace to obtain his liberty; but the Senate would not ratify them, though the young quæstor, Tiberius Gracchus, who had put his hand to the treaty, pleaded for faith and honour. Mancinus, stripped and

with manacles on his hands, was handed over to the Numantines, who, like the Samnite Pontius after the Caudine Forks, refused to accept him. In 134 B.C. the patience of the Romans was exhausted; Scipio was sent. Surrounded with a bodyguard, a thing unknown before, and with stern countenance, he drove the pleasure-mongers from the camp, and with strenuous discipline restored the effeminate troops to efficiency; and then the mighty destroyer of Carthage drew circumvallations five miles in length around the stubborn rock, and waited for the result. The Virgilian picture of the fall of Troy is not more moving than are the brave and ghastly facts of the fall of Numantia. The market-place was turned into a funeral pyre for the gaunt, famine-stricken citizens to leap upon. Spanish pride could better brook this self-immolation than the triumphant shouts of the Sacred Way. When the

**Taken by** surrender was made only a handful of men marched  
**Scipio.** out of the city, so hideous from emaciation and from unsubdued passion that the pity of the bystanders was frozen into horror.

From this time forth Spain fell more and more under the Roman influence, though it was reserved for Augustus to complete its conquest by the subjugation of the Cantabri in the remote north-west of the peninsula.

When Scipio was censor in 142 B.C., the solemn prayer in which the gods were asked to enlarge the Roman state was interrupted by his warning voice, "It is large and good enough; my prayer to them is to preserve it." Before he had well returned from Numantia the first threatenings of the political earthquake were felt. The government which had conquered Carthage, Macedon, and Spain was already showing that it could not govern them; and if the gods were to answer the censor's prayer, it must be by reconstructing the state which was to be preserved. Every incident of the Spanish war foretold that not a senatorial oligarchy, selfish and corrupt and powerless, but a Scipionic monarchy, a Cæsar, must be the government. If Scipio could have been king a century's agony might have been spared. But the times were not ripe; he was conscious of no diadem on his brow.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE REASONS OF SUCCESS—THE CONSTITUTION.

No Roman would ever have thought of asking himself the question, Why had his state attained the unquestioned pre-eminence which it enjoyed in the middle of the second century before Christ. The head found on the Capitoline had foretold it—that was enough. To dispute it seemed like arguing against a law of nature. But the wise and unbiassed Greek, Polybius, put to himself the question; and standing as he did at the confluence of the Hellenic and Roman systems, having passed his youth in the inner circle of the Achæan league and his manhood in the inner circle of Roman politics, he was able to answer his question with a fulness of detail and an accuracy of knowledge which illumine the period of history which we have just traversed with the light of a true philosophy of history. Roman pride, he saw, was not altogether deluded. The supremacy of Rome was due to in- <sup>Roman</sup> <sup>strength.</sup> trinsic superiority, to the supple strength of her logical and evenly balanced constitution, and to the invincibility of her inexhaustible armies. Carthage, a heterogeneous body of iron and clay, fell before the welded power of homogeneous Italy. The vast and shadowy monarchies of the East succumbed to the definite and concentrated action of the senatorial policy. Above all, the Romans, with all their grave moral and intellectual defects: pitiless and unimaginative, knowing nothing of humanity outside the thirty-five tribes which formed the sovereign assembly of their city: unmoved by any vital faith in God, and therefore practising a religion which was partly a mere legal compact with the higher powers, and still more, in its decline, a state engine employed as an instrument by an unscrupulous governing class: incapable of that

sweetness and light which lent an undying charm to Greek culture : tending ever to tawdry display and to the grosser sensual indulgences, —the Romans, in spite of these great defects, were yet morally the best people of antiquity. The simplicity of the Sabine mountains, the self-devotion to the commonwealth, the wisdom of compromise and mutual forbearance, the dogged patience which made failure an incentive to victory, the administrative capacity—all virtues acquired in the struggle for supremacy in Italy—had hitherto never wholly deserted them. The most recent German historian of Rome, Ihne, is never tired of displaying the iniquities of Roman policy ; but his own pages teem with the proofs that Roman vices were, to say the least of it, matched by the vices of the conquered, while Roman virtues were to be found nowhere else, unless it were among the barbarous tribes of Spain, while amongst them the political organization to embody the virtues was wholly wanting.

One more explanation of Roman greatness must be mentioned. Aristotle accounted for the pre-eminence of Greece by her central geographical position. Much more applicable to Italy is his profound observation. As the city of Rome, situated in the centre of the peninsula, was able to divide, and so to conquer, Sabine and Hernican, Æquian and Volscian, and then, on a larger scale, Etrurian and Campanian, Gaul and Samnite, so the peninsula itself is driven like a wedge into the Mediterranean, and the Italian state was thus able to deal first with the West, and then to give an undivided attention to the East, while the mighty barrier of the Alps defended her from the swarms of the Celt and the Teuton until she was prepared to meet and to conquer them.

If it never occurred to a Roman citizen to ask what were the reasons of the predominance of Rome, still less did it occur to the typical Roman politician in this heyday of national greatness to inquire what dangers from within might be threatening the state which had triumphed over all dangers from without. We, looking back on the events in the light of what came after, have remarked from time to time the shadow of change falling across the path of conquest itself. Some of the conservative Roman statesmen were dimly conscious of the peril involved in an extended empire ; but it was hidden from the eyes

of contemporaries, though it is clear enough to ours, that most comprehensive political and social reforms would be necessary to enable a city commune to govern six great dependencies like Sicily, Sardinia, the two Spains, Macedonia, and Africa, and that if reforms were not effected in time there must follow that inevitable alternative of reform, revolution. The stormy Reform or  
Revolution? period which now opens before us is vivid with one of the gravest lessons of history—the failure of the reform party and the triumph of the revolution. A privileged oligarchy, appropriating the results of the great national successes, blinds its eyes to the fact that poverty and degradation for the masses have followed in the wake of progress; the demoralized masses show an equally churlish spirit to their unenfranchised fellow-countrymen; the reformers, who would meet the pressing evils with crude schemes of change, perish by assassination. Then provincial governors, having learnt the habits of irresponsible power in their distant satrapies, with mercenary armies at their beck and call in place of the burgess-soldiers, return to Rome to seize the sovereign power from contending factions. Rival leaders divide the state with civil war, and at length the weary mistress of the conquered world bows her head to her own chief citizen. The story is one of absorbing interest, though we have no wise Polybius to guide us through it with his “dry light.”

Let us now try to realize to ourselves that political organization which Polybius praised as the secret of Roman greatness, and also the points of weakness in it which will be the predisposing causes of the decline, or rather the transmutation, of Roman greatness. The Roman  
constitution.

The sovereign power was, theoretically, vested in the *populus Romanus*. At first the *populus Romanus* comprised only the thirty patrician *curiæ*, which sat in the *comitium* at Comitia  
centuriata. the end of the Forum. Then the *populus Romanus* included the classes arranged in centuries according to what is called the Servian constitution; and this *exercitus*, assembling on the Campus Martius, always retained three sovereign prerogatives: (1) the right of inflicting capital punishment; (2) the right of electing consuls, censors, and prætors; (3) the right of determining questions of peace and war; while the *comitia curiata* dwindled

into a shrunken form of power—a shadow appearing only in the thirty lictors who conferred the *imperium* or military authority on a newly elected magistrate. But the *comitia centuriata* in their turn became rusty, and most of their activities passed over to the assembly which met in the Forum, to which, however, they were so assimilated that we never find any conflict between the two

forms of organization of the sovereign people. In the tribes. 241 B.C. the number of the tribes was finally fixed, and henceforth all the legislative functions were discharged by the people assembled in the *comitia tributa*; the laws are therefore *plebis-scita*. On every question submitted to them the members of each tribe voted among themselves, and then each tribe counted for one vote in the final decision. When new citizens were admitted—when, for instance, freedmen received the franchise—it was a burning question whether they should be distributed among all the tribes or confined to the four city tribes. Wise statesmen inclined to the latter course, fearing lest the mass of city voters should obtain the determining voice even in the country tribes. For we must not suppose that all the citizens could be present to vote; in most cases only those who were resident in Rome would appear. Thus Cicero says that in his time it was not uncommon for questions to be determined by *comitia* consisting of only five citizens from each tribe. But however few were present from each tribe, they constituted the tribal vote. By confining, therefore, the freedmen to the city tribes, their influence could only affect four out of the thirty-five votes. A far more burning question was whether all the Italians should receive the right to vote in the tribes. This curious and irregular assembly was the sovereign power; and when one of its tribunes, like C. Flaminius just before the Hannibalic war, chose to exert its authority, it could override all the other powers in the state. When C. Flaminius actually did assert its authority against the Senate, Polybius saw in that action the first step towards the political situation which ended in the revolution.

The sovereign people carried out its will—or at least this was

the theory—by means of the magistrates whom it elected annually. In the month of March, or, from the year 153 B.C. onwards, on the 1st of January, the two consuls came into office, and during their official year, which was named

after them, they were irresponsible and irremovable. They were not kings, but they were a *king*. For this was the theory of the republican constitution, that to every authority in the state there should be a counterbalancing authority. As at Sparta a dual monarchy, so at Rome a college of officers, or at least a pair of officers, were designed to secure the state against the freaks of absolute power. But the system of checks was carried further still: besides the two consuls six prætors were elected every year. Each of these eight magistrates was invested with the *imperium* by the shadowy assembly of the *curiæ*; that means each received the right of commanding armies and administering justice. From the year 366 B.C., however, when the prætorship came into existence, the prætor drew to himself the judicial work of the supreme magistracy, and the consul was principally the commander-in-chief of the forces of the republic for the year. The consul was above the prætor: he had twelve lictors, whereas the prætor only had six; but he had no control over the prætor; the two authorities were co-ordinate.

Then every five years the people appointed two magistrates, who held office for eighteen months, to draw up the lists of the citizens and revise the rolls of the orders and regulate the public finances. These were the censors. They had not the *imperium*. Their power was only called *potestas*, but it was the most dignified office in the state, for it held in its hands the social status of every citizen. But here again the extraordinary power was divided between two persons, who were bound to agree before they could do anything, not to mention that they were liable to the criticism and attack of the tribunes.

These were the magistrates through whom the people, assembled in their centuries, were supposed to carry out their sovereign will. The two curule and the two plebeian ædiles, and the quæstors who, originally judicial, were from 449 B.C. financial assistants of the consuls and prætors, do not materially affect the constitution. But the people, assembled in their tribes, possessed the right of electing ten magistrates annually, who form a singular anomaly and a latent danger for the state, though up to the date we have reached their action was uniformly salutary. Through these ten tribunes, who had no positive functions to

Tribuni  
plebis.

fulfil like the other magistrates, the mass of plebeian citizens were supposed to vindicate their rights. The tribune could protect them from oppression. His housedown was always open, so that the poorest citizen could approach him and demand his help. But the tribune, too, could, in their name, bring all the machinery of state to a standstill by his *intercessio*. So tremendous was the power vested in his hands that in 169 B.C. a tribune ventured to impeach the censors, on the ground that their contracts for the public taxation were unsatisfactory. We find tribunes sent even to bring a general from the head of his army as a prisoner to Rome, though their power was really confined to the city (204 B.C., P. Scipio). But here again there were ten of these dangerous magistrates, any one of whom could counteract, by his intercession or veto, the action of his colleagues.

This extraordinary division of the executive power, forming such an elaborate system of checks and counterchecks, had in earlier days been frequently superseded by the appointment of a temporary dictator. Since the panic of Cannæ, however, no dictator had been appointed; and we ask with astonishment, How did the casual assemblies of the sovereign people, expressing their will through so many different mouthpieces—through men, too, who, from their number and from the briefness of their power, could neither be geniuses, nor display much talent if they had it,—accomplish that wonderful feat of world-supremacy which we have just recounted? The short answer is, By the Senate. The Senate was theoretically only a council of elders, without

**The Senate.** legislative or administrative functions—a consultative body, which the magistrate was supposed to convene that he might confirm his isolated judgment by the advice of his peers. And the very name for a senatorial decree, the *senatus-consultum*, always retained this original theory of the Senate. But from the nature of the case the *patres conscripti* rapidly acquired a power in the state far exceeding anything which was recognized in the constitution. When Rome found herself engaged in diplomatic and military relations with foreign states she very wisely allowed her policy to be dictated by what was undoubtedly her most capable authority. The *auctoritas senatus* became essential to the legal validity of measures passed by the centuries;



while the *senatus-consultum*, to which the tribunes had given their assent, was not distinguishable from formal law. The authority was, strictly speaking, an usurpation; but without this usurpation the splendid successes of the Roman policy would have been impossible.

The *comitia* bowed to the Senate as the lay mind usually bows to the expert. For instance, in 200 B.C., nearly all the centuries rejected the proposal for declaration of war against Macedonia. The tribune, Q. Bæbius, had, in the informal meetings of the people (*contiones*), argued successfully against the project; but after an exposition of the senatorial policy from the consul, the people gave way "and ordered the war," and the tribune did not venture to interpose his veto.

Again, the magistrates bowed to the Senate, though in theory they possessed the complete executive power without any interference from that body, because after the *Ovinian Law*, of uncertain date, which regulated the constitution of the house, the Senate consisted almost exclusively of ex-magistrates. It contained, therefore, the accumulated experience and official wisdom of the republic. It was never a hereditary chamber, a mere assembly of sounding names representing the greatness of dead ancestors; it was essentially an assembly of administrative talent, like a large cabinet, without an opposition. We cannot wonder that the instances were few in which men like M. Popillius Lænas ventured to press their magisterial right in the face of the senatorial judgment. Nor was its power a power only of prestige. It had a control of the finances; and though finance plays a very insignificant part in ancient states, yet, as the *ærarium* in the Temple of Saturn began to fill with the millions of gold and silver brought from the provinces, the Senate acquired an enormous hold on the people by the arrangements for public expenditure. To mention one point, it became a great employer of labour. It would be difficult to guess how many of the voters in the *comitia* were actually *employés* of the Senate, through the censors or the *ædiles*, in the never-ceasing temple-building, aqueduct-, and road-making, and the other public works. Then all the indefinite powers which were involved in the new state duties, the government and administration of the provinces, had fallen into the hands of that body, by whose unswerving strength of purpose the provinces

had been won. And up to this time, with the exception of C. Flaminius' revolt in 234 B.C., the tribunes had always been agents of the Senate, and the scanty legislation of the period had been transacted through them in the *comitia* on the initiative of the Senate. It was this extraordinary body that drew to a focus and endowed with perennial youth which depended not on the life of individuals—all the energies and all the talents of the Roman people during the long period of its rise and development.<sup>2</sup> And without much prophetic power a Roman in the middle of the second century before Christ might have seen that with the decay of integrity and public spirit and unanimity in the Senate, all the old order must pass away and give place to the new.

The real  
instrument  
of Roman  
greatness.

<sup>2</sup> It should be observed that the Senate was the only body in which discussion was possible; it was this which made it inevitable that the right of preparing Bills, on the one hand, and the right of dealing with complicated questions of foreign policy, on the other hand, should become its prerogatives.

It may also be observed that the Collegiate principle of Magistracies left the State without a head, and the Senate naturally supplied the deficiency; when the strength of the Senate waned, a Head of the State quickly appeared, and thenceforth the Senate became merely a shadow.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE REVOLUTION—TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

"THE Roman people," says Sallust, "lived in the profoundest harmony in the period between the second and third Punic war." Yet an observant ear might have detected the first mutterings of discord. There was a complete separation between the constitutional theory and the constitutional fact. In theory, the people were sovereign; in fact, all the power was monopolized by a handful of wealthy families, some patrician like the Fabii and Cornelii, many more plebeian like the Marcelli, Metelli, and Octavii, but all ennobled by having held curule offices, and prolonging their patents of nobility by keeping the curule magistracies within their own confines; for the great families had by this time discovered means of their own for securing the return of their own candidates at the *comitia* and for carrying their own measures through the Tribes. The fact is they had discovered the art of bribery, and they had learnt how to utilize the ancient spirit of the republic for their private ends. An indication of the first is furnished by the ballot laws (*Leges Tabellariae*) which belong to the years 139 and 137 B.C. In earlier and simpler times (432 B.C.) legislation had forbidden that very innocent form of canvassing which consisted in whitening the toga, and so becoming a *candidatus*. Now the people tried to secure themselves against corruption by secret voting in the *comitia*. An indication of the second is furnished by the *lex Ælia Fufia*, which put into the hands of the magistrate a dangerous religious weapon; he might at any time arrest legislative business in the *comitia tributa* by declaring that an omen in the heavens forbade it. This *obnuntiatio*,

as it was called, gave to the Senate that right which it lost<sup>1</sup> by the *lex Publilia* of 339 B.C., but which during the period of "profound harmony" it had not missed, the right of efficiently controlling all proposals brought before the assembly.

These were straws which showed the set of the tide; there was clearly an antagonism between the few who possessed the reins of **Dangerous** power and the many who conceived that they had a **signs.** right to that possession. And when it began to appear, as to certain anxious eyes it did, that the few were men corrupted by the exercise of absolute power in the provinces and demoralized by the acquisition of fabulous wealth, while the many were men no less corrupted by the looting habits of the battlefield, and no less demoralized by the seductions of the capital with cheap food and constant gladiatorial games; when, too, the few and the many together combined to exclude from political equality the "allies" who side by side with the *cives* had conquered the world,—then it began to be clear that a train of combustible matter had accumulated during this period of "profoundest harmony;" and the torch which could light it was at hand in the innocent-seeming *Tribunate*. The revolution broke like a thunder-clap; but not a few, like P. Scipio *Æmilianus* and his friend *Lælius*, had observed the gathering of the electric clouds, and not a few had called *Lælius* "the wise" because he tried to shut his eyes to them. When men are counted wise for holding their hand from reform a state may be known to be on the eve of revolution.

Under the walls of *Numantia*, which formed such an unexpected barrier to the flood-tide of Roman success, appeared more than one remarkable personality destined to play a part in the history of the revolution. A young soldier, C. *Marius*, had been commended by *Scipio* as a possible successor to his own military fame. *Numidian Jugurtha* too had made his first acquaintance with Roman warfare, serving as the leader of a contingent in the Roman army. But

**Tiberius** the most interesting character was that *Tiberius Sem-*  
**Gracchus.** pronius *Gracchus*, whose good faith had been the guarantee to the *Numantines* when they had captured *Mancinus*: who had won a great reputation for humanity among the soldiers, and had so favourably impressed the enemy that they restored to

<sup>1</sup> Except so far as the *Tribunes* were the obedient ministers of the Senate.

him his papers which had been seized at the time of the disastrous surrender, in order that he might furnish an account of his quaestorship to the Senate.

We are entering the age of great individuals, as we are leaving the age of strong institutions. It was hardly worth while to dwell long upon the characters of the great republicans, for they were all cast in one mould. Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, is a misty figure in a prose epic, but through the glamour of the aureole the commonplace common-sense shrewd and practical Roman is discernible; Cato, with his blue eyes and reddish hair and vigorous speech, is not so much a person as a personification, the personification of the Sabine element in the Roman state; Paulus was only worth sketching, because he was peculiarly typical—*ab uno disce omnes*. But now every person becomes a study of deepest interest. The great forces which were moving irresistibly in the development of the commonwealth are hardly more important in the making of the history than are the personal characteristics of the chief actors.

Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus was quietly elected to the tribunate in 133 B.C. No one who saw him on the day of his election guessed what thoughts were agitating his fervent spirit. To understand him we must enter the circle of that stern Roman family **His father.** in which he was brought up. His father was a noble, sprung from a plebeian branch of the Sempronian *gens*, but an ancestor had been consul in 215 B.C., and he had twice held that office (177 and 163 B.C.), and twice he had triumphed; he had attained also the summit of a Roman noble's ambition, the censorship; and in the south side of the Forum, flanked by the Vicus Tuscus, might be seen the Basilica Sempronia, the permanent memorial of his *lustrum*. He was just the typical Roman over again; possibly a little more cultivated—he could speak Greek as easily as Latin; possibly a little more humane—he won the hearts of the Spaniards for whom he negotiated a favourable treaty with the home government (178 B.C.); and his love to his wife, **the** daughter of Scipio, was celebrated in the story that when **the** augurs said of the two snakes found in his couch, the one killed should portend his death or hers, he promptly killed the **male**, for he did not wish to survive her. But revolutionary thoughts were far from him; as censor in 169 B.C., he regulated the admission

of freedmen to the tribes in the most conservative spirit, confining all who were not possessed of thirty thousand *asses* to the one city tribe *Esquilina*, thus reducing their influence to a minimum. But

Cornelia, his wife, was not an ordinary Roman matron.

**His mother.** She would not be found clamouring at the doors of the *Curia* for the repeal of the *lex Oppia* as hundreds of Roman matrons did, to the vexation of Cato's rigid soul; she would not join in those frantic orgies like the *Bacchanalia*, which, in 186 B.C., had shaken the whole state with undefined terror; but seated in the *atrium* by her husband, obeying that *patria potestas* which placed her and the whole household in his hands for life or for death, she yet exercised that beautiful influence, stimulating and ennobling, which women were supposed to have exercised in the heroic times. She spurred her two surviving sons, Tiberius and Caius, to high endeavours for the public weal, by saying she did not wish to be known only as the mother-in-law of Scipio, who had married her only surviving daughter, but she would be "the mother of the Gracchi." But even she did not dream of all that was to be implied in the title, which she actually won. From their father the lads inherited all the instincts of that proud nobility, to which also they were allied by marrying into the great houses of the *Claudii* and the *Licinii*; from their mother, a lofty energy of purpose. But it was another influence in the home which gave the

bent to their pride and their energy; this was their **Education.** tutor, Blossius of Kyme, a Stoic philosopher, who, like Polybius and Panætius in the household of Paulus, held the sway which the wider Greek culture inevitably established over the Roman mind. From his lips were learnt those lessons in political idealism which were a new and, as it proved, very dangerous element in Rome; he would make the young and ardent minds of the boys familiar with the life work of Agis, and his imitator Cleomenes in Sparta, who attempted to establish a democratic monarchy on the ruins of a corrupt aristocracy by a fairer distribution of landed property among the people. It was the first introduction of Greek political speculation into Rome; it was seized with all the enthusiasm which such ideals can inspire; in the mind of Tiberius it was nourished by a warm and sympathetic nature which was stung to frenzy by the spectacle of injustice.

Let us look now at the social and political condition of Italy as it was presented to the thoughtful but excitable man, who saw before him the prospect of a distinguished career if he would follow in the honourable steps of his father. On his way to Spain, when he was *quæstor*, he passed through Etruria, and he was struck by the appearance of the country. In place of the little farms and homesteads occupied by the *assidui* who formed the armies which fought against Hannibal, he saw vast estates (*latifundia*), reaching to the horizon; in place of those hardy yeomen who once were the strength of the state, he saw large gangs of slaves, who were kept at their work by overseers during the day, and by night were shut up in low and hideous prison-houses (*ergastula*). What had become of the free population? The question was not hard to answer: myriads of them had passed along the road he was then traversing, to perish in the defiles of the Celtiberian mountains owing to the incapacity of the great lords who were quietly annexing their little farms in their absence. Myriads more had found their labour unremunerative; for their produce was undersold in the Roman market owing to the great corn-ships which sailed up the Tiber bringing the *decumæ* of Sicily or the harvests of Sardinia or the lavish gifts of the king of the Nile country. And weary of the labour and the poverty, they had flung their sickles to the ground, taken a few *sestertii* from their great neighbours for their lands, and drifted into the capital, where living was cheap, and where candidates for office were always making it cheaper by their princely doles, and where ample work was to be obtained in the employment of the censors or *ædiles*, and *ennui* was made impossible by the interminable games of the circus and the theatre, or by the fascinating indulgences which abounded in the Suburra. Then, when the *quæstor* passed beyond the boundaries of the thirty-five tribes, he saw much the same causes at work among the "allies of the Latin name," with this additional grievance, that they were sent in larger proportions to the dangerous wars, and got much less of the booty as a reward, and if they migrated to the capital, they could not vote in the *comitia* or rank as genuine citizens, while they were prevented from engaging in trade with any Italians not of their own town by the vexatious regulations of the Roman government.

The quæstor reflected that Etruria was after all better off than the rest of Italy. Campania, Bruttium, and Picenum, since the Hannibalian war had sunk into a condition of political servitude; and in the mountains of Samnium the bitterness of the old hatred was not passed. When he returned from

Slave war  
in Sicily.  
134-132 B.C.

Spain a fresh circumstance sent the iron deeper into his soul. Sicily was on fire with a slave war. Eunus, a Syrian slave, had become king of a united people drawn from all quarters of the globe through the pitiless slave market of Delos. The prætorian governors were defeated one after another. Messina and Tauromenium were in the hands of the slaves; and in 134 B.C. it had come to this, that the consul of the year, C. Fulvius Flaccus, had to be sent against them, and in vain. The political enthusiast

Hopes of  
Gracchus.

saw what threatened his country—the absolute rule of an aristocracy which owed its position to the *latifundia* and slave labour; the reduction of the *populus Romanus* to a swarm of state-fed paupers; and then possibly before long, this insecure government consumed in the conflagration of revolted *ergastula*, or defeated by the combination of outraged and oppressed Italians. And to the eyes of this Rome's first political dreamer appeared the vision of a regenerated Italy, a people united and independent, free and vigorous, able to recall the glories of earlier days, and to retrieve the shame of Numantia, and to make impossible such scenes as were then being enacted in Sicily. Gracchus resolved to be “the founder not of one city only, nor of one family,”—his was not the vulgar ambition of the period which was limited to the creation of a long line of *imagines*, and names in the magisterial *fasti*,—“but of all the peoples of Italy.” With this dream filling his soul, he entered on his tribunate, and at every gathering of the folk in the Forum, the tribune's burning words began to be heard: “The beasts which roam over Italy have each his den, his resting-place; they who fought for Italy have only light and air as their share in it. . . . Called masters of the world, you have not really a clod to call your own.” The enthusiast imagined that in the dissipated, unprincipled *canaille* of the Forum he was addressing the heroes of Sentinum, or at least the veterans of Zama.

At length he brought before the formal *comitia* of the tribes a



scheme of agrarian reform. Like his true model C. Flaminius in 232 B.C., he ignored the prescriptive right of the Senate to sanction intended legislation. In his theory *Lex Agraria* of the constitution the sovereign people were independent of that august body. "Never was a milder and more gentle law proposed to meet a great evil." He made no attack on private property, as the law recognized private property; but he proposed to revive the *lex Licinia*<sup>2</sup> of 367 B.C., which forbade any citizen to occupy more than five hundred jugera of the *publicus ager*, with the further concession that a man might retain two hundred and fifty more for each of two grown-up sons. Any *possessores* who had occupied more must resign it, though compensation should be given, and the land so restored to the state should be allotted in small plots to poorer citizens as inalienable property subject only to a small quit rent.

The legality of the proposal was unquestionable. P. Mucius Scævola, the consul and the most learned jurist of the day, could find no legal objection to it. But it was a revolutionary measure none the less. For two hundred and thirty years the Licinian law had never been enforced; and the great bulk of the land which had come into the power of the government in these two centuries, with the exception of that assigned to the colonies, had remained public land, and had been left in the hands of any great capitalist who chose to occupy on the state conditions. And though it could not be bequeathed like real property, it could be passed from father to son by virtue of a prætorian edict, when it was shown to have been acquired *neque vi, neque clam, neque precario*.

The government had been careless about the matter, only occasionally waking up, as, for instance, in 174 B.C., to send a magistrate to Campania to resist the encroachments of the occupiers.<sup>3</sup> Now Tiberius proposed a commission of three—himself, his brother, and his father-in-law, Appius Claudius, with plenary power to settle which was public land, and to divide it among the poor, not only citizens, but, it is thought, Italians also. The commissioners meant to act in good faith; but acting in good faith on the principle of this old resuscitated law would mean ruin to the land-

<sup>2</sup> Page 82.<sup>3</sup> Livy, xlii. 1, 6.

possessors. The vested interests, which were chiefly to be found in the Senate, for the senators being excluded from trade<sup>4</sup> were

Resistance  
to it.

almost bound to put their capital into land, determined on a desperate resistance. The colleagues of Tiberius were, as tribunes had been for centuries now, as much identified with the senatorial body as the curule magistrates themselves. The tribunate was a step to the other magistracies for those who could claim plebeian blood in their veins. One of the tribunes of the year was C. Octavius, himself a large possessor of public land. He was persuaded to use his veto to prevent the agrarian rogation from being brought before the *comitia*. But the high-souled champion of the people's prerogative was not in that political attitude in which constitutional dogmas have any weight. He fell back on his first principle; whom the people choose, they can reject; let the *comitia* authorize him to depose C. Octavius from his office. That was one of the most fateful moments in Roman history, more fateful than the Allia or Cannæ or the 23rd of August 153 B.C. The whole system of checks and counterchecks was at an end if the veto was to be thus met: the whole method of the republican government, which could not recognize the violability of a magistrate during his term of office, was threatened. Gracchus dimly felt this even in the moment of his overbearing enthusiasm. With tears in his eyes he besought his colleague to give way. Seventeen tribes had voted the deposition; he stopped the voting, and in the presence of the dense throng—all the country tribes had flocked into the city to vote on this great issue,—he flung himself at the feet of Octavius, and offered to compensate him out of his own purse for any loss he should sustain. But when entreaties were in vain, the word was given; at the bidding of the

Deposition  
of the  
Tribune  
Octavius.

sovereign people a freedman removed the sacrosanct tribune. The flood-gates of the revolution were open. The charges of aiming at the crown which were freely brought against Gracchus were unjust enough, but in his action that day the imperial system, a chief citizen resting on the direct choice of the masses, was distinctly foreshadowed.

The law was carried, and the commissioners went to work. Some of the boundary stones which they set up have been found in

<sup>4</sup> Sc. by the Lex Claudia. v. p. 77.

recent times; but they are almost the only thing which could be permanent in a work thus founded on revolution.

When, just at this time, the young king of Pergamus, who entered on the patrimony which his uncle so faithfully kept for him in 138 B.C.,<sup>5</sup> died, bequeathing, it was said, his crown to Rome, and with it all his treasures, Gracchus claimed for the people the right of disposing of the money, and of organizing the new territory as a Roman province. And the money thus coming as a god-send to the tribune was to be applied to stocking the new farms for the poor occupants. This was the most serious attack on the prescriptive rights of the Senate which he could well have made. It had probably never occurred to any one living that the administration of provincial and foreign affairs could be in any other hands than those of the great body which had directed them ever since its wisdom and ability had laid upon the state the duty of directing them. The Senate determined on vengeance; it would be a terrible count for which the tribune would have to answer when he laid down his office at the end of the year and became liable to prosecution according to the principle of the constitution. He saw the danger threatening him; there was no way of escaping it except by inducing the people to re-elect him to the tribuneship for the following year. He began to moot schemes for extending the right of appeal and for abridging military service; and he tried to win the indirect support of the Italians, who swarmed in the city, by holding out a prospect—which must have been in his mind from the beginning—of extending the Roman franchise to all the people of Italy.

The testament of Attalus.

New schemes.

But since 460 B.C., it had been considered unconstitutional for a tribune to be re-elected,<sup>6</sup> and though there was no direct legislation against it, like the law of 342 B.C. which forbade a second consulship without the lapse of ten years from the first, yet it was held to be illegal. And in the case of one who had already shown such a sublime disregard for the spirit of the constitution, such a re-election must have seemed to all genuine conservatives a

<sup>5</sup> The testament of Attalus was a real document which was brought to Rome, but it was probably the forgery of the Roman party in Pergamus.

<sup>6</sup> Livy, iii. 21.

danger to be resisted by all means, lawful or unlawful. We may acquit this eager unselfish spirit of all malignant purpose; but it

**Demand for** is clear to us—it must have been clear to good  
**re-election.** republicans then—that a prolonged tribuneship with such powers as Gracchus had used meant monarchy, and nothing else.

Once the constitutionalists broke up the *comitia* by persuading the tribune not to continue the voting. Then it seemed as if the shadow of his doom fell across the spirit of the reformer; he saw that he had ranged against himself, in order that he might save the state, the very spirit of the state and all the vigour and resolution of a nobility which identified the republic with itself. He put on mourning; that evening he returned to his house full of forebodings, and the people camped in the street at his door to protect their champion from harm. We are in the very atmosphere of ancient Roman feeling, when we accompany him in the morning to the Capitol, where the tribes were to assemble to renew the interrupted voting. As he issued from his atrium, they told him that the sacred chickens of Juno refused to eat that morning; on his own threshold he stumbled, and the blood spirted from the bruised nail; but the bravest of his friends turned pale when, as the group crossed the Forum, two ravens were seen fighting on a roof to the left, which detached a stone that fell at the tribune's feet. All the lore of the haruspices foresaw in such omens the most awful portents. Should he return to his house? No, said Blossius, philosopher and sceptic; and the group climbed the Capitol. The tribes were assembled on the open space in front of the venerable Temple of Jupiter; the Senate was sitting, perturbed and anxious, in the Temple of Fides hard by. As the voting commenced the excitement was terrible. The senatorial party hustled the candidate and his supporters; a whisper was spread that P. Scipio Nasica was leading the senators themselves to do what the consul refused to do, save the republic by murdering the tribune. In the uproar, Gracchus, standing on the temple steps, pointed to his head to signify that his life was endangered. "See, he asks for the crown," cried his foes. Then came a rush from the Temple of Fides, and with the broken benches and writing-tables of the *comitia*, the senators fell upon the devoted tribune, and beat him to

death, while the unmoved statues of the kings and of Brutus the deliverer looked down from their pedestals on this "beginning of civil blood and impunity of the bludgeon in the city of Rome." It was a fellow-tribune that struck the first blow. Tiberius' and three hundred other corpses were dragged round the city, and flung into the Tiber. And the wisest statesman in Rome, P. Scipio Æmilianus, hearing of the deed as he returned from Numantia, had no wiser comment to make on his brother-in-law's fate than the Homeric

*ὡς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε βέβοι.*

It seemed to him that the revolution was stamped out in the very moment when it was beginning; it did not occur to him that a government in which there is no constitutional expression of the views of the opposition was in a perilous case. Tiberius was dead, but the party of reform was alive, and drew strength from the blood of its first martyr.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SHADOW OF THE MONARCHY—C. GRACCHUS (123-121 B.C.).

It gives us a glimpse of the terrible difficulty of reform when we find that the most effective opposition to the agrarian policy of Gracchus came, not from Roman citizens, but from wealthy Italians who had become possessors of public land. The party of reform, which was now adding to its programme the complete equalization of the franchise throughout Italy, found the first article of its programme bitterly resisted by those who were ultimately to be enfranchised. In the absence of clear party-lines of division, the currents and cross-currents of political feeling produced an indescribable agitation.

P. Scipio Æmilianus threw the weight of his influence into the scale of the possessors; and though a successor was appointed to

Scipio. Tiberius Gracchus on the land commission, P. Licinius

Crassus, the father-in-law of C. Gracchus; and though when Appius Claudius died M. Fulvius Flaccus took his place, and in the year 129 B.C. C. Gracchus and Flaccus and Cn. Papirius Carbo were still presumably engaged in the work, their operations were completely paralyzed by a *plebiscitum* which their opponents managed to carry, taking out of the hands of the commissioners the right of deciding which was *publicus ager* and which was unlawfully occupied. The great landowners breathed again, and they hoped that the reform party was now harmless. They were, however, mistaken. Carbo had not carried his measure, which he brought forward as tribune in 132 B.C., to make a re-election to the tribunate legal. It was defeated by the haughty courage of Scipio, who cowed into obedience the "freedmen he himself had, as conqueror, brought to Rome," who formed no small

section of the actual voters in the *comitia*; and very soon Carbo changed sides and became a warm supporter of the government. Crassus too, another of the Gracchan clique (consul in 131 B.C.), had disappeared. Sent to Asia to suppress an insurrection of a bastard son of Attalus II., who was trying to recover the ceded kingdom, with the misfortune which had often before dogged the popular leaders<sup>1</sup> in the field, he had been defeated and slain by the Pseudo-Attalid Aristonicus, and the consul of the following year (130 B.C.), M. Perperna, was sent to accomplish the work of chastisement. But Crassus was a great loss to the reformers, for he was an eloquent speaker and a learned lawyer. Carbo and Crassus had thus vanished from the ranks; but Flaccus remained, and there was the brother of the murdered tribune to reckon with.

Revolt in  
Asia.  
131 B.C.

Meanwhile the one name in Rome which, to some extent, held contending parties together disappeared. Scipio, the hero of Carthage and Numantia, the man who united the rigour of the old *régime* with the sweetness and light of Hellenic culture, who could discipline the licentious soldiery under Numantia, or shine in the charmed circle of Lælius and Polybius, at once the typical noble and the intimate of the popular leaders, the one possible healing and mediating influence in Rome—Scipio was plucked by the hand of the gods from the evil to come, which he might have mitigated, but could hardly have averted. It was in the height of the struggle against the action of the land commission. In the evening he went home to his house near the Forum, agitated with the greatness of the issues at stake. He threw himself on his bed, his writing-tablets and stylus by his side, to jot down notes for the morrow's speech. In the morning his slaves found him motionless in death, and as the bustle of the Forum began for the day it was passed from mouth to mouth that the great Æmilianus had perished. The rumour grew among the *circuli* and in the *convivia* that afternoon that it was the work of a political assassin; but that was merely a rumour. A mightier Hand had withdrawn the man who, like the keystone of an arch, seemed to hold the colliding parties in some kind of equilibrium.

Death of  
Scipio.

Three years later (125 B.C.), the government, as a snub to the

<sup>1</sup> e.g. Flaminius and Varro in the Hannibalian war.

Italians, commanded all strangers to leave Rome; but Flaccus, who was consul next year, came forward with a definite proposal (*the Fulvian rogation*) for giving the franchise to Italy. He was foiled,

and sent to carry the arms of the republic against the  
 Flaccus in Gaul. Salluvii in Southern Gaul, and so to prepare the way

for the creation of the province, from which the greatest of the popular party, Cæsar, was to start on his career. Fregellæ, the old faithful colony in the Volscian land, in bitterness of spirit at the disappointment of the Fulvian rogation, revolted, and was exterminated by the prætor Opimius; but that the government took the opportunity of quietly extending the franchise to some of the discontented we gather from the current census-list, which shows an increase of 76,000 on the previous lustrum. Next year

(124 B.C.) the quæstor, C. Gracchus, suddenly appeared  
 C. Gracchus. from his provincial duties in Sardinia, with certain

burning words of complaint, which he did not hesitate to express when he was cited before the censors for a breach of order. "He had served twelve years in the army instead of ten; he had been kept two years in his quæstorship instead of one." What might this mean? Did the great lords think they could so dispose of a Gracchus in the sour climate of Sardinia? Caius was altogether a more formidable person for a government to deal with than his elder brother. No less an idealist and a patriot and a humanitarian than Tiberius, he was more impetuous, more ardent, more versatile. And he had, what Tiberius had not, the memory of that ruthless murder of the tribune under the eyes of Capitoline Jupiter, a memory which for nine years lay rankling in his fervent soul. His mother wrote to him, saying, "Vengeance is good, but so that it injure not the state. Let him withhold his hand from public life, and suffer her to pass in peace before he began his perilous mission." But vengeance and service to the state were in the mind of Caius inextricably bound up together. In avenging the blood of the people's tribune he would be asserting the people's right against that powerful body, which seemed to him more and more an overbearing and unconstitutional usurper. The people against the Senate—that was his watchword; but by people his great soul understood the people of Italy, if not the people of the provinces too. He was elected tribune.



The fire of his zeal made him master of the people for two years. Constitutionalism had to allow his re-election to the tribunate, we hardly know why. But mounted on the rostra, he <sup>Tribune,</sup> was wellnigh omnipotent. His eloquence thrilled the <sup>123-122 B.C.</sup> multitude. Instead of turning to the right, where, in the old *comitium*, the noble lords seated themselves, he followed the example of C. Licinius Crassus (145 B.C.), and turned full towards the people in the Forum. Instead of standing quietly still while he spoke in the genuine Roman manner he paced up and down the platform in the strong agitation of his spirit, and flung his toga back, moving his arms with all the vivacity of the impassioned orator. His beautiful voice would at times quite carry him away, and it was necessary for him to have a slave standing by with an ivory flute to recall it to its proper key if it sank too low or passed up into a scream of indignation.

But the fickle mob of the Forum was not the *populus* of his imagination; and even when the sturdy rustics flocked in from the country tribes the fluctuating crowd of voters was not a possible engine of government for a great empire. In seeking, therefore, to undermine the actual authority of the Senate on the plea that it was a usurpation, he was attacking the only possible power which could control the state under its changed conditions; in seeking to hand the power over to a democracy, he forgot that the democracy had yet to be made. His proposal for enfranchising all the freemen of Italy should have come first, and then his democracy might have formed a firm foundation of government; but, first or last, that great liberal measure was bound to be wrecked upon the narrow pride of the pauper mob and the equally narrow selfishness of the great lords. And Caius did not mention this scheme until last. His first measure was a *lex Sempronia*, reaffirming the <sup>Leges</sup> old Valerian law of appeal and the more recent <sup>Sempronia.</sup> *Leges Porciae* (195 B.C.), which forbade the execution of a Roman citizen without the order of the Roman people; and condemnation was passed on any one who actually had put to death a citizen unheard. P. Popillius Lænas, the consul of 132 B.C., thought it wise to withdraw at once from the city, to avoid the inevitable sentence. Thus Tiberius and his followers were avenged. He now turned his attention to the sovereign people to see if it could be trained or

cajoled into a genuine sovereign. He carried the first *lex Frumentaria* which was ever introduced into Rome. Why, he thought, should the nobility enjoy all the advantages of the provincial dominion which the swords of the people had won? While the *publicus ager* was being distributed to those who were inclined to agriculture—and he took means to restore the working of his brother's law to its first efficiency—he determined that the citizens and shopkeepers who remained in the city should reap their share of the benefits of empire. In great corn depôts (*Semproniana Horrea*) near the quays of the Emporium he stored the produce from Sicily, Sardinia, Asia, and Egypt, and had it sold to all genuine citizens at half-price. Each man could purchase five modii (equal to a bushel and a quarter) every month at the cost of six and one-third *asses* (equal to  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) per modius. It was a short-sighted scheme, which illustrates the economical ignorance of antiquity. Possibly he was following in the steps of Pericles, whose legislation Blossius had made familiar to him. Like Pericles, he wished to dock the great council of its powers, and to furnish some kind of pay to the citizens who bore on their shoulders the burden of government. It shows the danger of ideal politics. Rome was not Athens, nor could Gracchus be Pericles. The only result of paying the citizens thus was to turn the city population into the most shameless kind of paupers. Their demoralization Caius was himself soon to experience. The optimates<sup>2</sup> resisted the law because "it drew the people from industry to laziness, and exhausted the treasury." They happened to be sound economists for once; but their political economy was, we may surmise, an after-thought. A less objectionable way of relieving the congestion of poverty in the capital was his scheme for sending colonies to Capua and Tarentum and other parts of Campania and Apulia, not garrison-colonies like the burgess and Latin settlements, but peaceful agricultural colonies; and one of his grand imperial ideas must have crossed his mind when he proposed to send such colonies beyond Italy, to the site of Carthage, for instance, and to make all the colonists full Roman citizens. It was on this truly great purpose that his life-work was wrecked. Like Appius and Flaminius, old leaders of popular movements, Caius bestowed great pains on the road communications of the

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the party of nobles, or senatorial party.

peninsula. He was not anxious about them as military routes, but as means of developing the resources of the interior. Certainly he had no idea of calling the people from industry to laziness. His energy was unbounded. He might be seen always surrounded by a throng of contractors, designers, and artists. It was a new conception of personal government which was entering into the state.

But he meditated a more direct attack upon the senatorial position, to understand which we must try to get some notion of Roman judicial arrangements. Private disputes (*controversiæ*) in Rome were settled before a nominee of the prætor, or in some minor cases before the old centumviral court, which was formed of deputies, three from each tribe. Crimes (*maleficia*) were directly punishable by the magistrate, but the Valerian law of appeal forbade him to inflict capital punishment unless his sentence were confirmed by the *comitia centuriata*. This direct jurisdiction by the people was gradually found to be cumbrous and unsatisfactory, and the practice grew up of inviting the people to appoint commissions of enquiry instead of themselves hearing and deciding the case. A further and highly important step was taken when a law was carried fixing for one class of offences a permanent form of procedure. This step was taken in 149 B.C., when the increasing number of charges against provincial administrators for malversation led the tribune, L. Calpurnius Piso, to push through a measure for the constitution of a permanent court, *quæstio perpetua repetundarum*, to deal with these cases. We must remember that popular justice is never legal justice; many other considerations were, in a Roman court, taken into account besides the things which were pertinent to the charge. Thus judicial prosecutions became a very common political weapon. Cato, the censor, was brought before the courts forty times; and to take an instance from the current period, when the nobility wished to prevent C. Gracchus from standing for the tribunate they brought a legal charge against him of exciting the revolt of Fregellæ, though probably no one supposed he was guilty for a moment. To be a *iudex*, then, was to occupy a position of great political influence. To retain the control of the Court of *Repetundæ* was a matter of the first importance for that body, which consisted of provincial governors, past or expectant. If

Judicial  
law.

their enemies should be on the bench, charges would be made and they would be condemned, however innocent they might be. They could scarcely be expected to take into account, that if they themselves were on the bench they would be acquitted however guilty they might be. Hitherto the *judices* had always been senators. Caius now enacted that they should all be non-senators. In future the roll of judges was to be made up from those citizens who possessed the highest census of four hundred thousand sesterces, but were not of senatorial rank. These capitalists, owing to the legislation of Gracchus, gradually consolidated into a kind of third estate, standing between the Senate and the people. And

because the old arrangement of eighteen equestrian centuries of men provided with a public horse had gradually been superseded by the cavalry drawn from the wealthier citizens, who kept their own horses though they received treble pay, these wealthier citizens as a whole were called Equites, and the estate which henceforward begins to define and concentrate itself was called the Equestrian Order.

The *equites*, then, became the *judices* of the courts, but there was a grave objection to this, an objection which Caius himself did something to aggravate. We must turn our eyes to the East. When Aristonicus was overthrown, the consul for 129 B.C., M'. Aquillius, and ten commissioners were sent to Pergamus to organize

The province  
of Asia.

the new territory as a province. The province was, like Africa, called after the name of the continent to which it belonged—a significant fact, for it meant that when Rome had her foot on a continent she was likely to go further. The province of Asia was rejoicing in the new *régime*, when C. Gracchus, in order to strengthen the commercial order with which he hoped to counterbalance the Senate, persuaded the tribes to adopt a new scheme for the taxation of the rich dependency. It was paying *decumæ* and *quintæ*, like Sicily; but Caius proposed that the collection of these tithes should be farmed to companies of Roman *equites*. The censor must put the contract up to auction, and it must go to the highest bidder. The same system of deputy-taxation was applied to the gathering of the indirect revenue, the customs and port dues and the like. To win a party to his policy, the tribune thus renounced in the name of the state

the direct assessment of the provincials, and handed them over, not, as in Sicily, to native collectors, but to the cruelty and rapacity of Roman *publicani*. And by the new arrangement of the courts a virtual immunity was secured for their exactions. If a court of ex-governors was likely to deal tenderly with an incapable governor, how much more was a court of speculators likely to defend the enormities of their fellow-extortioners? The *esprit de corps* of governors-general is likely at least to be more exalted in principle than the *esprit de corps* of tax-gatherers.

One more blow did the Sempronian legislation strike at the proud dignity of prescriptive privilege. The Senate had always exercised great influence on the provincial appointments, for it had rested with them to declare which provinces should be allotted to the consuls and which to the prætors on the expiration of their year of office. Caius now required the Senate to settle before the elections, and therefore without personal considerations, which should be the consular and which the prætorian provinces. To escape patronage he was willing that the matter should be settled by haphazard; or rather, he gave to the government an additional reason for manipulating the elections.

The Senate was humbled, the people was exalted; but by the people Caius meant, as we saw, the people of Italy. In the second year of his tribunate he proposed that all freemen of the Latin name should be made full citizens, and that even the other Italian freemen should receive the right of voting in the *comitia*. His unselfish soul had never dreamed that the mob who shouted for reform would shout still more strenuously for their own privileges. His eloquent tongue descanted on the grievances of the *allies*, as they were still called, in mockery as it seemed. A peasant of Venusia passed a harmless jest upon the litter of a young Roman nobleman, and the dainty exquisite had him whipped to death with the litter-thonga. A Roman consul was travelling in Campania; at Teanum Sidicinum his wife had a fancy for a bath; her ladyship ordered the local *duumvir*, M. Marius, to clear the public baths of the citizens and place them at her disposal; she thought him slow in executing the order; she therefore had him stripped and flogged in his own market-place. Surely, urged the tribune, there was smouldering danger for the

Provincial  
appoint-  
ments.

Italian  
franchise.

peace of Italy in the hearts of men who were treated thus. For every two Roman citizens there were three Italian freemen: they had served in that proportion in the wars of the republic. Expediency and justice, not to mention humanity, demanded their reception into the state. It was all in vain: the good Roman citizen was not an idealist or sentimentalist because his tribune was; he had no mind to share his honours and his cheap bread with the municipal clowns. The consul, C. Fannius, ordered all non-citizens to quit the city, and the measure was thrown out.

The doom of C. Gracchus was sealed. A fellow tribune, M. Livius Drusus, began to outbid him in the *comitia* with wild

Drusus  
outbids  
Gracchus.

promises which were not intended to be fulfilled. When Caius returned from the work of founding Junonia (the new Carthage) he was received coldly by every one. He moved from his house on the Palatine to one in the Forum, close to the Suburra. Once he forcibly levelled some seats which the ædiles were erecting for the gladiatorial show in the Forum, that the poor might see as well as the rich. But the practical and selfish Romans had deserted the idealist; he failed in securing his re-election to the tribunate, and the new consul for 121 B.C., L. Opimius, was his bitter foe. The government were now resolved to be rid of him; they chose as their battle-ground the colonial question, the founding of Junonia on the site of Carthage which had been solemnly cursed.

The tribes assembled on the Capitol again, an evil omen, to decide this issue between the ex-tribune and the Senate. C.

Death of  
C. Gracchus.

Gracchus was pacing up and down under a portico which P. Scipio Nasica, his brother's murderer, had built, when an apparitor of the consuls, Antullius by name, passed, bearing a dish of entrails from the altar in the Temple of Jupiter. "Room for good citizens!" he cried. And the friends of Gracchus struck him down for the implied insolence. Caius protested, and in his protest it was said he interrupted a tribune who was speaking, an indictable offence. A tumult arose, but Jupiter Pluvius for that day dispersed the crowds with a storm of rain. It was a fearful night in Rome. The house of Caius was guarded by his friends; on the Palatine the senators were breathing vengeance. Next day the body of Antullius was brought to the Curia Hos-

tilia and the outraged Senate gave to the consuls the injunction which implied revolution<sup>2</sup> "to see that no harm should happen to the state." Flaccus, the warmest partisan of Caius, now armed his followers with the weapons in his *atrium* which he had taken from the Salluvian Gauls; and the rabble streamed through the Velabrum and occupied the Aventine, the ancient citadel of plebeian rights. Caius felt no longer safe in the Forum, overshadowed by the Temple of Castor and Pollux which the consul had occupied as a guard-house, and he joined Flaccus on the Aventine. There was civil war in the streets of Rome. Opimius, with some Cretan archers who were present in the city, attacked the Aventine; the Senate seized on the younger of the sons of Flaccus, who had been sent to mediate; the Curia could not treat with an enemy on the sacred soil. The rabble of Flaccus was easily dispersed, and he with his eldest son was slain. Caius knelt in the Temple of Diana, and invoked upon his ungrateful countrymen perpetual discord; then escaping down the steep slope of the Aventine towards the river, he sprained his ankle, and with difficulty reached the Porta Trigemina, but it was closed against him; he fled up the river bank to the Pons Sublicius and two devoted friends sold their lives in holding the bridge against his pursuers; but over the river, he found himself unable to fly further, and turning into the grove of Furina, he persuaded his sole surviving follower to slay him. Satuleius found the dead body there, and filling the head with lead, he secured from the government its weight in gold; a plebeian who brought the head of Flaccus was cheated of his reward. Among the three thousand slain was the innocent lad who came as a mediator from Flaccus; the victorious party were determined to show that henceforth they meant to draw the lines around themselves more strictly and to treat with ruthless ferocity all who ventured to assail them. The dispersed rabble of Flaccus showed clearly to every observant eye that the next time the popular party contemplated reform, it must take the precaution of providing itself with an army; the tribune must have a general with him, or he must himself be a general.

<sup>2</sup> *Ne quid detrimenti res publica caperet.*

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE JUGURTHINE WAR (109-104 B.C.).

The sword begins to appear by the side of the crown.

THE consul, L. Opimius, celebrated the restoration of "order" by dedicating a new Temple of Concord on the Capitoline. Near it he also erected a new basilica, as if the reign of peace and the nobles. of law were now established upon the surest foundations. Cornelia withdrew to her villa near the Cape Misenum, and would tell to the crowds of visitors who came to see her—among the rest Egyptian Ptolemæus, who came to seek her hand—the tale of her two sons, "as if she were narrating some ancient story," says Plutarch. The Gracchi, it seems, were a memory and nothing more. And for ten years, at any rate, the nobility enjoyed the victory which they had gained by the butchery of the followers of Caius. They succeeded in vitally modifying the Agrarian law; the inalienability of the holdings was removed. This inalienability, though economically indefensible, was the only means by which a small proprietary could be maintained in the presence of the *grande culture* which slavery made possible; and rapidly the old evils reappeared. The small farms disappeared "like drops in the ocean." In three years time further assignments were legally prohibited, and in 111 B.C., the *lex Baebia* turned all the *publicus ager* which was under occupation into private land, and abolished even the tithes which hitherto the possessors had paid to the treasury. From this sweeping measure only the *Ager Campanus et Stellatis* escaped. And thus the land question which was opened by Sp. Cassius in 495 B.C. finally closed. Henceforth a new land question emerges, and every agrarian law has

End of the  
old agrarian  
controversy.



first to provide land for distribution, since the domain lands are all surrendered. In 104 B.C. L. Philippus found that the land in the state was owned by less than two thousand owners; in this way the fond dream of the Gracchi had vanished.

The governing nobility had other triumphs; they procured the recall of P. Popillius Lænas, and thus virtually vindicated the murder of Tiberius, and by bringing L. Opimius before the courts, and getting one of their number, the renegade Carbo, to defend him and secure his acquittal, they virtually vindicated the murder of Caius. It appears too, though our authorities are so jejune that we have to reconstruct the history of the period by inference and conjecture, that the Senate had successfully reasserted its prescriptive right to sanction bills before they were brought before the *comitia*, otherwise we cannot understand why the tribune of **C. Marius**, 119 B.C., C. Marius, found it necessary to overcome **tribune**. the opposition of the Senate to his proposal for checking the corruption at elections, by threatening to throw both the consuls into prison.

Moreover, the foreign policy of the government was carried on with a vigorous hand. From 125 to 115 B.C. the Roman arms were constantly engaged in the conflict which was initiated by the treaty obligations to the Massiliots in Southern Gaul. The object to be gained was primarily the construction of a land route for the legions from the Alps to the Pyrenees, and through the barbarous tribes little by little the solid stoneblocks and the raised causeways of the Roman "street" were carried all along the coast. In the year of C. Gracchus' first tribunate (123 B.C.), the proconsul, C. Sextius, after a great victory over the Arvernian King Bituitus, erected a castle near the warm springs which were thenceforth called *Aquæ Sextiæ*. Two years later (121 B.C.) the consul, Q. Fabius Maximus, won his surname *Allobrogicus* by another victory on the Isère over the united hosts of the Arverni and *Allobroges*; and the pompous bulletin of the conqueror declared that one hundred thousand Gauls were dead on the field. Already the province of *Gallia Narbonensis* was shaping itself since the successes of Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, the consul of 122 B.C.; and it was he who gave his name to the great military road, the *Via Domitia*, which now marked the course which Hannibal had

followed when he invaded Italy. In 118 B.C. the government sent a colony to Narbo, and though the Massiliots were left in complete independence, we must date from that event the **New province of Gaul.** creation of the new province. In Dalmatia, too, the Roman power was consolidated by the campaign of Tuditanus in 129 B.C., and that of L. Cæcilius Metellus in 119 B.C., who won by his successes the surname Delmaticus.

Surely the nobility who had triumphed over the popular movement were justifying their victory, and might in the new Temple of Concord offer sacrifices of thanksgiving over the restored harmony of the state! The appearances were all deceptive. A wit who scrawled a grim joke upon the temple door—

*Ἔργον ἀπορίας νῆδον θυμολας ποιεῖ—*

understood the state of feeling much better than the great lords; "the shrine of urbanity was the work of insanity." The truth was, the work of the Gracchi was not really finished. They had discovered the fatal flaw in the constitution; under their hands the dormant elements of antagonism had bristled up and confronted each other, and though for a moment all seemed at peace again, they could never really be allayed. "The two parties, the popular and the senatorial," says Sallust,<sup>1</sup> "fronted each other, and the commonwealth lay torn between them." The cowed democrats were watching their opportunity. The nobility, growing every year more exclusive, more corrupt, more infatuated, supposed that they could always do as they had done in 123 B.C.; but let them make any great blunder, and the couched lion in the Forum would spring upon them. In the year 114 B.C., the blunders began, and soon after the whole state was embroiled by a war, unimportant in itself, but important because it displayed the inherent faults of the nobility and gave to the democrats not only an opportunity, but a general.

In 115 B.C., it seemed as if the noble families had it all their own way. L. Metellus and Cn. Domitius were censors; they purged the Senate of thirty-two unworthy members, and restored to the scenic amusements of the people an antique simplicity. Another Metellus was consul; but indeed at this time, as Nævius the poet said, "the Metelli were

Aspect of  
affairs in  
115 B.C.

<sup>1</sup> Jugurtha, chap. xli.

appointed to the consulship by Fate: "hardly a year passed but one of this great plebeian family was enrolled in the Fasti. The other consul of the year was M. Æmilius Scaurus, the leading man in the Senate (*princeps Senatus*), and he was carrying through a genuinely aristocratic sumptuary law, which prescribed not only the price, but actually the kinds, of food, which citizens might eat. In the prætorship was a *protégé* of the great family of the Metelli, a man from Arpinum, of good country extraction, but rough and uncultured for Roman society; a soldier on whom Scipio had laid his hand at Numantia as one marked for great things; one who could not have held this high office but for the countenance of his lordly benefactors. This was C. Marius.

There was only one cloud on the senatorial horizon. In 118 B.C. had died Micipsa, the son of Masinissa, King of Numidia, Rome's old ally in the Punic war. His kingdom he had left divided between his two sons Hiempsal and Adherbal <sup>Numidia.</sup> and their cousin, the illegitimate son of his brother, Jugurtha; but Jugurtha had assassinated Hiempsal, and then taken up arms against Adherbal. The Roman government could not tolerate this disorder upon the frontier of their African province; a commission had been sent, at the request of Adherbal, who came to Rome to secure protection, and the vast territory from the Mulucha to the province had been divided into two portions. Jugurtha received the western half, Adherbal the part which touched the Roman possessions, with the strong central capital Cirta, built on a high plateau, circled by an arm of the river Ampsagas.

Even this cloud, the threat of a colonial war, seemed clearing away; and the consular elections for 114 B.C. passed off quietly. One of the new consuls, C. Porcius Cato, was <sup>Clouds on</sup> despatched into Thrace to settle some disturbances <sup>the horizon.</sup> which threatened the Macedonian frontier. The first news which reached Rome about the expedition was that he and his army had been intercepted by the barbarous host of the Scordisci and utterly annihilated. The public mind became horribly agitated, and the excitement was intensified when the daughter of a knight, Helvia, was struck dead by lightning on the public road. A scare was created, that three vestal virgins, belonging to the three noble families Æmilia, Marcia, Licinia, had committed incest with

certain Roman knights. The Pontifex Maximus, L. Cæcilius Metellus, investigated the matter, acquitted two, condemning one only to a slight penalty, and a temple was erected to Venus, the turner of hearts, who restrained maidens from unchastity.

113 B.C. But the following year, the consul, Cn. Papirius Carbo, was sent against the hordes of the Teutones and Cimbri which were rolling past the gates of Italy, and he was utterly defeated by them and robbed of his camp. The old, long-dormant terror of the Allia revived. Indignation began to grow against the government, which now had to pay for its monopoly of privilege by incurring the responsibility of even unavoidable disaster. The popular party lifted up its head; and by a bold invasion of the rights of the nobility, the tribune, S. Peducæus, demanded that the accused vestals should be recommitted to trial before a court of the people. It was a political manœuvre, and no one was concerned with the innocence or guilt of the noble ladies, who though condemned on the evidence of tortured slaves, were probably not buried alive in the old rigorous fashion; it was enough that the sovereign people had claimed a right to override even the religious jurisdiction of the chief pontiff. But the little clique of haughty nobles was not capable of taking the warning.

Meanwhile, after four years of peace, the arrangement in Numidia had broken down. Jugurtha attacked Adherbal, and,

114 B.C. almost before the eyes of a senatorial commission  
Jugurtha. under Scaurus, sent to protest against his action, besieged his unhappy and faint-hearted cousin (112 B.C.) in Cirta, which was surrendered by the Italian merchants in the town, and crucified him. On the news of this atrocity, the Forum blazed into fierce wrath; the conviction seized the minds of the citizens that the government had been bought by the gold of Jugurtha to permit the outrage. The far-seeing Numidian had, before the walls of Numantia, become very intimate with certain Roman noblemen, and they had encouraged him in his ambition by the assurance that the leading senators, in whose hands were the reins of government, were always willing to overlook *peccadillos* for a consideration. The feeling of the people found a voice in the tribune, C. Memmius, a man of noble connections, but

chafing under the government of the oligarchy. He mounted the rostra as the avowed heir of the Gracchi; and the eager tribes suddenly asserted their sovereignty. The prescriptive rights of the Senate vanished at a touch; the Roman people, not the Roman government, declared war against Jugurtha.

The tribes  
declare war  
on him.

It was only a faint attack on the nobility at present. They had just (112 B.C.) to some extent retrieved their position, for M. Livius Drusus had chastised the Scordisci, and carried the legions for the first time to the waters of the Danube. No one proposed to deprive them of the management of the war, but it was a thing full of significance that the people had taken out of their hands the declaration of the war.

How little the great nobles were to be trusted with a difficult campaign—and a difficult campaign it was, to conquer a united country as large as Italy, yet intersected with bands of desert—the event was quickly to show. The consul, L. Calpurnius Bestia, who as tribune had procured the recall of Lænas, enrolled in his suite, not able soldiers but noble lords among the rest L. Æmilius Scaurus whose great names would cover any delinquencies of his own. Such a staff would have been useless if it had not become customary for a consul who had no personal knowledge of the art of war to take some underling from the ranks as his private *attaché*, who could point out to him what ought to be done.

This drawing-room army arrived in Africa, and almost immediately came to terms with their friend, and the republic's enemy, Jugurtha. This was more than the people could bear.

Memmius insisted on a public inquiry. A messenger was sent to Africa to invite Jugurtha to appear in Rome, with the expectation that he would incriminate Bestia and his staff. Jugurtha came, probably thinking that he could bribe the government to ratify the treaty and confirm him in the possession of the sole throne. He had no idea—how could an outsider have any idea?—that there was any other power to reckon with in Rome except the group of venal senators. It was a strange sensation for this wild and irresponsible autocrat of the desert to find himself face to face with the surging mob of the Forum; he did not understand constitutional proceedings, but he quickly compre-

111 B.C.  
Corruption  
and bribery.

hended the constitutional machinery, and actually bribed a tribune, C. Bæbius, to veto his speaking to the people; thus he was in no danger of incriminating himself or his patrons. The popular party meant to divide Numidia again into two; and they had in their hands a Numidian prince, Massiva, who was destined for Adherbal's throne. Jugurtha thought the simplest way out of this difficulty was to murder Massiva; and this he accomplished in Rome itself. Jugurtha had now to leave Rome, followed by yells of execration from the outraged people. This many-headed, unbribeable monster he did not understand; but the governing class he understood admirably. "O venal city," he exclaimed, "ripe for consumption, if only a *purchaser* can be found."

It was not, however, only the venality of the rich which exposed the state to danger; it was also the inherent administrative defects, which, now that the machinery was getting out of gear, were aggravated by every hap. Sp. Albinus, who succeeded

110 B.C.

Bestia in the command, had to return towards the close of the year to conduct the consular *comitia*, leaving as his deputy Aulus his brother. He was detained longer than usual, because government had been brought to a deadlock by two ambitious tribunes, who, forbidden to seek re-election after the manner of C. Gracchus, had interposed their veto in the Curia and the *comitia*. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the impossibility of the present situation. Aulus, left to himself, by a hazardous

Defeat of  
A. Albinus.

march, incurred at Jugurtha's hands a shameful defeat; he and his army passed under the yoke. It was whispered that this disgrace had been facilitated by Roman centurions, who had actually accepted Jugurtha's bribes. The fury in the Forum was ungovernable. By the Mamilian rogation, a commission of inquiry was appointed, in spite of the opposition of the government, who, deserted by the great body of citizens, attempted to hinder the measure by the indirect influence of the Italians, numbers of whom were always present, though unable to vote, in the *comitia*. Strange to say, Scaurus was one of the commissioners (*quæsitores*). But it shows there was yet some conscience left among the nobility, that L. Bestia, Sp. Albinus, C. Cato, and L. Opimius were condemned. The government began to wake up; it was no time for trifling; the Cimbri were again rolling near

to the Italian frontier and demanding lands from their "brothers-in-arms, the children of Mars." Q. Cæcilius Metellus was sent to Africa, who took with him amongst his subalterns, the *protégé* of his family, C. Marius. He was a vigorous disciplinarian and proof against Jugurtha's gold. But how changed were the manners of Rome since the days of Fabricius! The main energies of the new commander, after giving to the army some colour of military discipline, as Scipio at Numantia and even Paulus in Macedonia had been obliged to do, were directed to corrupting the friends of Jugurtha to betray their master to him; and the most painful feature of the story is that Sallust, Cæsar's friend, who is the historian of this war, seems quite unconscious of the turpitude of such an attempt. When Metellus entered Numidia from the province, he very nearly incurred a disastrous defeat on the Muthul, from which he was saved mainly by the vigour of his two subalterns, P. Rutilius Rufus and C. Marius, and an attempt on Zama, which lay very near to the Roman frontier, completely failed. But Metellus had at any rate convinced the Numidian that the Roman nobility had changed their minds, and were in earnest. Jugurtha made offers of peace, handing over, we may assume, many towns, and even the strongly situated capital Cirta; beside, he gave a large indemnity, and surrendered all the Roman deserters, who were buried in the ground up to their waists, and treated as targets for the *pila* of their old comrades. But when he was required to surrender himself, and when he found that Metellus was tampering with his friends to put him to death, he flew to arms again. His position was not so favourable as it was, for a great part of Eastern Numidia had passed into Roman hands during the negotiations; but he was reinforced by the alliance of his western neighbour, Bocchus, the king of Mauretania. Metellus was preparing to corrupt this new friend of Jugurtha's, when he received intelligence from Rome which led him in a paroxysm of tears to throw down his command and quit the army. Nor need we wonder that a Metellus should weep, when C. Marius had been elected to the consulship; he had told his humble friend that he might wait to be consul as a colleague with the young Metellus, who was then twenty. Little could he dream

108 B.C.

Metellus in  
Africa.

108 B.C.

Marius.

Elected consul.

that by then Marius would have been six times consul. Marius had insisted on going to Rome to try his chances in the consular *comitia*. He appeared as the champion of the people against senatorial incapacity; and the sting of Metellus' contemptuous taunt gave a peculiar venom to his rough rhetoric. It struck the crowd on the Forum that they had at last found their general. "The mother of the Gracchi," said Mirabeau, "flung the dust of her murdered sons into the air, and out of it sprang C. Marius." Here was the true heir to the Gracchi, armed not with constitutional weapons, but with the inflexible and pitiless spirit of the Roman soldier; when Marius became the recognized nominee of the democratic party, it was clear that party struggles would before long mean civil war. And Marius was altogether the man of the people; they returned him in the *comitia centuriata*; then they

Sent to  
Numidia by  
the tribes.

trooped to the *comitia tributa*, and flinging to the winds the senatorial arrangements for the provinces, they, the sovereign people, commanded that he should go to Numidia, and L. Cassius should go to Gaul. He was altogether the man of the people. When he came to raise levies to follow him to the field, he did not by choice draw from the five ancient classes, men of substance, citizens first and soldiers afterwards, but from the proletariat, men numbered by the head (*capite cens*) sansculottes, to whom Rome meant cheap bread and fine spectacles, but who were ready to put Marius for Rome if Marius meant the boundless loot of the battlefield. It was a change hardly observed at the time, but the man of the people had enlisted an army of men who were Marians first and Romans after. And the new army he organized in a new way; henceforth the old four lines, *hastati*, *principes*, *triarii*, and *accensi*, and the troop of burgess cavalry which formed the legion, disappear. The thirty maniples make way for the ten cohorts arranged in two lines of five each;

Change in  
constitution  
of the army.

and all the six thousand soldiers of the legion are armed with the pilum; the light-arms and cavalry are outside the legion and usually foreign auxiliaries; and in place of the old four standards, the wolf, the ox-man's head, the horse, and the boar, the legion clusters round its sacred eagle. The man of the people at once prepares to be Imperator. Metellus had more cause to weep than perhaps he could have divined.



Yet it was not in Africa that Marius was to win his laurels. Metellus came home and enjoyed a triumph, and received the name Numidicus, apparently for not having been defeated by the Numidian! Marius accomplished little more. He captured a town in the desert, named Capsa, and pitilessly slew every male, as an example; he marched six hundred miles through the desert to the Mulucha, and captured a hill fortress through the daring of a Ligurian auxiliary; but in marching back through the inhospitable country it was all his skill could do to save his army from being cut off by the forces of Jugurtha and Bocchus. It seemed as if the people's favourite would have to return to Rome with no better results than Metellus had obtained; the sword of a Marius could not smite the flying Numidian horse; with Jugurtha at large nothing was gained by marching from end to end of that dreary Numidian desert. But hope lay in the faithlessness of Bocchus. Jugurtha offered him a third of Numidia for his aid; perhaps the Romans would offer him two-thirds, or the whole, for his treachery. He made a proposal to put his son-in-law into the hands of Marius if he would send a trustworthy lieutenant to receive him. It was a delicate mission, for Bocchus might alter his mind and hand the lieutenant over to Jugurtha. But there was a quæstor in the suite of Marius, a young debauchee of noble birth, keen and active and perfectly intrepid, whenever the occasion demanded it, whose name was L. Cornelius Sulla. He it was who now brought Jugurtha safe to the camp of Marius. It was a noble after all who captured the foe, but in what way, by what disreputable and underhand means, it must have made the shade of Cato shudder to think. Bocchus was rewarded with the western part of Numidia up to the river Ampsaga. The Roman province was not enlarged, but on the throne of Adherbal was placed a sickly youth named Gauda, from whom the Romans need fear no danger.

The year 105 B.C. was drawing to its close before this settlement was completed; and when Marius took ship for Rome he had already, in his absence, been named to a second consulship; a trembling nobility had, without daring to protest, flung into the hands of the hated upstart the task of defending Italy to

which they felt themselves unequal. But surely it was a monarchy hardly disguised when the old form of canvassing was disregarded, and the first soldier of the republic was, despite the law which placed ten years between holding the consulship a first and a second time, called to the first magistracy. Terribly was the gibe of Metellus recoiling on the head of him and of his friends. Thus, on the same day, the Kalends of January, Marius led Jugurtha in triumph up the Sacred Way, and was

invested with the *imperium* for another and much more arduous war. Even the hardest heart in Rome must have been moved to some feeling of pity as the

vigorous and daring Numidian king, who for thirty years had been a familiar name in the city, was led aside from the triumphal train when it began to mount the Capitol, and thrust into the dark vault at the foot of the Gemonian stairs. "How cold is this bath!" he exclaimed, as he felt the clammy air of the Tullianum chilling his African blood. For six days the faint moans of the starving man were heard by the frequenters of the Forum—penetrated possibly to the Senate-house, where they whom he had bribed with his gold were deliberating on the outfit of his conqueror; then there was silence in the Tullianum. Jugurtha had expiated his crimes, as they who had deceived him were before long to expiate theirs at the hands of the same stern minister of wrath, C. Marius. We must now turn to ask why the government had so readily acquiesced in the second consulship of their inveterate foe.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE CIMBRI AND THE TEUTONES (104—101 B.C.).

WE have already seen how the Teuton first met the Roman in the year 109 B.C. Nor can we repress some feeling of pride to find that our forefathers from the German forests could strike terror even into the legions of Rome. But these <sup>The Teutones.</sup> great nomadic nations, unlike the Gauls, were not thirsting for the tinsel of booty but for land on which to settle. In the ponderous waggons which followed the host were the large-limbed blue-eyed wives of the warriors and their fair-haired children; a homestead, a township, not a great city, was the object of their quest. What movement on the Baltic shore or among the Slavonic tribes of the East had set the great wave rolling, we cannot say; but we watch with a peculiar interest the hordes of gigantic folk, armed with iron sword and spear, with helmets surmounted by the head of a wild beast open-jawed, or by a tuft of plumes, moving westward from the field where Carbo was beaten, crossing the Rhine, and leaving in Gaul the terror of their name to linger until the days of Caesar. Cimbri and Teutones were both of the Germanic stock, but Ambrones and Tigurini joined their Celtic war-scream to the deep-bayed battle-cry born of the trackless forests of the Elbe. The united host loomed on the frontier of the Roman province; and when the consul, M. Junius Silanus (109 B.C.), gave them no welcome, they proved that they were ready to make good their claim to land by sweeping his army from the field. Nay, the Celtic Tigurini alone, two years <sup>Roman defeats.</sup> later (107 B.C.), overthrew the consul, L. Cassius Longinus, in the valley of the Garonne, and slew him. A new thrill of hope passed

through the Celtic nations, the Allobroges, the Arverni, whose king Bituitus had been taken by guile and led in triumph by Fabius, the Aedui who had avoided conquest by an alliance with the republic, and even the long-conquered people of the Po Valley. The town of Tolosa, where an untold treasure was hoarded by the greedy and avaricious Gauls, rose against the remnants of the defeated Roman army; but the consul, Q. Servilius Cæpio (106 B.C.), having struck a blow for the nobility in Rome by carrying a *lex Servilia* to restore the law courts in part to the senators, appeared suddenly at Tolosa and captured the treasure. It was, however, one thing to defend aristocratic privilege and in aristocratic fashion to lay hands on the gold, quite another thing to face the moving nations which again began to hang on the horizon. His legate, a M. Scaurus, was

captured by the Cimbrian Boiorix, and warned the

king not to attack the unconquerable Romans, whereupon the German slew the Italian, and before the year was out he cast a lurid light upon the untimely boast. Cæpio, the proconsul, was not minded to co-operate with the new consul, Cn. Mallius

Maximus, and while the two noble gentlemen indulged their private differences, on the black-letter day, the day before the Nones of October, the Cimbri fell upon

the armies of Rome, at Arausio it is supposed, and stayed not the carnage till they had stretched 80,000 men upon the field. This was the climax; all Italy shuddered, and as before when Hannibal threatened the Alps, all Italy became as one man. The nobility were utterly silenced; they did not venture to protest when the excited tribes deposed the noble Cæpio from his proconsular authority, a thing never before done, and next year, by the *lex Cassia*, decreed that a magistrate deposed from his office should be struck off the roll of senators, and next year prosecuted him on the charge of having stolen the treasure of Tolosa, and rigorously investigated his quarrel with Mallius. In the days that followed the defeat at Arausio the popular party which had sent Marius to Numidia loudly demanded that their favourite should go to face the Germans; he alone could save Rome, they were persuaded; and the cowed senators had nothing to say. Thus Marius was consul for the second time. Italy was roused, but it was not now the Senate, it was the people, that was the head and the heart of the enthusiasm. None who could bear

105 B.C.

Terrible  
defeat at  
Arausio.

arms were suffered to leave the country, and the legions were filled with who might be got (*militēs tumultuarii*, the troops raised to meet a *tumultus Gallicus*). The conqueror of Jugurtha marched to meet the Teuton, with Sulla still as legatus in his army, but the Teuton had vanished—the waggons had lumbered along the Via Domitia to the Pyrenees; the restless host, eager to follow the line of least resistance, tried to anticipate by centuries the work of the Vandal, and to conquer Spain. But Marius sat down on the banks of the Rhone, and, practical soldier as he was, prepared his army for the work which must come to them soon; he made the men dig a great canal to facilitate the traffic from Marseilles, for the river was silted up; and still in the name of a village of Provence (Foz) lingers a faint echo of the great democrat's foss. He established an iron discipline; he crowned with a chaplet a youth for killing his own officer, who made degrading proposals to him.

The democrats in the city were in high spirits, they passed with enthusiasm a measure of their tribune, Cn. Domitius, for giving to a majority of the tribes the right of election even to the sacred college of the Pontiffs. As the consular *comitia* came on, they determined to re-elect, in defiance of all precedent, their great leader to the consulship; he should not be merely proconsul, but consul. As his colleague for 104 B.C., they had re-

turned a *novus homo*, C. Flavius Fimbria, a truculent, sharp-tongued demagogue, as it were simply to flout the nobility. This time they allowed a noble to be returned; they could afford to make this concession, for in their tribes they had secured as tribune a man hardly less inimical to the great men than Marius himself, L.

Appuleius Saturninus. Between the popular general, who was watching for the invaders on the Rhone, and the tribune, who was watching the aristocracy in the Forum, an alliance was immediately struck. A turbulent dissolute intriguer was this Saturninus, and he found a kindred spirit in C. Servilius Glaucia, a man whose pungent wit made the dignified personages of the Senate writhe. Here was the nemesis for killing the Gracchi; their work had devolved upon dishonest tribunes in alliance with a great but ambitious general. The tribune at once proposed to improve on the Sempronian corn law, by offering corn to the citizens at five-sixths of an *as* the modius instead of 6½; and when the opposite

Marius on  
the Rhone.

Marius' third  
consulship.

103 B.C.

The general and  
the tribune.

party broke up the assembly by force, he brought forward the famous *Lex majestatis* *lex Appuleia de majestate*, by which the penalties of treason were inflicted on those who should in any way detract from the dignity or privileges of the Roman people, a law terrible from its very vagueness. The kind of interpretation he wished to put upon it was shown when he stoned to death his colleague, Bæbius, for vetoing his agrarian law, the object of which was to provide lands for the Marian veterans in Africa. This was the man who now, to crown his alliance with the democratic general, proposed the re-election of Marius to a fourth consulship for the year 102 B.C., and pretended to overcome his assumed reluctance to stand by declaring he would impeach him for treason if he deserted his country in this hour of need. Thus the danger

103 B.C. of the country helped the democratic party for awhile.  
Fourth consulship of Marius. The Germans were now reappearing; the Cimbri under Boiorix were understood to be seeking the entrance

to Italy down the Valley of the Adige; the Teutones, led by their gigantic overlord Teutobod, were making for the Pass of St. Bernard. For these last Marius was ready, and his noble colleague, a scholar and an author, but as a soldier much his inferior, Q. Lutatius Catulus, marched to give the Cimbri a reception near Verona.

It was a fateful moment for Italy. While the unconquered nations of the North were threatening to pour across the Alps, the

Second Sicilian slave war, 104-99 B.C. conquered slave-gangs of Sicily had again risen in revolt, and, under the kingship of a Syrian who called himself Tryphon, and the generalship of the able Athenio, had fortified an impregnable citadel called Tricalia, in the centre of the island, and were bidding defiance to the armies of the republic. The nerveless hand of the Senate seemed relaxing its hold on the first province it had ever won; and terror-stricken, its eye watched a more terrible enemy than Brennus breaking through the gates of Italy. But for the man of the people the state was threatened with extinction. He remained utterly undismayed; he let the vast stream of the Teutones eddy round and past his camp, while their guttural taunts roused the hot-blooded Italians to a frenzy. When they had all passed, and were in full career for Italy, he left three thousand men in their rear, and with his main army marched past the cumbersome host,

and occupied a hill near the new colony of *Aquæ Sextiæ*. As the Ambrones bathed in the warm springs, a chance encounter occurred which resulted in an advantage for the Romans. The next day Marius drew up his men before the camp, *Aquæ Sextiæ*, and the eager Teutones charged up the hill. Battle of  
102 B.C.

Marius had invented a new kind of pilum; the long steel head was fastened to the wooden shaft by a slight ligament, which snapped with the shock of impact. A shower of these dreadful weapons fell on the advancing warriors; the long spikes pinned the shields to their arms, and there were no hafts with which to draw them out and hurl them back against the foe. Then began the deadly work of the short Spanish sword, with which every legionary was now girded, and when the down-rush of the cohorts came, and the ambush sprang up from behind, the brave host wavered and fell—fell in such numbers that in after years the palisades in *Massilia* were made of the bleached bones of the gigantic heroes; and the women, the brave wives, and the saga-women who read their runes from the blood of beheaded captives, fell by each others' hands. Only Teutobod was kept to march along the Sacred Way, towering above even the waggons laden with spoil.

As Marius was lighting a bonfire of lumber on the battlefield a breathless messenger arrived to say that he was by the democracy elected consul for the fifth time. He hurried back to Rome, which he had saved, but he could not wait to triumph yet, for the Cimbri were still at large, and news had come that Catulus had fallen back before their onset, and that a brave legion under Petreius had only escaped by the chivalry of the barbarians, who admired the courage of the *legatus*, a courage for which he was afterwards crowned with that most honourable distinction, a wreath of grass. Marius therefore hastened back to the north and effected a junction with Catulus near *Vercellæ*. The Cimbri, after their manner, sent to ask for a trysting-place and a day, for they would fight; and fight they should, Marius was determined. It was a.d. iii. Kal. *Sextilis*; on that hot July day Roman and German met again in the shock of battle. The dust of the Fifth  
consulship,  
101 B.C. *Raudine Plains* blew in the eyes of the Northerners and the Italian sun broiled their hardy limbs; in the centre of the Battle of  
the Campi  
Raudii.

Roman line were the men of Catulus who had retreated the year before, on the wings were the veterans of Marius. How, in the dust and the heat, the battle went we do not know, but when the shades of evening gathered the barbarians were falling back upon their waggons, to be cut down by their heroic wives, who were ready to surrender their own lives too rather than fall into the arms of their dusky conquerors. The wandering nations lay still and silent on the slope of *Aquæ Sextiæ*, and on the plains of *Vercellæ*; the Roman had beaten the Teuton; for the time of the Teuton had not yet come. But we may compare with pride those heroic warriors, side by side with their pure and intrepid wives mown down by the

Contrast of  
Roman and  
Teuton. Roman broad swords, and the degenerate Italians, whose censor, Q. Metellus Numidicus, had the year before (102 B.C.) given vent to that shameful expres-

sion, "that of course it would be better if nature permitted men to dispense altogether with women; but since it was not so, good citizens must consult not their own comfort but the welfare of the state by taking to themselves wives." The Romans had conquered for a time, but the nations in which unchastity was regarded with horror, and adultery was punished as the most hideous crime, were destined one day to surpass the people among whom now the daughters of the consular *Cæpio* might be found numbered with the light women of the city, and three of the six inviolable vestals could be colourably charged with unbounded licentiousness. Nor could Rome be saved because that same Metellus and his cousin,

Gravis  
censura. the other censor, struck the names of *Glaucia* and *Saturninus* from the roll of senators; such a *notatio*,

well-deserved though it was, is a sure mark of decline, for the sacred office of the censorship was thus used as a party weapon to chastise political opponents. *Saturninus* retaliated by assaulting the censor himself in his house, and by a spiteful partisan movement, which we are soon to see. The Romans had conquered. *Marius*, the *novus homo*, and *Catulus*, the noble and *littérateur*, triumphed side by side; but the old government of Rome was utterly paralyzed, and the new government was utterly rotten; the nobles were helpless, but *Marius* was politically incapable, and was in alliance with *Saturninus*, who was bad.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### STORMS IN THE FORUM—SATURNINUS—DRUSUS.

WHEN Marius returned as the conqueror of the Teutones and Cimbri, and erected on the south-east slope of the Capitoline his Temple of Virtue and Honour, like Marcellus after the capture of Syracuse—virtue signifying the manly courage of the field, honour the dignities and offices of the city—it seemed as if he were returning to mount a throne, won by the two surest of titles, the free choice of the people and the deliverance of his country from a threatened annihilation. Consul for the sixth time, with a Flaccus for his colleague, and supported by the intrigues of Saturninus, who had won a second tribunate partly by drubbing the ambassadors of King Mithradates whom he suspected of coming to bribe the Senate, a performance which wonderfully pleased the people, and partly by cudgelling to death the senatorial candidate Nonius; supported, too, by the pungent wit of Glaucia, who had been elected prætor—Marius might seem to have reached the summit of human ambition. But, strange to say, the invincible general was a political imbecile, whose only idea of power was the *curule* chair, or the triumphal robe, which with a childlike gaucherie he wore one day in the Senate, thereby much scandalizing aristocratic ideas of etiquette. He had been bred in the camp, and was helpless in the Forum; he sat there near the rostra, and turned red and pale as praise or censure was applied to him by the speakers. Saturninus and Glaucia began to think that the great man was an easy tool to handle, and to secure his permanent alliance they brought forward another agrarian law. Marius was to be the head of a commission for assigning lands to

his veterans in Gaul, Sicily, Achaia, and Macedonia; especially the land occupied by the Teutones before Aquæ Sextiæ, was to be treated as *publicus ager* for division; colonies were to be sent to these districts to consist of burgesses, but Marius might select for each settlement a number—probably three hundred—of his Italian soldiers to receive the full *civitas*. It was said that on the field of battle he had granted this boon of the full citizenship to one thousand men of Camerinum as the reward of valour, and had explained his conduct by saying that in the clash of arms the voice of the laws could not be heard. It was growing increasingly clear that the voice of the laws was not likely to be heard again if the democracy, armed with cudgels in the Forum, was to conduct the government, supported by a Marius fresh from his conquests. The law was carried through the *comitia* by open rioting; the city tribes did not approve of it—the only law they cared for now was a *lex Frumentaria*,—but it was supported by the rustic tribes who flocked into the city, and especially by the veterans of Marius themselves. The two parties armed; the nine opposition tribes were driven from the  ~~Forum~~, and the countrymen and the veterans,

proving superior with their cudgels, carried the law by **Passed.** acclamation. The sovereign people did not intend to be baulked again by the passive resistance of the Senate, as it appears they had been baulked in the year 103 B.C.; a clause was therefore added requiring every senator within five days to take an oath that he would observe the law. The old *lex* **Blow to the Senate.** *Publilia* (339 B.C.) had struck a blow at the *patrum auctoritas*; Flaminius (232 B.C.) had with his agrarian law ignored the previous sanction of the Senate; the Gracchi had claimed for the *comitia* the right of initiative: but no such overwhelming humiliation had ever been planned for that great body as this. To comply meant its political extinction; for if a tribune could carry in the *comitia tributa* any measure he pleased, and then compel every individual senator to accept the decision, the Senate, however dignified its appearance, however world-wide its authority, could be no longer regarded as anything but a body of clerks whose duty it was to register the decrees of the omnipotent people. If the consul Marius should ally himself with this extreme democratic claim, he might annihilate the Metelli and the Licinii and the Calpurnii and

all the other great families for ever; but he wavered and utterly lost the confidence of his party. At first he refused to take the oath, but then he went to the Temple of Saturn and took it, followed by all the senators except Q. Metellus Numidicus, who preferred rather to be "forbidden fire and water," to be cut off from the life of the state by exile, declaring, "If matters shall mend, I shall be recalled; or if not, I shall be out of the way." Marius, stupefied and bewildered, saw his old patron and rival quit Rome, and he must have felt that at least the old noble had the dignity of political firmness and consistency, while he himself had been twisted round the thumb by a Saturninus and a Glaucia "the offal of the Curia." From this point we date the insignificance of the Senate, but from this point too we date the political obliteration of the first great man of the people, Marius.

Saturninus was master of the situation. He secured his re-election to the tribunate for 99 B.C., and carried through with him a rascal named Ebutius, who pretended to be a son, as Saturninus pretended to be the political heir, of Tiberius Elections for 99 B.C.

Gracchus. At the consular *comitia* the democrats were determined to elect C. Servilius Glaucia. True, as prætor he was by the *lex Villia* (180 B.C.) ineligible; but the party no longer regarded the laws; it could hardly be expected to be restrained by such a sanction, when it did not hesitate to murder the senatorial candidate, C. Memmius. The Marians must have found a brutal satisfaction in beating to death this renegade from their party; in 111 B.C. he had been a leader of opposition. This outrage, perpetrated, like the murder of Nonius, in the daylight of the Forum, opened the eyes of the citizens to the true tendencies of the present democratic leaders. The government commissioned the magistrates to "see that the republic should take no hurt," the decree which armed the consuls with dictatorial power; and unhappy Marius, too bewildered to put himself at the head of the opposition, found himself with a heavy heart committed to crush his former friends, They had entrenched themselves on the Capitol; the people, armed from the public armouries, occupied the Forum; even old Scævola and Scævola, tottering and diseased, stood in the *comitium* armed to save the state. The consul cut off the water supply of the Capitol. The rebels had to surrender, and were imprisoned in the Curia

Hostilia with the promise of a fair trial. But all the essential savagery of the Roman nature was now bursting up as from subterranean fire-caves; senators and knights climbed to the roof of the venerable Curia, and breaking up the tiles pelted the crowd of prisoners with the fragments until they were dead. Thus

**Murder of  
Glaucia and  
Saturninus,  
100 B.C.**

perished the inviolable tribune, Saturninus, the chief judge, Glaucia, and Saufeius, a quæstor. One of the actors in that ghastly tragedy, Rabirius, was brought to account in Cicero's day for having murdered the tribune, for the later democratic party canonized Saturninus, while the senatorial party made it penal to hang his picture even in private houses. Marius after this exhibition of political imbecility retired from Rome; his Syrian prophetess Martha found that he must go to visit the shrine of Cybele at Pessinus, and he was glad enough to turn his back upon the wild furies and incomprehensible clamours of the Forum. We are astonished how easily the government triumphed; they recalled their hero Metellus, and the fickle multitude hailed his return with rapture, and P. Furius, who from personal enmity ventured to oppose the recall, was disposed of in the way which was now becoming common in a community in which capital punishment was practically obsolete; cited by a fellow-tribune before the law courts for factious conduct, he was assaulted by the mob and literally torn to pieces.

We are on the threshold of the maniacal orgies of the proscriptions; as the power of ancient law relaxes, a whole people, following their leaders, falls back into a condition of barbarism, which leers at us through the tinsel of unprecedented pomp and luxury. Marius had failed, and was nursing his indignation in the demoralizing atmosphere of the frenzies of Cybele. But

**100 B.C.  
Birth of  
Cæsar.**

on the 12th of the month which was soon to be called by his name for all time, first saw the light in the city of Rome, a nephew of Marius, who would follow in his steps, but would not draw back bewildered when his foot touched the goal—C. Julius Cæsar.

After this collapse of the democrats there was a complete lull for nine years, during which a hasty observer might have thought that the republic had fallen back on the happier days before the Gracchi; it was a lull before the storm.

In 99 B.C., M'. Aquillius brought the slave war in Sicily to an end, and secured his acquittal on a charge of extortion by the dramatic appeal of his counsel, the great orator Antonius, to the wounds on his chest earned in the service of the <sup>The Judicia.</sup> state. But men marked the wholly unjustifiable acquittal; and a painful impression was made when, six years later (93 B.C.), P. Rutilius Rufus, the consular legate of Scævola in the province of Asia, was by the same court condemned to exile, though every one knew that his administration was one manful resistance to the exactions of the *publicani*; but what could one expect when one partner in a firm sat in the law court as judge to pass sentence on the man who had repressed the "business" operations of another partner of the firm in Asia? Rufus retired to Asia and lived amongst the provincials he was accused of injuring, and was present frequently at the annual festival which they had instituted in commemoration of his nine months' stainless administration. This was one gathering electric cloud of the coming storm. Another was foreshadowed when the wise consuls of 95 B.C. reminded the mass of Italians of their political inferiority by jealously <sup>The Italians.</sup> striking from the list of citizens a number of names which had crept in; for indeed it was difficult to distinguish between Italian and Roman, speaking the same language, fighting in the same battles, and living, as innumerable families of them did, in the imperial city, with no visible mark of separation. But these storm-clouds were hardly observed.

A *lex Cæcilia Didia* (98 B.C.) provided against the precipitate legislation of the tribunes by requiring a fortnight's notice (*trinundinum*) of any bill to be posted in the Forum <sup>Apparent</sup> before it could be brought forward. Everything <sup>calm.</sup> seemed perfectly secure: the censors of 92 B.C. were engaged in expelling the Latin rhetors from Rome, as if that were the only serious peril to the state, while their leisure time was spent in violent mutual recriminations. Foreign policy was equally serene. Ptolemæus, King of Cyrene, in 96 B.C., bequeathed his kingdom to the great republic; in 92 B.C., the proprætor Sulla was restoring King Ariobarzanes to the throne of Cappadocia, and he received in his camp ambassadors from the great Parthian monarch, Arsaces, the successor to the Persian kingdom, who courted the friendship of

the world-famed power. Everything seemed secure, when of a sudden the charged clouds met, and swooped to the earth in a tornado which devastated Italy, and left no calm again until Italy was changed into the centre of an imperial monarchy.

It was the noble and perfectly disinterested tribune, M. Livius Drusus, who unwittingly liberated all the accumulated forces of the

The storm  
breaks.  
91 B.C.  
M. Livius  
Drusus.

storm. In his first measure he was supported by all his high-born neighbours on the Palatine—Catulus, Scævola, Scaurus, and the rest; they all saw the necessity of changing the constitution of the law courts which had condemned Rufus and acquitted Aquilius. The law, therefore, of C. Servilius Glaucia (99 B.C.), which had restored the Gracchan arrangement, was modified, and the *judices* were henceforth to be selected from the senators and a chosen body of three hundred more respectable knights. In his next measure he was supported by the hungry mob of the Forum, whom he had invited to see the daily life of their tribune by forbidding his architect to wall round his mansion as the other Palatine houses were walled; this measure was to reduce the price of the corn largesses, and to meet the expense by coining tallies of copper to be issued in the proportion of one to seven with the silver *denarius*; and further, he proposed fresh assignments of land for the poor, as if he would leave (*nihil præter cælum et cænum*) "nothing but the sky and the sty" for the demagogue to distribute in future. But here the great Italian landlords began to raise their protest, in conjunction with the consul, Marcus Philippus. Philippus was easily disposed of; the haughty tribune ordered him to prison, and one of his clients executed the order, half throttling the supreme magistrate in its execution. For the opposition of the Italian interest Drusus had in reserve the measure, which had long been drafted by the democratic leaders, for conferring the citizenship upon the allies. In his house had been seen Pompædus Silo, the great representative of that interest. From one of its windows—so the story went—the Italian held suspended the boy M. Cato, threatening him with death unless he would promise his support to the Italian cause; but the boy did not flinch in his refusal. The story is symbolic of the desperate resolve which was gathering in the Italian towns, of the desperate resistance of the genuine

Roman, and of the position, far-sighted but quixotic, occupied by the tribune Drusus. It was said that the 500,000 Italian freemen were leagued in a great conspiracy and had taken an oath to support with means and life their high-souled champion. But from Palatine and Forum alike rose one emphatic "no" to any proposal for widening the privileges of the franchise; and one evening in his own atrium the man who aspired to be at once the bulwark of the Senate, the patron of the people, and the champion of Italian liberty, fell dead by some mysterious hand, <sup>His death.</sup> 90 B.C. whether of man or of the gods none could say. He passed, as Scipio had passed, the one mediating and moderating influence of his day.

The tribune of the next year, Q. Varius, drove a rivet into the fetters of the Italians by impeaching for treason those who had advocated their enfranchisement. It was an action big with doom, a monument of almost incredible political blindness.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### "GREATER ROME"—THE SOCIAL WAR—THREATS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

To us the idea of a representative Government is so familiar that it requires some effort to realize that it grew out of the political organization of the Teutonic tribes, and had never entered into the head of a Roman statesman to conceive; unless we may regard the proposal of Sp. Carvilius in 215 B.C. which was immediately and summarily quashed as a faint hint of its possibility. Perhaps if Marius had not rolled back the wave of Teutonic invasion, the representative institutions, which finally were transplanted into Britain, might have taken root on Italian soil, and Italy, conquered by the barbarian, might have been transformed into a forerunner of England. But as this fruitful political idea of a popular government composed of duly chosen delegates assembling to represent the interests and the opinions of their constituents was in the year 90 B.C. quite inconceivable, the only claim which the peoples of Italy could make was that they might be enrolled in the Roman tribes and enjoy the right of coming to Rome to vote in the *comitia*. And this claim they actually advanced, and in it they had been supported by the policy of the Gracchi and their political heirs for more than thirty years. It must not, however, be thought that the right of voting in that tumultuous assembly was the only privilege which was included in the coveted *civitas*. The *socii*, as they were still called, had sunk into a position of painful inferiority: even the communities of the "Latin name," whose rights were based upon a theoretical equality, had not the privilege of free trade, or that of forming marriage connections



among themselves; the *jus commercii* and the *jus connubii* only applied between the members of a given community and in their relations with Roman citizens. And even the self-government which such a town or colony enjoyed was liable at any time to be overridden; for the writ of the Senate ran throughout the length and breadth of Italy. The *Senatus consultum de Bacchanalibus*, for instance, imposed the same religious restrictions on the allies as on the Roman citizen. But the worst grievance was the condition under which these brave comrades of the legions were required to serve in war: they were selected for the unpopular services. In Spain we find an army composed of 6200 allies and 1050 citizens; and in Corsica we find in one case (181 B.C.) 8300 allies serving without any citizens. The booty, which was the great inducement to military service, was never shared equally with them; very rarely did a statue or picture plundered from Syracuse or Corinth or Apollonia find its way to one of the *municipia* of Italy. Sallust<sup>1</sup> mentions how, in the Jugurthine war, T. Turpilius, the officer in command at Vaga, was by a court-martial "condemned and beaten to death, for he was a citizen of the Latin name." The Porcian and Valerian laws, which were the *Habeas Corpus* of a Roman citizen, had no application to the unfortunate allies. And if this was the condition of the favoured Latins, how much worse was that of the Marsians, the Samnites, the Apulians and Lucanians, and the Campanians, as well as the Picentines further to the north, whose relation to Rome had been exasperated by their secret or open sympathies with Hannibal. They were in most cases in the position of *dediticii*, with no more legal status than a prisoner of war could claim. It must ever redound to the credit of the Gracchan party that they saw the injustice and impolicy of maintaining the narrow exclusiveness of the Roman citizenship; while it is hard to repress our indignation at the selfish government which excited the prejudice of the excitable tribes against the aspirants to political equality; but the strongest feeling of all must be one of astonishment that no one saw how impossible it would be to govern an empire by a popular assembly consisting theoretically of nearly a million men. We have now

The great difficulty in the way.

to see how the blind demand of the Italians and their leaders, for

<sup>1</sup> Bell. Jug. 69. 4.

want of the political machinery of representation, inevitably ended in the perfect equality of the Roman world under a despotic governor. The sixty years which lie before us present a picture of social and political upheavals; the old constitution falls into hopeless confusion; Rome, enlarged into Italy, is torn with the terrible internal conflict which ensues; and as the tumult subsides it appears that the only question at issue has been, not whether there should be a monarchy, but who should be king.

The first act in the drama is the *Social war*; the second is the Stages in the domination of Sulla; the third is the semi-imperial revolution. position of Pompeius; the fourth is the triumph of C. Julius Cæsar; the fifth and last is the reign of Augustus.

The social war came nearer to ruining the position of Rome than anything since Hannibal left the promontory of Bruttium. When

The social  
war,  
90-89 B.C.

the plan of Drusus failed, and Q. Varius shaped the policy of the government, the tribes of the Sabellian race broke into open revolt. The train was kindled in Picenum, but in a moment Marsians and Marrucinians, who were in language and culture completely Latinized, and Samnites, who still spoke the Oscan speech, and Apulians and Lucanians

The "new  
Rome."

were on fire. The mountain fortress of Corfinium, on the other side of the great mountain range from Rome, was chosen as the capital of a new federation. It was named Italica; a Senate of five hundred and two consuls were chosen; coins were struck, specimens of which are still found with the superscription of the new city, and a representation of the steer of Italy goring the wolf of Rome. The dangers of 290 B.C. and the Samnite wars were renewed; the two consuls had to take the field in Italy again, and ranged against the brave Italians were contingents from Mauretania and Numidia and Pontus. Rome, with Italy, had conquered the world; the now asked the world to help her to reconquer Italy.

A hundred thousand Roman soldiers took the field; under the consul L. Julius Cæsar in the south served L. Cornelius Sulla;

Course of  
the war.

under the consul P. Rupilius Lupus in the north served C. Marius, who was again forced to turn his arms against those who had been his *protégés*. The brave Samnite "consul" of Italica, C. Papius Mutilus, was completely successful

in the south; the Latin colony Venusia was taken; he occupied Campanian Nola; no efforts of the Romans could relieve the colony of *Æsernia*, and soon this key of the Samnite country was in Samnite hands. In the north the Marsian, Q. Pompædus Silo, besieged Alba on the lake Fucinus, defeated and killed the consul Lupus, and defied his legate, invincible Marius, who we may well believe was paralyzed by the reflection that he was fighting against the men whose legitimate aspirations he and his party had encouraged. In Picenum, on the other hand, Cn. Pompeius Strabo had drawn his lines successfully round Asculum, where the revolt began, and never relaxed his hold until, in the next year, its heroic commandant, Judacilius, had perished by his own hand in a final feast, at which the besieged drank to the welfare of the new Italy in a cup of poison.

As the year drew to its close the moderates in Rome gained the ascendancy over the extreme party of resistance. L. Cæsar returned from his defeats in Campania to propose the famous *lex Julia*, which gave to all the *cives nominis Latini* (the thirty-four Latin colonies and the few communities of the "Old Latins" which had not yet been enfranchised), and to all other Italians who had not joined in the rebellion, the full citizenship. The concession came just in time to prevent the Etrurians and Umbrians from listening to the solicitations of Silo. In December two of the new tribunes carried a further measure, the *Plautio-Papirian* law, which offered the same privilege to any Italian, having domicile and citizenship in Italy, who should appear before the prætor within two months. This had the desired effect: captains of insurgent troops came and ranged themselves on the Roman side; the *comitia tributa* began to teem with newly enfranchised Italians. Early next year the new consul, Cn. Pompeius Strabo, extended the rights of the old Latin citizens (*latinitas*) by a kind of legal fiction to the Transpadane Gauls. It was a grudging concession, and the new citizens were confined to eight of the thirty-five tribes, but it was enough to cut the nerves of the revolt. The consul, L. Porcius Cato, was slain by the Marsians, but this hardy people, whose immemorial courage was celebrated in the saying that "the Romans never triumphed without, or over,

the Marsians," were defeated by the other consul, Pompeius; and in the south, after A. Postumius Albinus had been murdered by his own troops—a truly ominous sign of the times—Sulla took the command, and began to display his extraordinary military capacity. Before Nola he was hailed by his <sup>Sulla is</sup> <sup>victorious.</sup> victorious troops as imperator. Corfinium had already fallen, but he took Bovianum, the second city of the confederation. Mutilus was defeated, and now only the irreconcilables, inspired by the Marsian Silo's invincible hatred to Rome, <sup>Q. Pompeius</sup> <sup>Silo.</sup> consisting mainly of Samnites, held out in Venusia and Nola, and in Æsernia, which they had made their centre. It was not till 88 B.C. that Q. Metellus Pius overthrew and killed this first great hero of Italian independence; and even then the Samnite mountaineers gathered themselves together for one final assault on the "lair of the wolf" before they vanished from history.

As the embers of the social war died out, the smouldering embers of party conflict broke into new flames. Since the Gracchi <sup>Disturbances</sup> <sup>in the city</sup> the dagger and the bludgeon had become recognized political weapons in the Forum, and in 89 B.C. the prætor Asellio was beaten to death within sight of his tribunal by an infuriated band of creditors, whose gains he threatened to curtail by reviving an ancient law (the *lex Genucia*) which forbade usury; but now the sword and the legion were to be enlisted as political weapons. In the extension of the franchise the reform party had realized the last items on its programme; but it had taken into its service a dangerous servant, C. Marius, who cherished a soothsayer's rune which said he was to be seven times consul, and whose old heart was now consuming with the fires of ambition and jealousy. To give the last touch to the boon just won for the allies by distributing them equally among the thirty-five tribes, it was necessary, since the success of the social war had been gained by the optimate Sulla, who was now at the head of legions on Italian soil, to humour the old ally of the party, Marius.

<sup>88 B.C.</sup> Sulla had been elected consul for the new year, and was naturally named as commander of the force which was to be despatched against the king of Pontus, Mithradates. The old conqueror of the Cimbri, however, thirsted for the

command, and was to be seen, grey-haired and corpulent as he was, daily taking part in the exercises of the Campus Martius, to prove to the citizens that he was by no means on the retired list; he now secured a support in the Forum by paying the debts of the popular tribune, P. Sulpicius Rufus, and promising his support in the political schemes of the reform party. The alliance of Sulpicius and Marius had not a shadow of principle on which to base itself; the popular sympathies of the old general had been burnt up by the fire of his passions, by ambition feeding upon the sight of his rival's probable superiority. In the Forum stood a group of statues representing Sulla as the captor of Jugurtha, and the close alliance of Sulla with Bocchus certainly gave colour to the insinuation that the lieutenant had been greater than his master. Marius accordingly hated Sulla, and Sulpicius hated Sulla's colleague, L. Pompeius Rufus. This was the main bond of union in this shameful and disastrous alliance.

The eyes of the consul Sulla, those "eyes like fire and wonderful red," had to look on while Sulpicius set at naught the consular decree that *Feriæ* should be celebrated which would prevent the *comitia*, and while the tribune surrounded himself with an undisguised body-guard and even chose three hundred knights to sit as an anti-senate in the Marian interest; but the cool head of Sulla was arriving at its own determination, when one of the daily *émeutes* in the Forum had resulted in the death of his colleague's son and he himself had only escaped the violence of the Sulpicians by the contemptuous generosity of Marius, who gave him shelter in his house, which lay near the Suburra. He quietly stole away to his legions which were lying before Nola; and while Sulpicius, apparently master of the situation, in defiance of all law and precedent pushed a bill through the *comitia* for superseding the consul and appointing Marius to the command in the East, Sulla was marching on Rome. One realizes at this distance of time the horror of the city as the news spread that the *sacrosanct* tribunes who were sent to arrest his march had been rent in pieces by the Sullan soldiers, and two prætors had fared little better. Now the vanguard of the advancing army was holding the Porta Cælimontana, and Sulla himself was knocking at the Porta Esquilina.

Alliance of  
Marius and  
Sulpicius.

Sulla's march  
on Rome.

He entered, torch in hand, to signify what might follow on resistance, and two legions marched behind him through the market-place upon the Esquiline, where were erected the trophies of the Cimbrian campaign. There he met the conqueror of the Cimbri, and the conqueror of the Cimbri had to flee. In vain the old man called the slaves to arms; he was almost cut off by a cohort that marched through the Suburra to occupy the Forum; and running down the Tuscan street, he made his escape by the Porta Trigemina, which had remained so cruelly closed to C. Gracchus. The consul encamped on the Forum, the first conqueror of Rome since, three hundred years before, Brennus had watched the little group besieged on the Capitol. Sulla, passionless and calm, made the people pass a decree of banishment against the fugitive and eleven more, including Sulpicius, who was delivered up by a slave and killed; Sulla rewarded the slave with his freedom, and then as a freeman he was hurled from the Tarpeian Rock for his treachery: all the cynical humour of Sulla speaks in that action.

The consul then made the tribes decree their own political extinction, resuscitating the *comitia centuriata*; he reorganized the Senate by adding three hundred to its members and vindicating the right to sanction legislation; conducted the consular elections, exacting from L. Cornelius Cinna, the newly elected consul, a solemn oath that he would observe the new regulations, and securing the election of Cn. Octavius in his own interest, and then, like "a countryman who had just shaken the lice off his coat," to use his own figure, he turned to do his great work in the East; he would not be daunted by anything his enemies could do in his absence; on the other hand, if the lice proved troublesome, he was ready to return and commit the coat to the flames.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION OF L. CORNELIUS SULLA.

By the violent measures of the year 88 B.C., a final change came over the complexion of parties in Rome; the reform party was merged in the Marians, the optimiate party merged in Sulla. A series of remarkable events now gave to Marians and Sullans.

Sulla a pre-eminence which enabled him to create a new and artificial constitution on the ruins of the shattered commonwealth, a constitution which he fondly imagined was the logical result of Republican development, but which was really the figment of his own powerful will; while a parallel series of events robbed the Marians of their leaders and left them, headless as it were, to be scattered by the victorious might of Sulla. But if we would understand the gist of these events we must remember that there was a young man among the headless party who serenely watched the monarchical position of the head of the other party, and perceived that such a monarchical position could be based more securely upon the masses than upon the few; this was C. Cæsar. To justly appreciate the hopeless anarchy into which the party conflicts and the social war had brought the state, as well as to justly estimate the character of that typical Roman of the revolutionary period, L. Cornelius Sulla, we must try to keep our attention fixed on the camp in the East and the Roman Forum at one and the same time.

Mithradates, King of Pontus, the state which had never bowed to the Persian or Macedonian yoke, was, Sulla well knew from his acquaintance with him four years before, an enemy with whom the republic could not afford to trifle. Warlike, valorous, talented, unscrupulous as a barbarian.

First Mithradatic war.  
88-84 B.C.

yet intelligent as a Greek—for he was born in the Greek city of Sinope and was trained in the traditions of Asiatic Hellenism—he rivalled Hannibal in his unquenchable hatred to Rome. This hatred had its origin in the revocation of a district of Phrygia which the Senate had granted to his father. He had pushed his dominion round the eastern and northern shores of the Euxine until it approached the mouth of the Danube, and his four hundred ships of war commanded the seas to the Bosphorus. To his banner clustered a quarter of a million of the fierce warriors of the Caucasus and the Scythian steppes and of his own Hellenized Pontic soldiers; Greek captains, in whom he had a confidence unshaken by disaster—Archelaus, Neoptolemus, Dorilaus—gave tactical strength to his forces. He was allied, too, with the Armenian king, Tigranes; and he now turned his thoughts to Numidia, Syria, and Egypt with the intention of forming a coalition against his foe on the Tiber. A coin has been found which commemorated an alliance proposed between the Pontic king and the Italian rebels. It seemed as if the East which Alexander conquered had clothed herself in the arms of her conqueror, and was turning to rend the irresistible power of the West in its moment of internal feud and schism. The imperious folly of M. Aquilius, the Roman envoy in the East, precipitated the intentions of the king; instead of contending for the principedom of Bithynia and Cappadocia, he suddenly appealed to the disaffected in the Roman province. The fierce white fire of Asiatic hate shot out simultaneously through the length and breadth of the country; and

**Massacre of  
Italians in  
Asia.**

the awful news came to distracted Rome that 80,000 Italians had fallen victims to the vengeance of the provincials. Terror-stricken *publicani* were chased from Adramyttium and Ephesus into the sea, their only refuge, and there cut down by their pursuers; the Mæander was rolling along the corpses of the Italians of Tralles; in Caria the refined cruelty of the oppressed people was butchering the children before the eyes of father and mother, then the mother before the eyes of her husband, and giving to the man death as the crown and the relief of his torture. In that lurid picture we dimly perceive what impression the Roman Government had made on the land which it inherited from the last of the Attalidæ. Asia was lost to Rome; only Rhodes, which had retained her independence, remained faithful to



her great ally. The Pontic fleet, under Archelaus, appeared at Delos, and carried thence two thousand talents to Athens, offering to that imperial city the government of her ancient tributary. This politic measure awaked hopes of independence in Greece. Aristion, an Epicurean philosopher, seized the reins of power in Athens, and Archelaus repaired the crumbling battlements of the Piræus. The wave of eastern conquest was rolling on towards Italy itself. The proconsul Sulla marched to

87 B.C.

Brundisium, and, undeterred by the ominous news that his consular colleague, Q. Rufus, had been murdered in Picenum, or by the sinister attitude of the new consul Cinna, he crossed over to Greece with five legions to stem the advancing wave. History knows no more magnificent illustration of cool, self-restrained determination than the action of Sulla during these three years; if we could blind our eyes to the fatuity of his political ideal and the appalling heartlessness of his method of realizing it, Sulla crosses we should be able to call his eastern campaign the Adriatic. most brilliant instance of devoted patriotism in antiquity. Let us try to conceive the action of his enemies in Rome during the period while he was facing resolutely their enemy and his enemy under the walls of the Piræus and in the plains of Boeotia.

For a moment his arrangements at home stood secure. Marius had fled along the coast of Campania, but at Minturnæ was caught, up to his chin in the water trying to hide from his pursuers. The town authorities ordered his execution, but the executioner happened to be a Cimbric slave whom Marius had brought to Italy. "Darest thou kill C. Marius?" said the old grey-haired man, as his eyes flashed in the darkness of the dungeon; and the Cimbrian dared not. The authorities suffered him to escape. He crossed the sea to the Tunisian Gulf; on the ruins of Carthage he was found by the messenger of the governor of Africa and commanded to depart. The man who had saved Rome might console himself with the owl-haunted ruins of her ancient rival, but Carthage in her grave might find some comfort in the sight of the grizzled exile, for the saviour, banished by the country he saved, was nursing a vengeance more terrible than Hannibal's. Cinna, also, reviving immediately on Sulla's departure the popular cry for the equalization of the enfranchised

How Marius  
had fled.

Italians among the thirty-five tribes, was assaulted in the Forum by his colleague Octavius and driven from Rome with the loss of 10,000 of his followers. It was civil war of the most bloodthirsty type, and the Sullans seemed victorious. But the next news which reached the camp of Sulla was of a very different kind. Cinna appealing to the troops which were still besieging Nola—for the embers of the social war were still glowing and capable of being fanned into a flame—urged them to restore him, the expelled consul, and to wipe out the constitutional outrage of which the Senate had been guilty in deposing him and electing L. Cornelius Merula in his place. Formal right seemed all on the side of Cinna. He marched upon Rome, and sent messengers to Marius inviting him to land in Etruria and co-operate with him. The Senate recalled Q. Metellus Pius from Apulia and Cn. Pompeius Strabo from Picenum, who were both at the head of armies which had been engaged in the social war, to defend the capital: in its fright it even conceded the claims of the Italian citizens; but the grudging favour came too late, for the Samnites, who were still in arms, declared for their old friends the democrats. The dual monarchy of the Roman consulship had at length displayed its latent tendency. The consul Cinna was in arms against the consul Octavius under the walls of Rome. In one of the conflicts which ensued, two brothers, not recognizing each other, met in single combat; the victor in stripping off the spoil, discovered whom he had slain; with a great cry of anguish, he made a funeral pyre, and plunging his sword into his own body, he perished with the ashes of his brother. That is a gloomy and significant frontispiece to the opening civil wars.

The party of Cinna and Marius prevailed. An embassy came from the Senate, and Cinna received it seated on his curule chair, and promised an amnesty to his opponents; but Marius, **Marius and Cinna in Rome.** dishevelled, grim, and silent, stood by, declaring ironically that he could not enter the city till the decree of banishment was revoked. When he entered Rome it was for vengeance. His tiger-heart, enflamed by the sufferings of his banishment, was implacable and insatiable; surrounded by thousands of liberated slaves and bandits, collected during his march through Etruria, he filled the noble houses on the Palatine and in the

Carinæ with wailing for the dead, or with the more terrible silence which followed a complete massacre. At the end of five days his own supporter, C. Sertorius, fell upon his frantic satellites by night, and killing them, stayed the overflowing scourge. But the consul Octavius perished, sitting in his robes of office and disdaining flight; the golden-tongued orator, M. Antonius, captured in the country, having disarmed the rude soldiery by his eloquence, was slain by their more cultivated commander, and Marius was with difficulty prevented from leaving his couch at the dinner-table to enjoy the pleasure of killing him with his own hands. It was said that fifty heads of senators, and a thousand heads of equites were brought to deck the rostra, as if to remind the citizens that the tongues of a constitutional government were falling silent in the horrors of civil war. The outrages of those five days were paled by the subsequent proscription of Sulla, so that we note with gratification that Catulus, the old, ungrateful **Proscription.** colleague of Marius, and Merula, the recent supplanter of Cinna, were put on a formal trial, and only perished by their own hands; but a people cannot at one plunge reach the depths of infamy, and possibly the Sullanian proscription was only worse because it came after the Marian massacre, as the proscriptions of the triumvirs were worse still because they had such precedents to equal and surpass. Now the augury of the seven eaglets which Marius as a boy had found in an eyrie was fulfilled: the saviour of Rome entered upon a seventh consulship; but on the Ides of January (86 B.C.) his career of glory and shame ended in death. Marius was gone, but the **Seventh consulship and death of Marius, 86 B.C.** Marians survived; L. Valerius Flaccus was elected to fill his place, with Cinna, who now entered on the second of his four successive terms of office; and the drift of the revolutionary government was made plain by the *lex Valeria*, which was immediately introduced to discharge debtors from their obligations on the payment of one quarter of their liabilities; if any further illustration of its tendency were needed, it might be found in the picture of the tribune Lænas hurling an ex-tribune of the people from the Tarpeian Rock.

The news of this carnival of democracy reached the camp of Sulla along with innumerable noble fugitives who had escaped the **Marian** terror. The proconsul was unmoved; with unexampled

self-confidence he began to assume that he and his constituted Rome, while the Forum and Curia were filled with lawless anarchists who would soon have to be dealt with. He carried Athens by assault, and slew the whole population with their tyrant Aristion, but he counted it among the favours of the goddess of Fortune that he, man of culture as he was, was able to save the immemorial buildings of the city from the fate of Syracuse or Corinth. Archelaus, in Piræus, offered the most heroic resistance; the mining and countermining which form the most striking feature of ancient sieges, the walls of investment, the battering engines, the walls of defence gradually battered down, but only to disclose fresh lines thrown up behind, all played their part in the prolonged struggle.

Athens taken,  
March 1st,  
86 B.C.

But with the spring Sulla heard of the approach of the main army from Pontus, under the command of Taxiles. A hundred and twenty thousand men and ninety scythed chariots were pouring over Mount Eta to overwhelm him. With wonderful rapidity he marched northwards through friendly Thebes, and drew up his little army on a slope near Chæronea, digging trenches on his left and right to save his flank from being turned. He showed himself every inch a general, he compelled the enemy to meet him on this ground of his own choice, and the day did not close before 110,000 of the enemy were captured or slain, and the camp of Archelaus, who had hastened from Athens to take the command, was carried by assault. We have before us still in the pages of Plutarch Sulla's own memoirs. If we may believe him, he lost only fifteen men in the battle. By this brilliant engagement he had restored Greece to her allegiance, and what was even better the disaster aroused all the savagery of Mithradates; the Greek vanished in the oriental despot. Suspicious and ruthless, he ordered his nearest friends to be assassinated; he transported all the population of Chios to the mainland, and by his violence and exactions stirred Ephesus, Sardes, Tralles, and many other cities, to renounce his control, and to return to the Roman government. Still, he did not suspect Archelaus, but appointed him, together with Dorilaus, to lead a new army into Greece. The new army appeared in Bœotia, and encamped by the Copaic Lake, near Orchomenos. Before the raw levies could become familiar with the

Battle of  
Chæronea.

sight of the legions, Sulla assaulted the camp, and rallied his wavering men by leading them in person with the cry, "Go, tell them in Rome that you left your general in the trenches of Orchomenos;" the self-consciousness was sublime, for <sup>Battle of Orchomenos, 85 B.C.</sup> nothing would have pleased the people in Rome better; his victory was complete, and Archelaus escaped alone in a boat to Calchis. As the conqueror returned from the battlefield to reorganize Greece, he learnt that the Senate had deposed him from command, declared him an outlaw, and appointed as his successor the consul L. Valerius Flaccus. The disorganization of the republic seemed to have reached a climax. Flaccus conducted his army straight to the Bosphorus without venturing to approach the rebel proconsul Sulla; while Mithradates, who began to wish for peace, preferred to negotiate with his conqueror rather than with the consul of the republic. To complete this complication of anarchy, Flaccus was murdered, and superseded in the command by his own legate, C. Flavius Fimbria; this choice of their general by the legions themselves might seem significant if anything could be significant in such a chaos. But Sulla now crossed <sup>Peace with Mithradates, 84 B.C.</sup> into Asia, and concluded peace with Mithradates on these conditions: The king was to relinquish *all* his conquests, surrender deserters, restore the people of Chios, pay 2000 talents, and give up seventy of his ships. Fimbria, who had obtained some successes in the field against the king, but had horrified even cold-blooded Romans by his horrible atrocities in Ilium against "the kinsmen of Rome," remained to be dealt with. It was not a difficult matter: the two Roman armies confronted one another at Thyatira, and the Fimbrians streamed over to Sulla. After all, the legionaries, who had long ceased to be citizens, were soldiers first and politicians after; they worshipped the felicity of the great general; and the democratic general had not yet appeared who could bind his men to him by a spell stronger than Sulla's. Fimbria persuaded a slave to thrust him through with his sword.

His enemies were vanquished in Asia, but in Rome Cinna was again consul (85 B.C.), and his colleague, Cn. Papirius Carbo, out-Cinnaed Cinna. Yet Sulla was in no hurry. He spent more than a year in reorganizing the disordered province. He required from

the Asiatics the arrears of taxation for the past five years and an extraordinary impost of 20,000 talents. He redistributed the areas of collection, but otherwise he left the system which C. Gracchus had established essentially unchanged; and once more the tide of *publicani* and *negotiatores* flocked to the dainty Ionian cities. The truth was, he had obtained in his veterans, as it were, the citadel of the position, and he now could bide his time for securing the suburbs and the market-place. He even allowed Cinna and Carbo, who began to prepare for war with him (84 B.C.), to be re-elected to the consulship; but when the more cautious party in the Senate entered into negotiations with him, and offered him a safe conduct to Italy, he showed in a word what he took to be the nature of the situation by saying that he was not in need of their safe conduct, but he was coming to secure *them*. The infection of his unwavering self-confidence was caught by the legions which the consuls were organizing to resist him. Cinna at Ancona was murdered by his own men. It was the first time that the supreme magistrate of the republic had fallen a victim to the army. His colleague, Carbo, remained sole consul for the rest of the year.

Next year Sulla landed in Brundisium unopposed, and in truly regal way granted the town perpetual immunity from imposts as a reward for receiving him. As he marched through

83 B.C.

Sulla returns Apulia he proclaimed his readiness to accept the new to Rome.

distribution of the Italians in the tribes. Thus the only matter of principle which divided the two parties was conceded, as if to make it clear that the conflict was merely a personal one. The serene, unruffled demeanour of the rebel proconsul almost makes us forget the tremendous venture in which he was engaged: he at the head of 40,000 men was invading his own country, which was defended by its supreme magistrates L. Cornelius Scipio and C. Norbanus at the head of 180,000 men. But by the time that he had marched along the Appian Road into Campania the magic of his successes had begun to work. He met the consul Norbanus on the road at Capua, and on the slope of Mount Tifata he utterly routed him. He now marched along the Via Latina to Teanum, where Scipio was encamped; but the soldiers of his opponent began to desert to his standard. But for Carbo resistance

would now have ceased; for even the least superstitious Roman trembled at the divine wrath against the civil wars, when, on the day before the Nones of Quintilis, the venerable Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, which had stood for four hundred and twenty-five years as the symbol of the republic's supremacy, was burnt to the ground. The democrats, however, were not troubled with much superstition, and Carbo re-elected consul with the son of the old Marius to inspire the legions with the familiar name as his colleague took the field again. But Sulla gained a great victory over Marius at Sacriportus, and shut him up in the impregnable walls of Præneste. The democrats took their revenge by a massacre of senators in the Curia itself. Among the victims was the venerable jurist, Scævola. Sulla, after a brief visit to Rome, which was now deserted, marched against Carbo, who was in Etruria. Desertions thinned the ranks of the consul. One deserter, Albinovanus, commended his sincerity to Sulla by inviting his fellow-officers to dinner and poisoning them all. Carbo, after trying in vain to relieve Præneste, fled to Africa, to see if anything could be done for his party there. The democrats were routed, but their *protégés*, the Samnites and Lucanians, led by their general, Pontius Telesinus, still held out, and made one desperate effort to "to destroy the lair of the wolf," Rome itself. Sulla met them at the Colline Gate. That final struggle of the old Sabellian stock against the mistress of Italy was worthy of the great namesake of Pontius. It was the Kalends of November, and all the night the battle raged. Sulla was in imminent personal danger, praying to his patron god Apollo, whom he carried with him, and at last the victory declared for his army through the courage and address of his legate, M. Crassus. If we may believe our reports, 100,000 men were left dead on the Via Nomentana and the old Servian Mound. But Sulla was master of Rome by his victory, and soon Præneste surrendered, and the young Marius perished, and Pontius, the last of the Samnites, was mercifully killed before he saw the extinction of his people. One day the Senate, meeting in the Temple of Bellona, was interrupted by deafening shrieks proceeding from the Villa Publica near the Fla-

Burning of  
Capitoline  
Jupiter,  
82 B.C.

Battle of  
Sacriportus.

Battle  
with the  
Samnites  
at the Colline  
Gate.

minian Circus. "Let us proceed," Sulla said; "*patres conscripti*, one or two rebels are suffering death at my command." There were about six thousand Samnites being butchered. One by one the Italian towns still unsubdued were captured, and terrible was their fate. Thus the aristocratic party avenged itself on the men who wrung their franchise from them at the point of the sword. Volaterræ in Etruria was the last to yield.

Cn. Pompeius, the young son of Cn. Pompeius Strabo, being only twenty-three years of age, had raised a corps in Picenum, and joined Sulla in Clusium. He was now sent to Sicily and Africa to extinguish the last sparks of resistance. He most cruelly executed the captured Carbo, and was permitted by his master, Sulla, to celebrate a triumph. He was eminently tractable at this time, and divorced his wife, at the great man's bidding, to marry a Cornelia. There was one man in Rome who, young as he was, would not divorce his wife to please even a Sulla; that was C. Cæsar.

But now all the world seemed under the hand of Sulla, the man who, as the scion of a decayed house, had spent his early manhood in humble lodgings, for which he paid no more than ten shillings a week, who owed his fortune to the generosity of a courtesan, and had lived to see all his rivals perish and himself in a position of almost solitary magnificence; only in Spain Q. Sertorius was attempting to raise again the standard of the democracy. But undue exaltation was not in that passionless nature. He seems to have formed an

*Design of Sulla.*

ideal of a restored aristocratic republic; and now that his extraordinary success in the East had given him the instruments, and his still more extraordinary success in Italy had prepared the ground, he set about the erection of the building. Only two preliminaries were necessary; he must get rid of the adherents of the defeated party, and he must assume some office to authorize his political designs. The first point was gained by the proscriptions. Deliberately he complied with the request of Q. Metellus Pius, and published a list in the Forum of those who were to be killed without trial or any legal form. Appian says that in this list there were forty senators and sixteen hundred knights; but a supplementary list, and then another,



were placarded, which included many private foes of his followers. The property of the proscribed was confiscated, and their descendants to the second generation were to be under a ban—compelled to bear the burdens, yet ineligible to the honours, of the state. To emphasize this extermination of a party which could not otherwise be disposed of—for there was no place of banishment in the wide Roman world—he ordered the ashes of Marius to be unearthed and flung into the Anio, and a nephew of the dead leader was sacrificed with peculiar atrocity to the Manes of Catulus. And as Italy was now one, the enfranchised towns got their first taste of equality with Rome by having the horrors of the proscriptions enacted in their streets. Thus his first point was gained; not out of cruelty, not out of revenge, like Marius, but as the indispensable condition of the intended restoration, he exterminated the Marians.

The second point was gained by the revival of the dictatorship, which had become obsolete since the anomaly of two dictators in the year 217 B.C. The revival was not quite like the older model. Sulla was appointed dictator, not for a <sup>Dictatorship.</sup> limited time or for a specific purpose, but for the vague and indeterminate purpose of restoring the constitution. There were no consuls in Rome to nominate him, but he nominated his nominator, the *princeps senatus*, a L. Valerius Flaccus; and the obedient *comitia* accorded him plenary power, legislative, administrative, and judicial, together with the ratification of all his past deeds. Clearly Sulla was a king if he chose to snatch at a crown. The fact that he did not seems to show that he had some worthier end in view than personal ambition.

The dictator now set about the construction of his constitutional edifice, the keystone of which was to be a renovated Senate, not a mere consultative assembly, such as the Senate was <sup>Sullanian</sup> in theory, still less a splendid simulacrum, such as the <sup>constitution.</sup> Senate had become since the tribunician self-assertion had culminated in the oath imposed by Saturninus (100 B.C.), but a chamber in which should be vested the sovereign power of the state, exercising an effective control over the assemblies, the magistrates, and the provinces. What the Senate had become before the Gracchi *de facto* it was now to become *de jure*; but Sulla had not observed that a right created by the arbitrary will of a legislator is even less

secure against attack than an actual authority, though it be based on prescription rather than right, which has been the slow organic growth of centuries. With a serene ignorance of political philosophy, he turned to his impossible task, as if a constitution could be made to order. Yet there is nothing with which we have met hitherto in the course of our narrative that shows such unmistakable signs of genius as the scheme of government which is called the Sullanian constitution. We must try to grasp its main outlines.

The two pillars on which it rests are (1) the supremacy of the Senate, and (2) the consolidation of Italy. The Senate was to

become a kind of parliamentary assembly, and in it were to be vested in effect all legislative, judicial, and administrative powers. First, with regard to legislation, Sulla abolished the right won by the *comitia tributa* in the year 287 B.C., to pass laws which should bind all the citizens. In future the right was confined to the people assembled in their centuries, and with this restoration of the legislating function to the older *comitia* was revived the ancient practice, established now on a legal basis, of requiring the previous sanction of the Senate to every proposed rogation. Here was to be an end of that tribunitian legislation which had been like a wedge driven into the body of the constitution since the days of the Gracchi. Only a curule magistrate could bring a measure before the centuries; and curule magistrates were to be in future, what it was Cicero's pride to be thought, the obedient servants of the house (*minister hujus ordinis*). Secondly, in judicial arrangements the *Judices* were to be drawn from the senators alone, as they had been before the *lex Judiciaria* of C. Gracchus. Lastly, the administrative machinery was brought under the hand of the Senate by enactments to restrict the liberty and opportunity of the magistrates. It is possible that among these enactments may have been a provision for keeping the consuls, and the prætors now eight in number, at home and under the eye of the government during their year of office, and only suffering them to enter on provincial governments after the expiration of the year with proconsular or proprætorian power; while by a *lex Cornelia Majestatis* the obedience of such delegates to the home authorities was enforced by the severest sanctions. No provincial governor in future was to be suffered to wage war out of

his own province, or to keep his post after the appointment of a successor, or to act in any way independently of the Senate, under penalty of treason.

It was a brilliant attempt to crush out that monarchical germ which was ever latent in the irresponsibility of Roman magistrates, and especially in the untrammelled liberty of the satraps of the provinces; in a word, to prevent any one else from doing what he had done! Nor was the Senate, to which such ample powers were entrusted, to be the old, stiff, unelastic oligarchy of bygone times. Sulla, by a stroke of genius, came within an ace of realizing a machinery for constituting the Senate which might have averted the establishment of a monarchy. Just as eight years before a *lex Plautia* had arranged for the appointment of *judices* by the direct suffrage of the tribes, each tribe to elect fifteen delegates, so Sulla now gave to the tribes the right of electing candidates to fill the vacant places in the Senate. He provided for the regular maintenance of the proper numbers by a simple machinery which superseded the arbitrary action of the censor. The *quæstors*, increased now to twenty every year, were to be called up as a matter of course into the house; and as the *quæstors* were elected by the tribes, this gave to the popular assembly an indirect control over the composition of the supreme governing body. Thus some harmony was to be produced between the conflicting parts of the constitution, and the tribes were to be compensated for the practical suppression of their peculiar magistracy, the *tribunate*. Henceforth to be elected *tribune of the people* was to be a bar to all the higher magistracies. The sovereign people indeed required some compensation; for not only did Sulla withdraw from them the right of electing to the pontifical colleges which had been conferred on them by the *lex Domitia*; but he abolished the largesses of cheap corn which for forty years had made the life of the capital delightful to the lazy masters of the world.

The other pillar of the new constitution was the unification of Italy; but this was effected in an even more violent way than the supremacy of the Senate. Italy was Romanized from the Straits of Messina to the Rubicon, and Sulla deliberately destroyed all elements which threatened resistance in Lucania, Samnium, and Etruria. Villages were swept away,

prosperous towns were turned into villages, and for a time at least Sulla managed to rob many *municipia*, like Spoletium and Volaterræ, of that franchise which they had wrung from the state in the Social War. When the wave of proscriptions had rolled over Italy, leaving in the *ærarium* of Rome something like four millions sterling, and leaving on many fair countrysides silence and desolation, the dictator despatched to the depopulated districts his disbanded veterans to the number of 120,000, settling them in inalienable holdings, and thus constituting permanent garrisons to secure the stability of the new order.

Such was the constitution which Cicero called the "restoration of the republic." But it was no restoration of any republic that had existed in Italy; it was an artificial system, conceived by a cool and unsympathetic brain, and realized by a perfectly unscrupulous hand. It was certain to fail, and in failing to exasperate the evils which it was intended to cure. But there was one product of that brilliant mind which was destined to survive,

Judicial arrangements. and that was his plan for putting the Roman criminal procedure upon a more definite and developed basis. Civil suits had always been settled by a single *judex* appointed by the prætor, or in some minor cases of property and succession by the old centumviral court; but criminal processes had been theoretically brought before the assembled centuries, until, by the *lex Calpurnia* of 149 B.C., a standing commission had been appointed for cases of *repetundæ*. It was Sulla's merit to have extended this wise system by creating nine permanent courts (*questiones perpetuæ*) for dealing with the nine more prominent divisions of criminal charges; and the increased number of prætors provided the administration with judges to preside in these courts. From this time dates that development of all departments of jurisprudence which has constituted one of the chief claims of the Roman Empire to the admiration of mankind.

Two years were passed in the completion of this great work of reform, and then the dictator, declining a re-election to the consulship, suddenly threw up the reins of government, and  
 80 B.C. challenging any one to say aught against his administration, he walked from the tribunal to his house, and thence he retired to his villa near Puteoli, to watch how the machine he had

created would go on when the machinist's hand was withdrawn. He had, it is true, 120,000 veterans stationed up and down Italy; and in Rome there were 10,000 "Cornelii," slaves whom he had liberated and endowed with the franchise; and he had systematically exterminated all his foes; yet we cannot but share in the wonder which has been felt in all ages at this almost unparalleled action of Sulla's. It would seem that this Retirement of Sulla. man, who might well style himself Felix and his children Faustus and Fausta, had risen to a position of more than regal power, and was yet totally devoid of personal ambition, and had committed every crime of which a man can be guilty, not for private, but for public ends. His life was the realization of a principle, the establishment of a political constitution, which, however impracticable there and then, was in itself sufficiently ingenious. Our wonder can hardly fail to pass into a kind of modified admiration, as we succeed in judging him by the moral standard of his and not of our own age.

Surrounded by the refinements of luxury, with his beloved wife, Cæcilia Metella, reading those precious manuscripts of Aristotle which he had found in the East, and made known to the West; writing at those memoirs, twenty-four books of which he left as the storehouse from which Plutarch drew in writing his life; or interesting himself in the municipal affairs of Puteoli, which, like the other Italian *municipia*, had, under his government, acquired a more definite local administration of its own, a senate of one hundred with duumviri and two ædiles as magistrates; or raising funds for the rebuilding of Jupiter's temple on the Capitoline, in which scheme alone, we are told, his felicity forsook him,—Sulla lived until the year 78 B.C., and then died in a frenzy of passion with Granius, the ædile of Puteoli, whom he ordered to be strangled in his presence for purloining some of the money raised for the temple building. He was in his sixtieth year. Death and burial. He was buried like a king in the Campus Martius, amid the wild lamentations of a united people. There had been no burial before like Sulla's, just as there had been no life like his.

In Sulla all the threads of the history of the Romans, the "people of the sword, the satire, and the code,"<sup>2</sup> seem to intertwine.

\* The only form of literature indigenous to Rome was the satire, of

Intrepid, unswerving from a purpose which was once formed; without religion, and yet deeply superstitious; a soldier never beaten in the field, yet better in diplomacy than arms; a man of affairs, capable of business; the shrewdest of lawyers; voluptuous, yet attracted by foreign culture no less than by foreign luxury; choleric, so that the pale face would at times flush purple; sarcastic, so that the blue eyes would at times flash like the lurid lightning; standing with one foot on the republic and the other on the throne, trying to restore the republic, but by the very effort affording the best precedent for establishing the throne; the last republican statesman, the first imperial ruler,—he sums up as it were the past and foreshadows the future of the Roman state.

which Lucilius (145-103 B.C.) was the founder. It was, in the first instance, a medley of sentiments and criticisms strung together without method. But this loose and flexible instrument became, in the hands of Horace and Persius and Juvenal, a lash for the follies and vices of the day. In Sulla's recorded utterances there is all the sarcasm and sententiousness, though, as one might expect, none of the moral earnestness, of Roman satire.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE FALL OF SULLA'S CONSTITUTION, AND THE DANGERS WHICH FOLLOWED.

SULLA's system was in his life time already in its decay. His legate, L. Lucinius Murena, renewed hostilities with Mithradates in the most unjustifiable way, and experienced a great defeat on the river Halys. Another of his followers, Q. Lucretius Ofella, tried to stand for the consulship without having passed through the previous stages of the quaestorship and praetorship; and Sulla in the open Forum had to commission a centurion to assassinate him. In 80 B.C. the young advocate, M. Tullius Cicero (aged twenty-six), ventured to defend Roscius against Sulla's freedman Chrysogonus, who was enriched with the spoils of the proscribed, and though the impetuous orator had to retire to Athens, it was significant that even murder and extermination had not silenced all opponents. And that same year a young man was earning the civic crown under the walls of Mitylene in his first campaign, one who had utterly refused to put away his wife the daughter of Cinna at the bidding of the dictator; this was the nephew of Marius, C. Julius Caesar. And even Sulla's enthusiastic supporter, the young Pompeius, had insisted on a triumph, declaring "that men looked from the setting to the rising sun." In Spain, Q. Sertorius was now victoriously resisting one emissary of the government after another. Clearly there were forces gathering which only waited for the dictator's death to rise and overwhelm his institutions. And indeed the consuls, before the fires of that extraordinary funeral pyre were extinguished, re-opened the old controversy. 78 B.C.

**M. Aemilius Lepidus** flew to arms with a demand for the restora-

tion of the outlawed to their possessions and the re-establishment of the enfeebled tribuneship.

Lepidus, it is true, was speedily overborne, but his adherents under M. Perpenna sailed to Spain, and ranked themselves under the Marian eagles of Sertorius. That remarkable man was not, as he conceived, waging war against his country; the myrmidons of Sulla and the Oligarchical restoration were no Italy to him; he had turned his eyes westwards, intending to sail through the Pillars of Hercules to the fabled "Islands of the Blessed" towards the sunset, but the chivalrous Lusitanians had waylaid him with the request to be their chieftain, and seized with a bright inspiration, he, the connecting link between the Scipios and the Cæsars, dreamed that he might wage a battle for the republic from which he was an exile by rearing a structure of Italian culture in Spain. He had all the qualifications for his task, military capacity, a genuine refinement, and that touch of mysticism which lent a charm to the great Scipio. A white fawn followed him like an attendant spirit, and the imaginative mountaineers believed that by her he held communion with the gods. "He would rather have returned to Rome," he said, "than rule all the world besides;" but as that was not to be, he formed a Senate of three hundred around his person, and established in Osca a centre of government and enlightenment, drawing the sons of the leading men into an infant university.

But it was not Sertorius, nor any heir of the Marians, that was to overthrow the work of Sulla; its destroyers were to be creatures of its own, the young Pompeius, whom the dictator saluted as "the great," and M. Licinius Crassus, whose unparalleled wealth had been amassed by buying the depreciated property of the proscribed.

**Pompeius.** Sulla's careful provincial arrangements were violated  
77 B.C.

when the young Pompeius, only in his thirtieth year, was entrusted with the command in Spain; marching across the Pyrenees he joined Q. Metellus Pius, and the united army at last met Sertorius on the Sucro. "It was only the old woman," said Sertorius, "which hindered him from giving the boy the rod." The young general accomplished little; his haughty spirit was alienated from the senatorial government which was, he thought, remiss in furnishing with supplies; and when, after five years of ineffectual fighting



in Spain, the hero Sertorius was assassinated by his envious lieutenant, M. Perpenna, and Perpenna was defeated and executed by the senatorial army, Pompeius returned to Rome, not to give the fruits of the victory to the government, but to carry out the policy of that popular party whose leaders he had just overthrown. Meanwhile, the Senate had hoped to prepare a rival for him in the person of Crassus; but the circumstances under which their champion found himself in command of an army were in themselves such as to cause grave alarm to a government. In the year 73 B.C. a band of gladiators had broken loose and, under the leadership of the Thracian Spartacus, had occupied Mount Vesuvius, and obtained a victory over a Roman army. The consuls of the following year were despatched against them, but their numbers had swollen. The conquered world, represented by these dishonoured Gauls and Germans and Thracians, seemed making one final and frantic struggle for liberty. Spartacus endeavoured to lead his host northwards, intending to cross the Alps; frustrated in this he turned at bay and overthrew the consular armies. It was a war to the death; on the grave of his fallen comrade, Crixus, he offered up three hundred Roman prisoners. This formidable insurrection the prætor Crassus succeeded in quelling; and returning to Rome, while Pompeius, yet a mere *eques*, led his second triumph up the Capitol, he enjoyed the inferior honours of an ovation<sup>1</sup> on the Alban Mount; and the two old Sullanians stood for the consulship together, Pompeius leaning for support avowedly on the popular party, and Crassus being constrained to some kind of an arrangement with his colleague, so that the senatorial government found itself confronted by its two most powerful members occupying the highest office of the state in a spirit of hardly disguised hostility. It was, and is, the weakness of a constitution founded on tyranny that the instruments of tyranny are themselves inclined to be tyrants.

Already a consular law (75 B.C.) had restored to the tribunes the right of standing for the curule offices, which Sulla had taken

<sup>1</sup> In honour to him he was, however, allowed a *lauræ* instead of the usual myrtle crown.

72 B.C.

The Gladiatorial revolt.

71 B.C.

Pompeius and Crassus consuls, 70 B.C.

away; already (74 B.C.) the two consuls of the year had been sent to the east in command of armies, contrary to Sulla's new ordinance; already (73 B.C.) the *lex Terentia Cassia* had recommenced the corn largesses which Sulla had disdainfully suspended; and now for the year 70 B.C. censors were elected, and the novel sight was seen in Rome of a Roman knight, *triumphator* and consul elect, leading his horse through the Forum in the customary censorial review of the *equites*. Clearly the work of Sulla was vanishing like a dream; and now the new consul restored the tribuneship, that palladium of the anti-senatorial party, to its pristine position; again the tribune might convoke the tribes in the Forum or on the Capitol, and bring before them a measure of reform or a bill of impeachment, whether the Senate approved it or no. Immediately, too, the law of the prætor, *Lex Aurelia*, L. Aurelius Cotta, abolished the monopoly of the law courts which Sulla had created; once more the roll of *judices* contained members of the great equestrian order, though now they shared their privileges with senators and a third class, the *tribuni ærarii*.<sup>2</sup>

It only wanted one more blow, dealt seven years later, the year that C. Julius Cæsar was Pontifex Maximus, when the right of popular election to the priestly colleges was restored by a *plebiscitum*, and the carefully reared structure of the dictator was levelled with the dust; there survived only his achievements in jurisprudence, the advance made in the organization of the *municipia*, and the ominous example of his autocratic power based on the proscriptions, an example which dazzled the vanity but eluded the grasp of his pupil Pompeius, but which left to the young Cæsar a warning and a hope.

The supreme importance of the restoration of the tribunate in the coming development of the inevitable revolution will be obvious at every step as we proceed. While the constitution was thus being wrenched from one extreme to the other by the two opposite parties of the Sullanians and the *populares*, there were daily increasing signs that the government of the immense possessions of the republic was beyond the capacity

court, says Asconius, was composed now of 22 senators, 23 equites, 5 *tribuni ærarii*, though the numbers were not quite rigid, e.g. there mentioned (Cic. in Pison., 40).

The Sullan  
constitution  
vanishes,  
63 B.C.

"The old order  
changeth."

of any constitutional machinery which then existed. Nor is this to be wondered at. Magistracy, Senate, *comitia*, and tribunes were designed only to govern the little town on the Tiber, with, at most, the surrounding villages of Latium; but now the magistrates of Rome were sent, after their year of office, to govern, with an absolute and unlimited authority, a vast country like Spain, or a group of populous and wealthy cities with their lands of inexhaustible fertility like the province of Asia. The Senate had become a kind of Olympian diet, a supreme court of appeal not only for the subjects of the republic but even for the sovereigns of independent countries, for the Ptolemies of Egypt and the distant Arsacids of Parthia. In 74 B.C. the monarchies of Cyrene and Bithynia melted into the borders of the mighty state, the legacies of their last monarchs according to the pleasing fiction of Roman statecraft, but really the helpless molecules attracted and absorbed by the greater body. The *comitia* too, nominally the assembly of all the freemen of Italy, remained actually the chance collection of the citizens of Rome, which meant a mob not of freemen but *freedmen*. The sturdy yeomen of the Punic wars had disappeared, and in their place had come up a race of city *canaille*, lazy, sharp-witted, profoundly immoral, and cruel as only the debauched and idle can be cruel; their votes could be always bought for a consideration, and in 67 B.C. a law had to be enacted against bribery at elections, the *lex Calpurnia de Ambitu*; Law against bribery. but it remained inoperative even when Cicero, in the year of his consulship, made the penalty of such corrupt practices ten years of exile. Lastly, the tribunes who were originally intended to act as the protectors of plebeians against the arrogance and injustice of the patricians continued to exist, though that old distinction was a matter now of only antiquarian interest, and restored to their anomalous position by the enactments of the year 70 B.C., they found themselves able to exercise an almost monarchical influence over the conduct of public affairs.

It is no wonder, then, that the attempt to govern a great and multifarious empire on the lines of a small municipal administration was breaking down. Everywhere the most appalling symptoms of decay were apparent. First, let us look at Italy. Though all along the Appian Way were to be seen the festering corpses of six

thousand gibbeted rebels whom Crassus had executed after repressing the Spartacan outbreak, there were myriads of <sup>Danger from the slaves.</sup> slaves constantly pouring into the country every year, and nursing their wrongs and sufferings ready for another rising. Puteoli was called the "Little Delos," because it was the port to which were brought the troops of miserable victims from Delos, where, in the vast slave-mart, ten thousand human beings were frequently sold in a single day, chiefly to Roman masters. But the slaves were not the only danger. The citizens of towns like Fæsulæ, whom Sulla had dispossessed of lands and homes, were ranging the country ready for any desperate deeds, lurking among the mountains of Samnium to waylay and rob travellers from Brundisium, or hidden in the slums of the Suburra or the Cattle-market ready to join in the *émeutes* of the city; and with them were to be found gangs of Sulla's old soldiers, who, weary of agricultural bliss which their master had won for them by confiscation, had left their little farms in Etruria and Apulia to be grasped by the large slave-owning landlords, and were now, in the true spirit of adventurers, longing for another Sulla, or willing, for the matter of that, to follow another Marius.

Now let us look beyond Italy. To begin with, the Roman government had allowed their navy to fall into absolute decay, and the Mediterranean was swept by a thousand pirate ships, manned by desperadoes gathered from the tormented provinces,

<sup>Pirates.</sup> and even from harassed Italy. Never before or since was piracy conducted with such audacious magnificence. The inaccessible mountain crags of Cilicia and Pisidia bristled with embattled towns, in which the robber chieftains gave laws and administered justice or stored their fabulous wealth. The great island of Crete was their advance guard in the Mediterranean, and from under its frowning shores the terrified Roman merchant would see the swift galleys with gilded masts and silvered oars and sails of Tyrian purple bearing down upon his helpless hull. If in his despair he pleaded that defence which was supposed to be a safeguard in the wildest corner of the earth, *civis Romanus sum*, then would the pirate captain dress him in the Roman toga and compel him, with mock deference, to "walk the plank." On one occasion the pirates captured two prætors with

their lictors on their way to their provincial governments; and, indeed, it had come to this, that the masters of the world preferred to slink across the Adriatic in the boisterous winter season rather than run the risk of an encounter with their tormentors. But these reckless men were not afraid to land in Italy itself. They had swooped into the harbour at Ostia, and burnt a fleet before the eyes of the officials. In 74 B.C., when M. Antonius was suffering defeat in the Cretan waters at the hands of the dauntless Lasthenes and Panares, a piratical squadron appeared at Misenum and actually carried into captivity the sister of the Roman admiral.

While thus the sea was commanded by the pirates there were disturbances against the Roman government in Macedonia; but, worse than this, Mithradates, the unwearied enemy of Rome, had sent messengers to Sertorius, promising to support him by war; and, after the death of the great democrat the king tried to win over the soldiers of Fimbria who were still in the East. To their credit be it said, they forgot their party feelings in the necessities of the republic, and, refusing to serve under the enemy of their country, they united, in a somewhat sulky and mutinous way it is true, with the forces of L. Lucullus, who was now sent out by the Senate in the year of his consulship (74 B.C.), along with his colleague, M. Cotta, to cope with the army 150,000 strong and the 400 sail of the Pontic king. Lucullus was a typical Optimatus, proud and overbearing, but dauntless and vigorous; and his conduct of the campaign is one of the most brilliant, though fruitless, episodes in Roman history. Victorious over Cotta at Chalcedon, the royal fleet bore down upon Cyzicus, and from vast siege-towers lashed to pairs of ships storms of stones and fiery arrows were hurled down upon the town; but a storm of another kind broke the ships, and the king had to withdraw into his own kingdom of Pontus. Here, at Cabira, his army was routed by Lucullus. Amisus, Sinope, and Heraclea fell into the hands of the conqueror, who endeavoured by clemency to win the confidence of the Asiatics. For two years the gradual subjugation of Pontus was continued. Mithradates betook himself to his son-in-law, Tigranes II., lord of Armenia, who, by conquests in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia, had entitled himself, in his own opinion,

*Third Mithradatic war,  
74-65 B.C.*

*Cabira,  
73 B.C.*

to be called "king of kings." Before this great potentate a Roman envoy appeared, demanding the surrender of Mithradates. The great king smiled contemptuously; nor was his laughter lessened when Lucullus crossed the Euphrates, and, marching through the country watered by the sources of the Chaboras, appeared before the magnificent capital of the monarchy, Tigranocerta (69 B.C.). "They are too few for an army, too many for an embassy," said Tigranes. What could two legions do against 170,000 foot and 50,000 horse? But the Roman general was victorious, and captured the city, carrying away an incredible spoil, the coined gold of which alone amounted to 8000 talents (£2,000,000). Next year (68 B.C.) he marched into the high tablelands of Armenia; but his army was mutinous, a certain P. Clodius, of whom we shall hear again, leading the disaffected; and though he returned to Mesopotamia and captured Nisibis, his campaign accomplished

Defeat at nothing except his own enrichment. In his absence  
 — Zela. his lieutenant, Triarius, was beaten at Zela by the troops of Mithradates; and by an order of the home government Lucullus was superseded by M'. Acilius Glabrio.

This step was due to the movement of political factions in the capital. Lucullus was a victim to the hatred of the popular party, which had already shown its animus by keeping his brother Marcus waiting for the triumph (71 B.C.) he had earned in quelling the Macedonian disturbances. And the equestrian party was equally incensed against him for his righteous suppression of the extortionate *publicani* in Asia. The popular feeling was in this case unjust, but there was ample ground in other directions for indignation against the great noblemen in whose hands Sulla had left the government. The city *basilicæ* were constantly furnishing fresh illustrations of incompetence and oppression on the part of proconsuls and proprætors in the provinces. In 77 B.C., for instance, a young man of twenty-three, C. Julius Cæsar, exercised his eloquence against the malpractices of a Dolabella. But in 70 B.C. the whole city was thrilled with the revelations which the celebrated advocate, now ædile elect, M. Tullius Cicero, had made after fifty days spent in collecting evidence on the spot of the enormities of the proprætor, C. Verres, in Sicily a province dear to the orator because he had served his quaestorship

there in 75 B.C. Verres had committed every enormity which a voluptuary, a thief, and a murderer could commit. Of the proceeds of his three years' rapacity he meant with one-third to secure advocates for his defence in the inevitable trial, with one-third to bribe the *judices*, and with the other third to live in luxury for the rest of his life. This miscreant, owing to Cicero's indefatigable efforts, was condemned; but even the most easy-going republican was appalled by the uplifting of one corner of the veil which covered the proceedings of the government. The advocate, Cicero, hoped that the evils might be cured by eloquence and with the aid of Pompeius the Great; but the young Cæsar, who, three years before (73 B.C.), on his voyage to Rhodes had himself been captured by the pirates and only released on paying a ransom of £10,000, must even at this early date have felt that neither eloquence nor the sombre and incorruptible Pompeius could redress the radical evils which had come from a perfectly impossible constitution. Was he even then thinking that another constitution might be possible? If so, the year of his quæstorship in Spain (67 B.C.) furnished him with some remarkable evidence that a similar feeling existed in the minds of many people in Rome, and furnished him also with a remarkable precedent for the way in which a change might be effected.

The year 67 B.C. and the year 66 B.C. were pregnant with significance for such an observer of events as the young Cæsar. They were the years of the Gabinian and Manilian laws, by which it was shown that a tribune could create an extraordinary commander with plenary powers, and that such a commander, returning with a victorious army, might be master of the state—not a mere oligarchical autocrat like Sulla, but a sovereign with rights founded on the popular will. In the year of Cicero's ædileship (69 B.C.) the prætor, L. Metellus, inflicted a severe War with the pirates. chastisement on the pirates, who had been encouraged by Verres to prey on the coasts of Sicily, and in the following year (68 B.C.) Q. Metellus was despatched to Crete, and obtained some considerable successes against Lasthenes and Panares, and even, after two years' fighting, subdued the island entirely, so that it could be combined with Cilicia and reduced to the form of a Roman province in 67 B.C. But Crete was not the Mediterranean. Undismayed and

unrestrained, the robber king, Tryphon, sent his flying squadrons out from Coracesium to plunder all craft upon the high seas, and the cornships from Egypt, nay even those from Sardinia and Sicily were waylaid, so that bread was rising to a famine price in the capital itself. And there were in the capital men who were ready to play into the hands of the pirates; the Cretan envoys had nearly succeeded in purchasing from the Senate a peace which would have left that nation of corsairs to pursue their calling undisturbed.

Under these circumstances, the tribune, Aulus Gabinus, an unprincipled but able man, brought forward a measure for creating  
 67 B.C. an extraordinary *generalissimo* of the republic. He  
*Lex Gabinia.* should have command over the high seas for three years, and his authority should extend fifty miles inland, taking precedence of all provincial governors. Under him should serve twenty-five officers, to be selected by himself, each to be invested with prætorian powers (it was the first time that the highest authority in the state, the prætorian, had been thus directly subordinated to a higher), and two quæstors, also to be appointed by himself; 120,000 infantry, 7000 cavalry, 500 ships, and £1,300,000 should be placed at his disposal. Such an office was, as Plutarch says, not a *navarchy*, but a *monarchy*. No wonder the great optimates, Q. Catulus and Q. Hortensius, offered the bitterest opposition; but the tribune was victorious, and there could be no doubt who would receive the appointment. Who else but Cn. Pompeius the Great?—the man who was the idol of the people, who more than any other had restored the very tribunate which now was enabled to come to the rescue of a perishing state.

Never was a piece of work accomplished more efficiently. Dividing the Mediterranean into nine great provinces, he covered it with a network through which the pirates could not  
 Pompeius destroys the pirates. escape. On every hand they succumbed. Within three months the seas were cleared, and he had won a great naval victory over the enemy at Coracesium, sinking or capturing their thousand ships. And then, with equal humanity and prudence, he restored these dangerous outlaws to society by settling them in towns on the mainland. The ruined Soli in Cilicia was re peopled with the unpromising settlers, and named Pompeiopolis after their conqueror. The enthusiasm in Rome was unbounded. The



price of corn had fallen immediately on the appointment of the great general, and now the faith of the market was amply rewarded. The popular party was especially overjoyed at this successful piece of administration; and directly the new tribune, Manilius, came into office on the Kalends of December, he proposed a democratic measure for the equal distribution of freedmen among 68 B.C. all the tribes, and then by the *lex Manilia* conferred *Lex Manilia.* the command against Mithradates on the triumphant nominee of the party, the great Pompeius, who, by his incorruptibility no less than by his military skill, had destroyed at a blow the greatest pest to which the state had ever been exposed. Cicero supported this law, and so did the equestrian order, which was suffering much in its pecuniary interests owing to the unsettled state of government and was already prepared to hail a monarchy if that would secure more undisturbed opportunities for money making. And this new command, superseding the governors of Asia, and giving unlimited control over all the resources of the republic, was indeed almost an undisguised monarchy.

Pompeius received the news of his appointment without pleasure. "Was he never," he cried, "to return and live in peace with his beloved wife and children?" It is that domestic fidelity, together with a kind of integrity rare at that Pompeius against Mithradates. time in Roman public life, which endears the great man to us more than his great military achievements, more even than the setting of his sun in clouds of such impenetrable gloom. The conqueror of the pirates now turned to face the complications which were left by the futile campaign of Lucullus in the East. First of all he entered into an alliance with Phraates III., King of the Parthians, who, by attacking Tigranes, hindered the Armenian forces from rendering any help to Mithradates. Indeed, before the year's campaign was over, that superb "king of kings" had made a very full submission to the Roman commander, and on surrendering all his conquests to the west and south of his kingdom, was led to consider himself happy in having "gained the friendship of the Roman people."

When Pompeius approached the frontier of Pontus, after a somewhat frigid meeting with Lucullus in Galatin, he was followed by nearly 50,000 men, and before this army Mithradates could not

hold his ground, but fell back along the valley of the Lycus, as if he would draw Pompeius into Armenia. But by a forced night march the Roman general occupied a post (where Nicopolis was

**Battle of  
Nicopolis,  
66 B.C.**

afterwards built to commemorate the victory) on the line of retreat. The Pontic army was caught in the hollow of the hills. By the light of the rising moon the long shadows of the Roman soldiers, as they topped the ridge, were thrown into the camp. Panic-stricken, the men fell upon one another, and the defeat was final. Beaten, deserted by all except two horsemen and a faithful woman of his harem, Mithradates left the field on which the hopes of a lifetime were finally crushed. He made his way towards his possessions on the north of the Euxine Sea. Here, at Panticapæum, one final resolution of hatred and despair formed in the old man's mind: he would make his way through Scythia and Thrace, and invade from the east the Italy against which he had now for six and twenty years been in conflict.

But the treacherous tyranny of the despot recoiled now on his own head. He who had murdered his mother and his son now found his most dangerous foe in another son, Pharnaces, who headed a rebellion against him, forced him to surrender and to die, and sent

**End of  
Mithradates.**

the dead body to Pompeius as a voucher of his sincerity. Pompeius ordered it to be laid in the royal sepulchre at Sinope. This happened in 63 B.C., when the king was in the sixty-eighth year of his age and the fifty-seventh of his reign.

A march on Artaxata accomplished the subjugation of Armenia, and the following year (65 B.C.) Pompeius was occupied in a somewhat futile warfare with the barbarous tribes on the east of the Euxine, the Albanians and Iberians. The winter he spent at Amisus, receiving embassies from Elymais and Media, and teaching his ally of Parthia to know that the Romans only sought his alliance for a purpose, and that purpose being achieved, he, like the rest, must bow to the authority of Rome. In less than two years Pompeius had brought under the control of Rome all the territory of the Seleucids. In 64 B.C. he turned towards Syria to settle the affairs of that country which, in the decay of the great

**Syria a  
province.**

powers, had fallen under the sway of the desert tribes. Pompeius organized it as a Roman province, with its seat of government at Antioch. But the strip of land which forms

the south-west part of Syria stood out even in the eyes of the Roman general as distinct from the surrounding nations. Since the gallant resistance made by the Chasidim to Antiochus Epiphanes (164 B.C.), the Hasmonean family The Jews. had retained the government of Palestine in their hands. Nominally high priests, they were more like kings, and raised their country to a high degree of military renown among their neighbours. But when the high-priest, Alexander Jannæus, died in 79 B.C., he left two sons who were aspirants to the succession, Hyrcanus, who was supported by the Pharisees, and Aristobulus, who was supported by the Sadducees. The legate of Pompeius, Aulus Gabinus, had favoured the pretensions of the younger, Aristobulus; but Pompeius himself succumbed to the representations of the Pharisees, who went in a deputation to meet him; and when Aristobulus refused to obey his behests the Roman army laid siege to Jerusalem. For three months a fanatical band defied all attacks on the summit of the temple rock; but caught unaware during the rest of the Sabbath day, they were at length subdued. Hyrcanus was established as the titular governor of Palestine.

The achievements of Pompeius were enough to dazzle even the flagging minds of the all-conquering people. All the nations on this side the Euphrates had submitted absolutely to his dictation; and to Phraates, who proposed that that river should be the boundary of the two empires, he had magnificently answered that "the territories of the Roman people were bounded only by their rights." After expending £3,900,000 in gifts upon his officers and men he was still bringing home to the state treasury more than £2,000,000. The conqueror of unheard-of nations, the founder of nine and thirty cities, what opposition could be made to any claims he might choose to advance?

But we must turn back to Rome, and narrate the events which had been occurring in his absence. Italy was honeycombed with disaffection. In addition to the economic disturbances which, inherent in the system, were aggravated Uneasiness in Rome. by the conflict between Sullanians and Marians, there was a constantly increasing material for conflagration in the social and political condition of the capital. The senatorial party, or Optimates as they called themselves, was lethargic from excessive

luxury; the unbounded wealth which had fallen into the hands of the governors of the world, not only sharpened the wits of broken and ruined men, in whom the city abounded, but also deadened the wits of its possessors. Lucullus, the conqueror of Asia, withdrew to one of his princely villas. Q. Hortensius, the great orator of the party, even, it is said, "watered his gardens with choice Chian wine, and went into mourning for the death of a favourite fish." The equestrian order, proud of its recently won (67 B.C.) right to occupy fourteen rows of special seats in the theatre, yet excluded for the most part from the magistracies by the exclusiveness of the nobility, was too much absorbed in its monetary speculations to concern itself with the state of public affairs.

Yet many more thoughtful men were conscious of mischief brewing, and the popular mind was full of vague forebodings. The burning of the Temple of Jupiter had involved the overthrow of the bronze image of the wolf suckling Romulus, and the damage

*M. Tullius* of the great tables on which the laws were inscribed;  
*Cicero.* It was a fearful omen. Under these circumstances

men turned their troubled thoughts towards a man of equestrian rank, who, originally sprung from Arpinum, had lived in his father's house on the Carinæ, until he had qualified himself as an orator for the work of the Forum, and then, after an absence in Rhodes, rendered desirable by his bold language about Sulla, had, in 77 B.C., returned to Rome, and as quæstor in 75 B.C., and ædile in 69 B.C., had won the respect of all. This was *M. Tullius Cicero*.

During his prætorship, when he sat in the court which  
100 B.C. dealt with provincial malversations, and showed his consciousness and condemnation of the corruptions of the state, his support of the Manilian law marked his entrance into more prominent political life. His honours were, as he said himself with a vanity which was wellnigh universal in antiquity, but with a truth which was almost as rare, "a tribute to character, not to ancestry; to proved merit, not to rumoured nobility." When, then, in 65 B.C., the two consuls, P. Autronius and P. Sulla, were unseated for corruption, and there had been the rumour of an intended conspiracy in their favour, all parties joined to elect Cicero to the consulship for the year 63 B.C., as the most likely man to unite the state in a successful resistance to the dangerous elements under-

neath the surface of society. He was a "new man;" but even the haughtiest noble had a wholesome respect for the sarcastic orator. The equestrians were roused to a kind of political enthusiasm by his election, for he was one of themselves; the popular party had hitherto nothing to complain of in his public career. Even the knot of disaffected confederates were somewhat conciliated by his suavity. He had thought of pleading before the court for one of their leaders, who had been hindered from standing for the consulship in 65 B.C. by a charge of peculation which hung over him. This somewhat disreputable person, by name L. Sergius Catilina, was a competitor of Cicero's in the election for 63 B.C., and there was an end now of friendly relations between them. And when the new consul brought forward his more stringent measure against bribery, the candidate at once changed his rôle for that of the conspirator.

Catilina was a man of high patrician birth; but ruined in fortune by extravagance, and in reputation by a life of debauchery, he had steeled his heart against pity in the proscriptions of Sulla, during which he murdered his brother because, he said, he found his name on the list. Foiled now in his ambition to restore his fortunes by being elected to the consulship, he gathered around him all the desperadoes, mostly of noble birth, who, like him, knew that their only chance of power lay in revolution. News came to the consul of secret meetings in Catilina's house on the Palatine. But indeed Catilina was the best informer against himself; from his place in the Senate, with all the fatuity of a debauched mind, he began to indulge in significant boasts. "There were," he said, "in the state two bodies—one weak, with a weak head; the other strong, but without a head;" but he did not intend the headless body to remain without a head, so long as he was alive. He was endeavouring to give to his conspiracy the colour of a popular movement. Cicero's spies informed him of everything, so that an attempt to assassinate him was frustrated. On the 8th of November he assembled the Senate in the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and told the perturbed fathers of a meeting held the night before in the house of one Læca, at which arrangements were made for slaughtering the magistrates and burning the city. Catilina himself, with his pale face and shuffling gait, had the audacity to appear in the assembly,

and held very high language about a noble like himself being touched by the rustic from Arpinum; but the murmurs of the Senate were unmistakable, and next day Cicero announced to the people that the incendiary had left the city. He had gone to Etruria, where a band of adventurers was already gathered under the banner of another ex-Sullanian, T. Manlius; but Catilina took with him a silver eagle of Marius', anxious if possible to assume at least the fringe of the mantle of the great popular leader. His accomplices in the city included the prætor P. Lentulus Sura, Catilinarian Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, and a Spaniard from conspiracy. Terraco, Ceparius. These men prepared their plans for another attempt at revolution during the license of the approaching Saturnalia in December; but they incautiously took into their confidences some ambassadors from the Gallic tribe of the Allobroges, whom they despatched with letters to their countrymen, promising a redress of all their grievances if they would send a contingent to help the conspiracy in Etruria. The vigilance of Cicero procured the arrest of these men on the Mulvian Bridge, and with the indisputable evidence of the letters bearing the seals of the prætor and the other confederates he was able on the 4th of

#### Discovered.

December to place the guilt of the suspected beyond a doubt. They were arrested, and detained in the houses of their friends, for there was in Rome no state prison<sup>3</sup> where citizens could be held in durance; and after an anxious night, the Senate was convoked in the Temple of Concord, which Camillus had built three hundred and thirty years before upon the side of the Capitoline, to decide what must be done with the criminals. Already (on the 21st of October) the Senate had given to the consul that supreme power of preserving the state by every method

#### Debate in the Senate.

—which had been given, for example, to Marius in the case of Saturninus (*consules viderent ne quid detrimenti respublica caperet*),—but he shrank from the fateful exercise of the power, and appealed to the Senate, which had, strictly speaking, no constitutional authority, to help him. The equites, armed, occupied the steps which led up from the Forum to the temple, and every inch of room in the Comitium and Forum and on the

<sup>3</sup> The Tullianum was a mere dungeon for executions, chiefly of victims led in triumph.

roofs was full of an expectant multitude. The prætor-elect, C. Julius Cæsar, dissuaded the consul from an execution, which, he said, was contrary to the Porcian law, and much more recently the *lex Sempronia* had put an absolute prohibition on the execution of a citizen without appeal to the people. But more than one person half thought that the young Cæsar was not altogether without sympathy with Catilina, and so high did feeling run that the steps of the Temple of Concord came near to being stained with his blood, for the infuriated equites hemmed him in with their drawn swords as he left the chamber. That tragedy lay yet in the future. On the other hand, the young M. Porcius Cato spoke vehemently for the instant death of the traitors, and the opinion of the house was clearly on his side. Cicero was not a man of any resolution, but armed with this moral support, and with the news of a wonderful prodigy which had occurred in his house where the matrons had been celebrating the rites of the Bona Dea, and the extinguished fires of the altar of Vesta had broken again into flame, he determined that the five conspirators should die. Down into the dismal dungeon called the Tullianum, the criminals were led by the consul himself, after Lentulus had abdicated his prætorship for form's sake; the *tresviri capitales* were there to receive them; and soon the well-known voice of the consul, ascending again the Gemonian stairs, rang far and wide over the hushed multitude, "Their life is done" (*vixere*). There was a sigh of relief, but it was a fatal step for the career of Cicero. When, a few weeks after, he took the oath on laying down the consulship, he could not swear that he "had kept the laws" but only that "he had saved the republic." From that moment the popular party eyed with suspicion the man who had taken the life of a citizen. It is a remarkable coincidence that on that eventful day, the Nones of December, first saw the light in a great house on the Palatine, not far from Catilina's, the child Octavius, who was to be Divus Augustus.

Early in the following year (62 B.C.) Catilina fell, fighting bravely, with all his wounds in front. It was the year in which Cato was tribune, and Cæsar was prætor, and Pompeius returned from the East.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CÆSAR CONSUL.

ALL eyes were turned to Brundisium, where the great conqueror from the East was landing. There was a moment of breathless ex-

82 B.C.  
Return of  
Pompeius  
from the  
East.

pectation; would he bring his legions down the Appian Way and make himself master of Rome? There seemed nothing to hinder him; the popular party had tried to create a counterpoise to him the year before by the Servilian rogation, named from its proposer Q. Servilius Rullus, by which ten commissioners were to be invested with extraordinary powers for purchasing land and distributing it to the poor. Cicero had opposed the scheme, hoping to secure Pompeius to the senatorial party, and it had failed. Then an acute mind in the popular party tried to gain the great man by proposing to give the rededication of the Capitol to him, taking it out of the hands of Q. Catulus; this proposal came from the prætor, C. Cæsar. But no one could forecast what would happen. Pompeius did not march on Rome; he dismissed his legions and came to his gardens near the Campus Martius, and there waited for his triumph; and when he addressed the people his speech, says Cicero in a letter, pleased none of the factions. From his height of power he suddenly sank to a strange insignificance; he was ambitious, but he only wished to rule if he could do so within the constitution; and great as his achievements were, there was something in his stilted vanity, his hesitating mind, and even his incorruptibility which made it impossible for him to maintain his supremacy in the maze of Roman political life; that would require a more agile mind, a mind not afraid of boldly overstepping the fading lines of the distorted constitution. But we can see to what a pass things had come when



all the constituted civil authorities stood in awe before their own victorious general.

Never had the Sacred Way seen such a triumph as that which Pompeius celebrated on the 28th and 29th of September, of the year 61 B.C. Clad in a robe which had once belonged <sup>61 B.C.</sup> to Alexander the Great, he led three hundred and <sup>His triumph.</sup> twenty-four captive princes, princesses, and captains to the Temple of Capitoline Jupiter; but when the show was over, the man who had now triumphed over three continents was fain to retire to his house in the Carinæ and amuse himself in decorating it with the innumerable beaks of the pirate vessels he had captured. He found himself unable to get his arrangements in the East ratified by the Senate or to secure the largesses which he had promised to his troops. In the Curia was Lucullus, bitter against his younger rival; and there was Metellus Creticus, whose authority in Crete had been merged in the autocratic power of Pompeius, and who had been kept for five years outside the gates of Rome waiting for his triumph at the caprice of that party which had passed the Manilian and Gabinian laws. There too was another Metellus surnamed Celer, who, as consul in 60 B.C., strained the constitution in order to frustrate the rogation of the tribune L. Flavius for providing lands on which the veterans of Pompeius <sup>His</sup> might settle, and was removed by violence and <sup>opponents.</sup> even incarcerated.<sup>1</sup> But while the enemy of Pompeius was thus exasperated, the measure proposed by his friend could not be carried through in the face of the senatorial opposition. Thus the great man was hampered and frustrated on every hand, and there remained for him no course but to seek an alliance with the popular party which had helped him. But that "headless party," as Catilina called it, was not what it had been; it had found a head, or more strictly speaking, a head had been quietly teaching it to serve his own purposes.

The nephew of Marius, the husband of the daughter of Cinna, who was yet the great aristocrat, sprung of the race <sup>Early life of</sup> of the gods, counting Venus amongst his ancestors, <sup>Cæsar.</sup> had for many years been directing his remarkable powers of cap-

<sup>1</sup> He broke up the *comitia* on the plea of "observing the heavens." This was called *spectio*; the announcement of unfavourable omens was *obnuntiatio*.

tivation to the headless party. He had lived amongst the grimy proletarians in the Suburra until they made him high pontiff of the national religion, when he moved to the official residence, the Regia close by the Temple of Vesta in the Forum. As *ædile* (65 B.C.), he had given gladiatorial games in which every combatant was cased in silver harness. He had reared again the demolished monuments of Marius, and in a funeral oration over his aunt had flung a mist of divinity and romance over the people, and himself their friend. As *prætor* (62 B.C.), he had astonished the Optimates by his masterful moderation in restraining the mob of the Forum, which nearly worshipped him. He had exhausted his resources in liberality, and he could not go to his province, Spain, until an arrangement with the millionaire Crassus had enabled him to satisfy his creditors. But once in Spain (60 B.C.) he had exhibited extraordinary qualities; he led his army victoriously through unconquered tribes to the Atlantic; with striking humanity, he abolished the remnants of human sacrifices which were the heritage from the Carthaginian occupation; and returning with a princely fortune, he had yet contrived to recall the traditions of Sertorius, and to make of the provincials friends who ever after turned to him as their patron. This remarkable man in the year

Consul,

59 B.C.

60 B.C. came home for the consular elections, relinquished his claim to a triumph, and was returned as consul for 59 B.C., the recognized leader of the popular party. It was with Cæsar thus at the outset of his career that Pompeius, the foremost man in Rome, entered into a political union, in which was included his old rival Crassus, in order to accomplish his immediate ends.

It is hard to realize all at once the significance of this "triumvirate," as it was mockingly called, of this triple monarchy as the optimates in their consternation began to regard

Coalition with

Pompeius and it.

Crassus.

Cæsar's colleague, M. Calpurnius Bibulus, was a staunch supporter of the senatorial party; but that which marks this year as the beginning of a new order of things is that one of the consuls, utterly ignoring his colleague and the Senate, turned to the people assembled in their tribes as the ultimate source of power, and supported himself, not by any recognized magistrates, but by two men who were only in the position

of private citizens, but whose influence and wealth made them of more moment than the combined strength of the constituted authorities. In effect, the consul assumed the functions of a tribune, and by the opening thus gained proceeded to add to them the force of an imperator. The seed cast blindly by the Gracchi, watered by Marius and Saturninus, trampled under foot but made more fruitful by Sulla, was now sprung up and about to flower.

The struggles of the year centre round the *Agrarian law* of the consul Cæsar. He proposed in the Senate to appoint a commission of twenty with Pompeius at their head to divide the <sup>59 B.C.</sup> only remnant of *publicus ager*<sup>2</sup> which was still in the <sup>Lex Agraria.</sup> hands of the state, the *Campus Campanus et Stellatis*. It was really the territory of Capua, which had been degraded into a prefecture in 211 B.C. Hitherto it had yielded a revenue to the *Ærarium*; but now it was to be assigned to twenty thousand poor citizens, the fathers of at least three children, to be inalienable for twenty years from the time of assignation. This was the method in which the veterans from the East were to be provided for.

The opposition in the Senate was frantic. Cato became so violent that Cæsar ordered him to be arrested; and when the fathers declared that they would go with him rather than remain in the Curia with the consul, Cæsar solemnly turned to the people. He was prepared to dispense with the previous sanction of the Senate, as Flaminius and the Gracchi and Sulpicius had done. His armed followers occupied the Forum; from the steps of the Temple of Castor and Pollux he announced to the people what had happened. Bibulus, protesting, was pelted with filth, and with difficulty carried by his friends to the security of the Capitol, where he was left "to observe the heavens" for the rest of the year. Cato opposed in vain; but the mob had some respect for this consistent advocate of old republican virtue: he left the Forum unharmed and immovable. The law was passed, and for the rest of the year Cæsar governed uncontrolled and unopposed. The Senate had appointed as the

<sup>2</sup> By the agrarian law of 111 B.C., all the public land which had been "occupied" was declared private, and released from all burdens of taxation. But this public land in Campania comes under a different denomination. Treated as *subactus bello*, it had been let on lease to small tenants, who paid a fixed rent into the treasury.

consular "province" for the year the harmless superintendence of roads and forests in Italy; but no one cared for the Senate. The

Lex Vatinia  
appoints  
Cæsar to  
Gaul.

tribune Vatinius proposed to the people that Cæsar should be sent to the provinces of Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum, where serious disturbances were pending from that movement of nations which had threatened the existence of Rome in 390 B.C. and again in 101 B.C. The proconsul was to take with him three legions, to which the helpless Senate added a fourth, and the province of Transalpine Gaul, and instead of the usual year of office, which might be prolonged to two or even three in an emergency, he was to hold his command unquestioned for five full years. This was an imitation of the Manilian law, and even an improvement on it. As the year came to an end Cæsar prepared to go northwards without waiting for the senatorial confirmation, but not without adroit arrangements to preserve his influence in the capital until he should earn a reputation and season an army in his distant province. He gave his daughter Julia in marriage to Pompeius, and he took in marriage Calpurnia, the daughter of the consul elect, L. Calpurnius Piso, and the two most independent members of the Senate from whom he feared opposition he had contrived to get out of the way—Cato, by sending him on an honourable mission to restore Ptolemæus, the expelled King of Cyprus; Cicero, by arming his most deadly enemy against him in a way which must be described.

A neighbour of Cicero's on the Palatine was the dissolute but clever P. Clodius Pulcher, who once led the mutineers in the army of Lucullus. He, two years before, had conceived a violent hatred to the orator for disproving, as an eye-witness, his plea of an *alibi* when he was accused of a sacrilegious intrusion into the house of Cæsar during the celebration of the rites of the Bona Dea, at which only women might be present. When Cicero by his justifiable but unconstitutional conduct in executing the conspirators laid himself open to attack, Clodius determined to have his revenge; but he would have been helpless against the "father of his country" had not the leader of the popular party had reasons of his own for wishing to keep the orator away from Curia and rostra. Under Cæsar's auspices the old *comitium* was the scene of an unusual spectacle. The thirty lictors witnessed the ceremonies of the patrician Clodius being adopted

Cicero  
banished.

by a plebeian, in order that as a plebeian he might be elected a tribune of the plebs. This was in April, 59 B.C. Early in 58 B.C. he brought forward a measure to the effect that any one who put citizens to death should be "interdicted from fire and water," the Roman formula for banishment. It broke upon Cicero like a thunderclap. Twenty thousand friends and clients, it is said, gathered round him and wished to put on mourning. Clodius forbade them. Pompeius declined to help his friend and admirer, and at the end of March, 58 B.C., Cicero walked out of the Porta Capena a voluntary exile, and immediately Clodius passed a measure expressly against him, forbidding him to come within four hundred miles of Rome. This was the way in which the tri-  
Clodius' tribunate.  
 umvirate got rid of their opponents. The patrician-

plebeian now carried through an ultra-democratic programme. He made the largesses of corn quite gratuitous; he abolished the *lex Ælia Fufia*, which provided the only check that was left to the government upon the freaks of a tribune; and he resuscitated the political clubs, which were practically committees of bribery. He intended also to settle the vexed question of the freedmen by giving them the right to be distributed among all the tribes.

But, much more serious than the logical completion of the radical programme was the reign of club-law which Clodius introduced into Rome. Surrounded by a company of young men of fashion and mercenary desperadoes, he made the Forum unsafe for his political opponents, until they likewise armed themselves under the leadership of T. Annius Milo. When the question of restoring Ptolemæus Auletes to the throne of Egypt became a matter of discussion, Pompeius, who wished to receive the commission himself, was interrupted in the Senate-house by the tumult  
57 B.C.  
 of the Clodian bands, which insulted one of the

triumvirate, perhaps because of their perfect understanding with another of the triumvirate. For the present, however, Clodius was worsted. Pompeius through his follower, Gabinius, who, after his consulship in 58 B.C., had become governor of Syria, restored Ptolemæus, and secured to himself the important post of superintendent of the corn market, which, in those days of dying Italian agriculture and ever-increasing dependence upon foreign food supplies, made him in a very practical way master of the capital.

The daily collisions between Clodius and Milo had one effect which was not perhaps intended. It kept vividly before the eyes of the citizens the utter incapacity of the existing  
Riots of  
Clodius and  
Milo. authorities and the urgent need of a strong government, and thus it was preparing for the time when Caesar's work in Gaul should be done.

We must now turn our attention from the Forum to the battle-field, and try to understand the connection between the civil and the military conflicts.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CÆSAR IN GAUL.

It was the 28th of March. The proconsul Cæsar was lingering with his staff in the neighbourhood of Rome to direct the action of Clodius, when news reached him of a movement on the confines of his new province which was precisely 58 B.C. of the kind that rendered the northern regions a source of anxiety to Italy. One of the restless nations of the Alps, the Helvetii, had burned their twenty towns and four hundred villages, and were intending to march, warriors, matrons, children, and slaves, to the far west, hoping to find in the territory of the Santones more capacious and fertile settlements than were afforded by their narrow valleys and their barren patches of soil on the border-line of the perpetual snow fields. Cæsar, without a day's delay, turned from the uneasy capital to the uneasy north; from the party conflicts of an effete people to the unknown home of fresh and vigorous nations, whose movements were not the ferment of decomposition, but the stirring circulation of growth. In Cæsar's veins, too, the blood coursed warm, not with the fever of faction, but with the vigour of hope. The dead past was to him of interest only as the womb of a dimly conceived future. On the eighth day, such Cæsar arrives in his province. was the almost miraculous quickness of motion which this child of the future always displayed, he was on the shores of Lake Lemannus and speaking in a tone of authority which was new to the hot-blooded warrior nation.

If we could know with what motive Cæsar turned to his wonderful campaign in Gaul, a great riddle of Roman history would be immediately solved. But though he has left us a narrative of the events, clear and limpid as a brook, his calm, impersonal narrative gives no hint of the reasons which determined the channel of the

brook. Had he already fixed his eyes on a monarchy? and was the long and patient struggle in Gaul merely the training of an army, the making of a reputation, which would raise him to the throne? Or did he, like Marius when he marched against the Cimbri, like Sulla when he marched against Mithradates, think primarily of warding off from his country a great danger which for generations had threatened it? and was he, as it would appear from his own narrative, impelled to his unique position by the irresistible force of circumstances or by those gifts of nature which made him the only power in Rome capable of arresting the appalling decay of the republican institutions and the threatened ruin of Italy involved therein? In a word, was it personal ambition, or was it a fateful current of events which carried Cæsar along in the dazzling and tragic career on which he was entering?

The facts are before us, but the answer to these questions is hardly to be found in them. The moving nation<sup>1</sup> would not be hindered by words of menace. Forbidden to cross the angle of the Roman province, it moved through the country of the Sequani in a north-westerly direction. It had crossed the river Arar, and was in the territory of the Ædui, whose chieftain, Divitiacus, was a trusted ally of the Romans, when the might of the legions overtook it. At Bibracte (the modern Autun) a great fight ensued, and the Celts were beaten. One-third of their number survived and were sent back to the shores of Lake Lemannus, where shortly after a Roman colony, Noviodunum, was established to watch that dangerous frontier. Already the Romans were in relations with the Teutonic tribes beyond the Rhine. The German Ariovistus was nominally in alliance with the Senate and Roman people; but he held the Ædui as his tributaries in conjunction with their hostile neighbours to the east, the Sequani, and their equally hostile neighbours to the west, the Arverni. Cæsar at once assumed the air of supreme arbiter in Gaul. He magnificently remitted the tribute which the Ædui paid to the prince. The proud and ignorant German, supposing Cæsar to be like the ordinary mediocre proconsuls, remonstrated on terms of equality, and threatened him with war. Cæsar's little army met the vastly superior host at Vesontio (Besançon), and Ariovistus came near to

<sup>1</sup> Map V.



making good his arrogant language. But the wise saga women of the host forbade the onslaught before the new moon, and this gave Cæsar time to secure his position. In the battle, which took place not far from the left bank of the Rhine, Cæsar's right bore down the wing opposed to it; but his left gave way before the terrible cries and gigantic mien of the dreaded Teutons. For a moment the battle seemed doubtful; but the reserve line under P. Crassus came to the rescue, and the breaking ranks of the enemy were hurled back into the rapid waters of the river. *Ariovistus defeated.*

Ariovistus escaped to the east bank in a wherry, and from the source to the mouth of the Rhine the shock of the battle passed, sending a new tremor through the peoples on either bank—a conviction that the Italian would make that his boundary.

The conqueror left T. Labienus in Gaul and returned for the winter to Gallia Cisalpina, where with his preternatural activity he went through the *conventus*, the assizes as we might call them, from one end of the province to the other, not only winning all hearts by his justice, but encouraging the comfortable farmers of the Po valley to expect from him in time the full Roman franchise with all its indefinite openings for commercial enterprise. At Bononia and Ravenna, too, he heard of all that had passed in Rome during the year, and perused the piles of newspapers (*acta diurna*) which he in his consulship had been the means of establishing.

In the spring he marched against the Belgian tribes, which occupied the north-east marches of Gaul. A gigantic coalition of 800,000 men, under Galba, King of the Suessiones, melted away before his tactical skill. But another *57 B.C.* coalition, under the leadership of the valiant Nervii, gave him much more trouble. On the high banks of the Sabis (the Sambre) he was confronted and outflanked by the enemy. The attack was a surprise, and defeat seemed imminent; but the general himself, the man whose early life had seemed to be nothing but a round of fashionable dissipations and questionable political intrigues, showed that he was as much a soldier as a general. With *The Nervii defeated.* buckler and broad sword he fought amongst the foremost, and his men were fired with that indescribable personal enthusiasm which afterwards turned them from Romans into *Cæsarians*. The Nervii were routed.

In Rome the enemies of Caesar, who had been in communication with Ariovistus, as he confessed to Caesar at Vesontio, to get the hated popular leader out of the way, were awed into silence, and the Senate granted the unprecedented honour of fifteen days' *supplicatio* to the gods for the brilliant successes in Gaul. Among the supporters of this motion was, as Caesar learnt in the winter from the magistrates and senators who came to pay court to him at Ravenna,<sup>2</sup> M. Tullius Cicero. From the day of the orator's exile the efforts to secure his return had begun, but it was not until the 4th of August that the Senate, led by the consul P. Lentulus Spinther, carried the motion for his recall, in spite of the violence of the armed gang of Clodius, and summoned all the country tribes to

Cicero in  
Rome again.

crowd the *comitia* on the Campus Martius, and ratify the *senatus consultum*. The return of the great orator to the country which he had saved in the terrible days of 63 B.C. was more like a triumph than the entrance of a pardoned criminal. On the 4th of September he entered the Porta Capena, and passed along the Sacred Way to the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, to render thanks for his restoration, drawn in a gilded car, amid the plaudits of myriads, who crowded every temple-stair and every roof, and made the Forum like a surging sea of jubila-

Submits to  
the Three.

tion. But he had come back on sufferance; the great Three must be conciliated; hence he was found voting for the extraordinary *supplicatio* and for the appointment of Pompeius to the control of the corn supply for five years. During his sixteen months' absence his enemies had razed his house on the Palatine, and he wanted compensation. It gives some idea of the money which an advocate could earn in spite of the legal prohibition of fees,<sup>3</sup> and of the value of those legacies which were left to prominent men by almost every one who wished to be considered important, to find that Cicero, who started life with a very small patrimony, valued his house on the Palatine, the house which the tribune M. Livius Drusus had built, at 2,000,000 sesterces (nearly £20,000), and his two villas at Tusculum and Formiæ (only two out of many) at 500,000 and 250,000 sesterces respectively.

<sup>2</sup> That winter (57 B.C.) there were no fewer than one hundred and twenty magisterial lictors accompanying the distinguished visitors to Caesar's camp.

<sup>3</sup> By the *lex Cincia de Muneribus*.

But Cicero, like many other optimates in Rome, was looking for the beginnings of a breach between Pompeius, Crassus, and Cæsar, and was anxious to nourish any germs of opposition to the triple-headed monarchy. He pleaded

56 B.C.

against Cæsar's friend Vatinius, and he gave notice of a motion for checking the action of the agrarian law in Campania. But these signs of an independent opposition were suddenly terminated by a humiliating recantation; for before entering upon his third campaign Cæsar crossed the Apennines, and appeared at the Roman colony of Lucca, which was once an outpost against the Ligurian, but was now an outpost against the liberty of the republic. Two hundred senators crowded to the rendezvous, but arrangements were made by the Three, Conference of Lucca. very independently of Senate in Rome or Senate in Lucca. It was agreed that Pompeius and Crassus should hold a joint consulship again next year, and before the expiration of Cæsar's five years they were to secure his reappointment for another five; and very likely some understanding was arrived at that he should be allowed at the end of that time to stand for the consulship in his absence, and thus to return to Rome secure against such factious opposition as had once kept the victorious Pompeius helpless to ratify his Eastern arrangements or to reward his troops. The monarchy was consolidating, though it still had three heads. Unfortunate Cicero was awed, and in his other speeches of this year tried to win the favour of the great men by supporting their proposed provincial arrangements, and pleading in defence of Cæsar's friend and *protégé*, L. Balbus.

From Lucca Cæsar turned again to Gaul. The north-west corner of Gaul was occupied by a brave seafaring folk, the Veneti, whose sails might be seen all along the coast, crossing the Channel too to the Cassiterides and Britain. In The third campaign. a weak moment they had given hostages to Cæsar, but they quickly repented. How could the eagles vanquish their white-winged ships? And indeed the legions could accomplish nothing, though they were led by Cæsar against the rovers. It was necessary to build a fleet. Soon there issued from the mouth of the Liger (Loire) a squadron of light, iron-beaked galleys, under the

command of Decimus Brutus. The Romans were no seamen, but now, as once at Mylæ, tactics were better than seamanship. With enormous sickles lashed to poles the occupants of the galleys cut the rigging of the Venetian ships. And when the sails were trimmed

**The Veneti conquered.** for flight to the open Atlantic, they hung suddenly helpless in a dead calm. The Romans were thus victorious, and Cæsar incurred the first indelible stain upon his character for clemency by an execution of the council of the Veneti and by selling the brave sea-people into slavery.

When he withdrew that winter into his Province he learnt how the most dangerous because the most honest of his opponents, M. Porcius Cato, had returned from his mission to Cyprus, and sailing up the Tiber with a vast sum of money for the treasury which he had not touched, had been received with an enthusiasm of admiration which seemed for the moment to recall all the old republican spirit. It was one disadvantage of Cæsar's recently secured road over the St. Bernard Pass, that news travelled quickly, and in the minds of men like Cato the news of the Venetian campaign had stirred an indignation which was soon to find an outlet.

There was no head of opposition to Cæsar left in Gaul, but the dark forests of Germany teemed with unconquered hordes, and with the spring 430,000 human beings, the Usipetes and Tenctheri, broke into the Belgic region of the Ardennes, and to Cæsar's stern commandment to go back again, they made answer that they "were fleeing from the face of the Suevi, the bravest nation in the world, whom even the gods could not withstand; but to no other people would they yield." The fate of Ariovistus had not much impressed these Teutonic tribes, which lived each in its own forest, trying always to maintain itself against its neighbours by a broad belt of devastation and desert around it.

**Treachery to Usipetes and Tenctheri.** In a skirmish the brave people made good their boast and beat the Roman cavalry. Cæsar then treacherously held their chieftains, who had come to negotiate, in durance, while he gave the order for attack upon the unsuspecting host. Without leaders, they fell helplessly. A century of constant anxieties about the German frontier, with losses of whole legions in the inhospitable forests, was the penalty that Rome paid for the treachery of her new master, who had

flung to the winds the old traditions about the sanctity of ambassadors. His peril was great, it is true, for the smouldering ashes of discontent were behind him in Gaul ready to break into a flame at the mere breath of his defeat. Still we cannot but sympathize with Cato, who moved in the Senate that Cæsar should be handed over to the enemy he had so shamefully treated. Perhaps the stern republican began to see that the victory over Gaul would be a victory over Italy and the republic. But under the shadow of the two all-powerful consuls, Pompeius and Crassus, Cato, who had just been defeated in his candidature for the prætorship, was powerless. The indignation had found a harmless outlet, that was all. In fact, the year did not pass without seeing this stern embodiment of the dying republic actually dragged from the rostra and, haranguing the people in indignant protest all the way, carried to a place of detention. It was on the occasion of the Trebonian law, *Lex Trebonia*, which gave to Crassus and Pompeius, as proconsular provinces, Syria and Spain, for the extraordinary term of five years. In this repeated creation of extraordinary powers in favour of the coalition of dynasts, Cato rightly saw an end of republican institutions. Cicero had not the courage to adopt Cato's uncompromising attitude; perhaps he still hoped that Pompeius' eminently constitutional mind might be won back to the cause of the Senate, which he always identified with the cause of the republic; but possibly he was afraid to offend by opposition the great man, whose popularity was rising high with the magnificent stone walls of the theatre<sup>4</sup> which he was building in the Campus Martius to accommodate forty thousand spectators, and with the beautiful portico of marble pillars, friezes, and entablatures which was being laid out in the same neighbourhood. Indeed, in such wholesome terror was the orator held of the great Cæsar, that he even spoke next year on behalf of his bitter foe Vatinius, who was Cæsar's warm friend and supporter.

<sup>4</sup> At the consecration of the theatre four hundred lions and twenty elephants were sacrificed in the conflicts of the stage. In the precincts of the theatre were symbolical figures of the fourteen nations which Pompeius boasted that he had conquered. A hundred years before in 154 B.C. the stone theatre had been demolished "*tanquam inutile et nociturum publicis moribus*" (Liv. Epit. 48). But in the century all the change had come in Roman habits, which destroyed the "ancient men and manners."

Before the end of the year Cæsar struck terror into the Germans by suddenly throwing a bridge over the Rhine and appearing with his legions on the right bank to punish the Sigambri for receiving

The Rhine  
crossed.

fugitives from the host he had annihilated; and then, as if to show now that the eagles could fly over sea and river, he crossed the channel into Britain with two legions. But the Celtic population appeared in formidable array, covering the white cliffs of Dover with their chariots; and a storm swept away his ships, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that he refitted the fleet and conveyed his men back. Next year, with

54 B.C.  
Fifth cam-  
paign.  
Crossing  
to Britain.

eight hundred ships and five legions, he crossed again, but the brave and cautious policy of the British prince, Cassivellaunus, forced him to return without accomplishing anything more than a nominal subjection.

Nor had he time to conquer Britain; disaffection was working among the million warriors of Gaul. The execution of the Æduan Dumnorix just before the embarkation for Britain seemed to fire the train. That winter one of the camps stationed in the north-east (near what was afterwards Aduatrica) was suddenly attacked by the Eburones under Ambiorix, and, tempted to march out under a truce, was cut to pieces, Q. Sabinus, the legate in command, being slain treacherously in a conference with Ambiorix. But before the Nervii could deal in like manner with another camp under Q. Cicero, Cæsar

53 B.C.

appeared on the spot. Early in the spring he set to work to chastise the rebels, and before the next winter came, every Celtic mind was thrilled with horror to hear that the whole canton of the Eburones had been hunted down and exterminated; and, what was almost worse, Acco, a noble warrior of the

Rebellion  
smothered.

Carnutes, had been beheaded by the Roman lictors. It was plain that Cæsar might before long have all his work to do over again. With daily increasing complications at Rome, with the embers of the rebellion threatening to break into a flame even among the faithful Ædui, any man but Cæsar might have lost his head and been diverted from his purpose. But his was one of those extraordinary natures which are only seen in their true proportions when difficulties have laid low all meaner minds.

The coalition of the Three was breaking up. Crassus had started

54 B.C. at the head of seven legions, in face of the combined

opposition of tribune and augurs, to secure the eastern frontier of Roman dominion by vanquishing the Parthian power, which, reared on the ruins of the kingdom of the Seleucids, was now supreme in Ctesiphon and Seleucia. Led into the desert by the Arab sheikh Abgarus, acting as a traitor,

Carrhæ.

the Roman army was surrounded by the fleet Parthian horsemen, who could attack and retreat, shooting their showers of missiles all the time. In the blinding sand and sun of the desert near Carrhæ, Crassus experienced a defeat which took its rank with Cannæ and the Arausio. A few days afterwards (June 9th, 53 B.C.)

Death of  
Crassus.

he was murdered in a conference to which the commander of the Parthian forces invited him, and his grey head was presented to King Orodes at a banquet, at which the "Bacchæ of Euripides" was being performed, in place of the head of the murdered son of Agave. The shock of this event went through the Roman world, and though Cassius, the lieutenant of Crassus, retrieved the honour of the Roman arms against the Parthians in the following year, that agile people remained to the last unconquered, and the Roman boundary was never to advance further to the east.

Crassus, then, was dead, and Pompeius, though he lent Cæsar a legion at the beginning of the year, was more ready to assume the natural antagonism to Cæsar, since the death of his wife Julia in September, 54 B.C., had broken a strong

Death of  
Julia.

tie with his father-in-law. Further, the condition of the capital seemed reaching a point of anarchy at which Pompeius, as the only strong man on the spot, would have to be appointed absolute dictator. In 53 B.C. no consuls could, in the violence and turmoil of the *comitia*, be elected until July, and the year closed without any elections having taken place for 52 B.C. T. Annius Milo, who was a candidate for the consulship, and P. Clodius, who was seeking the prætorship, turned every street of Rome into a gladiatorial arena. On the 18th of January the two foes chanced to meet on the Appian Way, each attended by a train of armed slaves and gladiators, one in a litter, the other on horseback. They passed in silence; but a quarrel between two retainers led to a *mêlée*, in which Clodius was wounded, and Milo, thinking it might be better to finish the work, had him dispatched. An infuriated mob carried the body to the

53 B.C.  
Anarchy  
in Rome.

Forum, and the ancient Senate-house, the Curia Hostilia, was its funeral pyre.

Pompeius was waiting in his new gardens near the Porta Carmentalis, until a despairing government should invest him with dictatorial power; he was altogether too timid and too constitutional to seize it. But with Cato in Rome no one dared mention the word dictator. Pompeius, disappointed, was

Pompeius  
sole consul,  
52 B.C.

named sole consul on the 4th of February, and by July he had got, as his colleague, his new father-in-law Metellus. Thus Pompeius' opportunity of seizing a crown had for ever passed. Milo was tried, defended by Cicero (who trembled at the sight of armed men in the Forum and the sole consul sitting at the far end near the Temple of Saturn<sup>5</sup>), and condemned; he went into exile at Massilia.

With these significant events passing in Rome, Cæsar was suddenly summoned to the centre of Gaul in the depth of winter by the insurrection of the Arverni under Vercingetorix, that chivalrous knight who seems to anticipate the France of a later age. In the

Insurrection  
in Gaul,  
winter,  
53-52 B.C.

town of Avaricum (modern Bourges) the revolted Celts were congregated; it fell, and all the inhabitants were slain. Cæsar then marched on Gergovia, the chief town of the Arverni; but his army was weakened by the despatch of

Labienus to reduce Lutetia (Paris), and he was unable to make his siege works effective. In an attempt to carry the place by assault he was defeated, and withdrew, leaving seven hundred legionaries, with forty-six centurions, slain before the walls. The disaster was terrible in its consequences, for the Ædui, long wavering, now forgot their ancient rivalry with the Arverni, and threw their arms into the national cause under Vercingetorix. The united Celtic force, including fifteen thousand cavalry, concentrated their strength in a fortified camp round Alesia (modern Alise-Sainte-Reine). But Cæsar had now effected a junction with Labienus, and his German cavalry, furnished by allies, had proved a match for the Celtic horse. The line of circumvallation closed round the town, but the couriers of Vercingetorix had summoned

<sup>5</sup> The tribunal was at the opposite end of the Forum to the Vulcanal. Pompeius was present to preserve order, but as far as possible from the tribunal.



all Gaul to arms, and Cæsar had to draw another line of circumvallation to protect his small army against the innumerable host of Gauls who surged round it, sure of their prey. But the attack of these reinforcements was completely repulsed and turned into a rout by the valour of the cohorts under Labienus. The doomed town was now closely invested, and the hero Vercingetorix, to save his countrymen, delivered himself up to the Roman conqueror, who was so incapable of appreciating this chivalrous resolution, that he could find it in his heart to lead the noble Gaul in his triumph and have him taken aside from the triumphal road to be executed in the vault of the Tullianum. All anxiety about Gaul was at an end, and the Senate voted a *supplicatio* to the gods of twenty days; the organization of the conquered country awaited a calmer time. For a darker storm was gathering than that which had threatened from Gaul. Pompeius, as consul, had actually passed a measure forbidding the candidature of any one in his absence to be recognized in the *comitia*; thus he broke the agreement of Lucca. A party, headed by L. Domitius Ahenobarbus and Cato, was urging the consul to declare that as the work was now done Caesar should give up his province, and in the following year the Senate passed a resolution that his command should lapse in March of the year 50 B.C., at the same time granting to his soldiers who had served their time an immediate discharge. Cicero was out of the way, for he had been sent to govern the province of Cilicia and Cyprus, in accordance with a consular act of Pompeius' requiring governors to be sent to the provinces five years after their term of consular or prætorian office. The tide seemed setting irresistibly against the great conqueror of Gaul. Early in 50 B.C. Pompeius and Cæsar were each required to furnish a legion for service in Parthia, and Pompeius declared that he would send the one which he had lent to Cæsar in 53 B.C.; thus Cæsar practically lost two. But suddenly a reaction came. At the end of 51 B.C. Cæsar's Commentaries had been published in Rome; and something else had come besides that wonderful book. A sum estimated at sixty millions of sesterces had been sent to the needy and eloquent tribune Curio, and half that sum to the consul Paulus, and all at once they began to speak in Cæsar's interest. If Cæsar's men

Siege of  
Alesia, and  
insurrection  
quelled.

Opposition to  
Cæsar in  
Rome.

were to be discharged, let Pompeius' men be discharged too; if a  
 50 B.C. successor be sent to Cæsar, let one be sent to super-  
 Rise of a sede Pompeius in Spain. And when, on the 10th of  
 Cæsarian party. December, the new tribunes came into office there was  
 amongst them an able orator, M. Antonius, who openly attacked  
 Pompeius and avowed himself on Cæsar's side.

Meanwhile Cæsar had left the pacification of Gaul, which had  
 occupied him all the winter of 52 B.C. and the summer of 51 B.C.,  
 and towards the end of 50 B.C. he came down to Ravenna with one  
 legion, calmly waiting the issue of the excited proceedings in the  
 capital, where for the moment Pompeius, who had  
 49 B.C. just recovered from a fever<sup>6</sup> in Campania, was in  
 Cæsar at high favour. It was a terrible crisis. Cæsar's mind  
 Ravenna.

was by now made up, but the panic and folly of the government  
 furnished him with the most plausible justification. On the 1st of  
 January the ex-tribune Curio appeared in the Senate, having posted  
 from Ravenna, a distance of a hundred and sixty miles, within three  
 days, bringing the letter which contained Cæsar's ultimatum. Let  
 us try to conceive clearly how matters stood at the opening of this  
 year, which was destined to be the last of the old republic. The  
 term of Cæsar's extraordinary command in Gaul would expire at  
 the end of February, and the government had determined to send  
 successors to him, chosen in accordance with the law of 52 B.C., from  
 the consulars of five years' standing. In two months' time, then,  
 Cæsar would be a private citizen, and already the Senate had  
 decreed the discharge of his soldiers. What was likely to happen  
 to him in the interval between the 1st of March and the time of  
 the consular elections for 48 B.C., was very plain from the conduct  
 of the Catonian party during the last two years. A citizen of  
 Comum, a colony which Cæsar on his own responsibility had  
 founded, had been seized in Rome by the consul of 50 B.C., C. Mar-  
 cellus, and scourged. "Go, show thy scars to Cæsar!" said the  
 bitter aristocrat. No clearer sign could have been given that the  
 government meant to undo the work which Cæsar during the past  
 nine years had been doing in Gaul. But, worse than  
 Cæsar's ultimatum. this, the Catonian fanatics were ready to impeach the  
 formidable imperator so soon as he should lay down his *imperium*,

<sup>6</sup> Provide Pompeio dederat Campania febres optandas.

and to reward Cæsar with the doom of Milo. Cæsar, then, could not think of appearing in Rome without the protection of his legions unless he might come as the consul-elect for the year 48 B.C., and this was his demand.

But the enemies of Cæsar, in their blind fury and their well-grounded apprehensions, had taken out of his hands the responsibility of declaring war. In the autumn of 50 B.C. the Senate had by a majority of three hundred and seventy to twenty, ordered both Cæsar and Pompeius to disband their armies and surrender their extraordinary commands; but the consul, C. Marcellus, crying out to the assembled fathers, "Let Cæsar then be your master," had gone to Pompeius who was in his Alban villa, and putting a sword into his hand, had commissioned him to take command of the two legions in Campania, and to raise levies in Italy to meet the legions of Cæsar. Pompeius, who had been originally driven into coalition with Cæsar by the coldness of the Senate, and had <sup>The Optimates</sup> until 54 B.C. furthered the interests of his ally, whom <sup>make Pompeius their</sup> he, like the rest of the world, regarded only as an <sup>leader.</sup> inferior, another Gabinus or Afranius, now openly recognized in his old father-in-law a rival, and cast in his lot with his new father-in-law Metellus, consenting to become the leader of the senatorial party against those autocratic pretensions which in his own person had so palpably failed. The foiled aspirant to supreme power was now the recognized champion of the old constitution, which he more than any other man had destroyed. He received the sword from Marcellus, but his heart was not in the work. He was deficient in that impulse which was the inspiration of the Marcelli, and the Domitii, and the Cornelii, who were to form his suite, a burning hatred of Cæsar; and Cæsar's ultimatum must have still more paralyzed his eagerness. The gist of the letter which Curio read to the Senate on the 1st of January was that Cæsar would relinquish his provinces and his armies if only he might retain a single legion and Illyricum until the consular elections were over. But war was in fact already declared.

On the 6th of January a hired carriage dashed over the Mulvian Bridge along the Flaminian Way, carrying Antonius and Cassius to the camp of Cæsar, with the news that their veto had been ignored, and the Senate had declared the proconsul a public enemy unless

he should immediately disband his troops, and had given that supreme commission to the consuls, "to see that the state should suffer no hurt." That fateful carriage found Cæsar with the thirteenth legion already at Ariminum; he had crossed the tiny stream called the Rubico, which since Sulla's time had separated the province of Cisalpine Gaul from the home province of Italy. It seemed a simple action to march from Ravenna to Ariminum, but it was an action which marked an epoch in the world's history. It meant that the successor of the Gracchi and of Marius, the representative of the popular party, had begun a war against the government of his country; it meant that the hour of doom had come to that ancient government, and the hour of birth for a new and untried government was approaching. It meant too, as the terrified senators who now poured out of Rome to join Pompeius at Luceria dimly surmised, that the fresh blood of the yeomen from the valley of the Po, and even of those recently conquered Gauls, was pouring into the veins of the exhausted state; for the watchword of Cæsar was the enfranchisement of the provinces, the creation of a new *populus Romanus* co-extensive with the world; and if already the halo of the conqueror seemed consolidating into the diadem of a king, who could wonder that the head which could conceive such imperial designs should be so imperially crowned? Possibly it was the almost unconscious perception of Cæsar's inherent fitness for a throne which turned the camp of Pompeius from the rallying point of republican sentiment into a bedlam of anti-Cæsarian fanatics, who already began to gloat over the prospect of another Sullanian reign of terror, and to thirst after the blood not of battle but of the proscription list. The candid mind of Cicero, who on the 4th of January reached Rome from his province of Cilicia, was immediately struck with the contrast between the two camps; he was horrified by the frenzied brutality of his friends the optimates, and paralyzed with a kind of fascination at the dignity and clemency which the invader of Italy had inspired in his semi-barbarian legions and his suite of venal debauchees. The "best cause" was conducted in the worst, the "worst cause" in the best conceivable spirit.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### FROM THE CAMP TO THE THRONE.

IN the letters of Cicero remains for us fresh and unfading the impression which the swiftness and daring of Cæsar made upon his bewildered contemporaries. But no contemporary <sup>The</sup> could understand that "prodigy,"<sup>1</sup> as they called <sup>prodigy.</sup> him; it was left for later ages, in tracing the quick events of the five wonderful years from 49 to 44 B.C., to recognize in Cæsar one of the most astonishing, if not the most astonishing, personage in history, the man who in manifold capacity and untiring force comes near to overstepping the limitations which are imposed by human nature. Good man tried by a Christian standard we cannot call him, but great, surpassingly great, all must admit him to be, even the Christian who shudders most at his vices or the republican who shudders most at his crimes. Let us follow him now in his swift victorious course.

On the 12th of January he, with a single legion, supported only by the sympathy of the Transpadane Gauls, marched into that Italy, where "Pompeius had only to strike his foot on <sup>49 B.C.</sup> the ground and legions would spring to the birth," into that Picenum where the name of Pompeius was a name to conjure with, and where T. Labienus, the sole renegade from the ranks of the invader, was known and loved. It was the depth of winter, but he resolved to swoop down upon Luceria, the Apulian rendezvous of the optimates. As he moved night and day along the highway which skirted the Adriatic, one town after another followed the example of Auximum, and dismissed its Pompeian

<sup>1</sup> Cic. ad Att. viii. sec. 4. Sed hoc répas horribili vigilantia, celeritate, diligentia est.

garrison; they could not, they said, oppose a general who had deserved so well of his country. So rapidly did the legions from Gaul follow their leader that when he turned down the Via Claudia Valeria to besiege Corfinium, where the fiery optimate his would-be successor in Gaul L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, was preparing resistance, the invading army numbered 40,000 men. On the 21st of February Corfinium fell, and Cæsar, prudently magnanimous, suffered Domitius to go free only to prepare fresh resistance in the summer at Marseilles and finally to fall in the rout of Pharsalus. As for the common soldiers, drawn by the fascination of the conqueror, the majority of them joined his ranks. Great was the wonder of Cæsar that Pompeius should have deserted Rome, greater still was his wonder when he learnt that the terrified nobility were making for Brundisium, to escape from the land on which the "prodigy" marched. On the 9th of March Cæsar lay before the walls of the seaport town, but for want of a fleet he could not prevent the embarkation of the enemy's troops. Pompeius fled to the East where his great victories had been achieved, and on the 1st of April Cæsar met the remnants of the Senate, which were still to be found in Rome, as the undisputed master of Italy.

But all the world, with the exception of Gaul, had been the scene of Pompeius' exploits, and in Spain of which he was the titular governor were seven legions commanded by Cæsar in Spain. Afranius and Pétreius, as well as a force in Further Spain under M. Varro which if ever united to the main army of the optimates might render it irresistible. To Spain Cæsar accordingly must go. Placing Lepidus in command of the capital, he led his army along the seaboard of the Mediterranean, and leaving his lieutenants D. Brutus and C. Trebonius to besiege Massilia, which as a *civitas fœderata* clung to the Senate and the republic and was further animated to resistance by Domitius and by the exile Milo, he reached the Pyrenees and crossed them before the Pompeians could occupy the passes. Under the walls of Ilerda, a town on the right bank of the Sicoris, he found the enemy encamped. At one time, when the rivers rose in flood, he was shut in between the Sicoris and the Cinca, and brought near to destruction for want of supplies, but he extemporized a kind of coracle on which his men crossed the swollen stream, and before

long compelled the enemy to evacuate the town, and fall back upon the line of the Ebro. It was a desperate moment: a canard reached Rome that he was defeated, and waverers trooped over the Adriatic to Pompeius; amongst these lukewarm friends was Cicero.

But the star of Cæsar was rising and not setting; he caught the army of Afranius and Petreius in the hill-locked plain which lay between the Ebro and Ilerda, and in June it was forced to capitulate. All the Spanish towns rapidly bowed before the victor, and on his return he received the submission of Massilia. That ancient colony from Hellas was spared the fate of Corinth; and indeed all Italy and all the Western world began to ring with the praises of Cæsar's moderation and clemency. Not only were the effects of the renegade Labienus sent after him to the camp of the enemy; not only were Afranius and Petreius and Varro dismissed unscathed; but no estate of the absent optimates was ravaged, no mansion on the Palatine or the Carinæ was pillaged. Every one was struck with the contrast between this generous policy and that of the Pompeians, who with their fleet were now trying to cut off the corn supplies and so to starve the capital, and had, to signalize a naval victory won by M. Octavius in the Illyrian waters, murdered every Cæsarian officer who fell into their hands.

But the monarch, though merciful, was a monarch still. Named dictator for eleven days by the prætor Lepidus, he in truly monarchical fashion passed a law for the settlement of debts by the sale of lands, not at their depreciated value, but at their price before the war, and another law for turning all the freemen of Gallia Cisalpina into full Roman citizens. And when a tribune of the plebs had before the Spanish expedition opposed the appropriation of the public funds, the astonished crowds in the Forum had seen the conqueror go to the Ærarium in the Temple of Saturn, and thrusting aside the inviolable tribune, break open the door of the treasure-house.

*His high-handed conduct.*

The first year of the war was coming to an end. Cæsar had won Italy and Spain, and though his lieutenant Curio, sent to recover Sicily and Africa, had on the Bagradas been defeated and slain by Juba, King of Mauretania, who was a hearty supporter of the optimates, this much had been accomplished that the cornships

from Sicily began again to appear in the Tiber. But more important than the visible conquests was the reassuring impression made upon men's minds by the conqueror's moderation. It was clear that Cæsar did not belong to the Catilinarian section of the popular party; and when early next year his follower M. Cœlius Rufus, who did belong to that section attempted as prætor to wipe out debts and rent at a stroke, and got the exile Milo to return and help him in the congenial task, Cæsar's henchman M. Antonius quickly suppressed the movement, and a similar attempt on the part of another profligate and bankrupt Cæsarian Cn. Dolabella in the year 47 B.C. met with a similar fate. All Italy began to see that the throne of the monarch would be based upon security of property and even-handed justice; and that numerous section which preferred material prosperity to political ideals already began to acquiesce phlegmatically in the new régime.

In January people of this temper followed the legions of Cæsar to Brundisium crying "peace," and the great statesman saw that if he could reopen the avenues of commerce, the bulk of the people would be quite content though they should never again see the pipe-clayed leggings of Pompeius the Great or the austere simplicity of M. Cato in the streets of Rome.

48 B.C.

Cæsar landed at Acroceraunia with about 20,000. men—his transports could not carry any more, and on their return they were chased and captured by the Pompeian fleet under Cæsar crosses the Adriatic. Bibulus, which numbered 500 sail. But M. Antonius, who had caught the spirit of his master, succeeded in eluding the enemy and landed the remaining half of the army at Lissus, to which port the strong south wind carried them past Acroceraunia, and past Dyrrachium, where the Pompeian forces had assembled. The junction of the two divisions was successfully effected; for the

Pompeius at Dyrrachium. spirit in the camp of the optimates did not permit of the rapidity of action which might have annihilated the two in detail. That camp was filled with great nobodies from Rome, and with crowds of semi-independent princelings like Deiotarus of Galatia from the East. Pompeius was like another Agamemnon, a king of kings, and if there was an Achilles in the army he was sure to be in a sulk.

So unmanageable was the host, that Cæsar, with his much in-



ferior force and without a fleet, determined to invest it, as it lay on the seashore south of Dyrrachium, with a double line of works, one facing inwards, the other to repel any reinforcements coming from without, for Metellus Scipio was bringing up two legions from Syria, and Cæsar could not be sure that the force he had sent to oppose him under Calvinus would be able to intercept him. But before the double lines had been pushed down to the beach, a legion from the beleaguered camp succeeded in turning them; marching up between the parallels it drove the Cæsarians before it, and though the valiant Antonius arrested its progress at last, in the meantime a general engagement had been drawn on, and on the ground broken by dykes and fosses the army of Cæsar had been defeated, one thousand of his bravest veterans being left dead in the trenches. Cæsar was beaten, and had to withdraw in all haste to Apollonia. In the camp of Pompeius the only question now was how the victory should be used; already couriers were dispatched to Rome to prepare for the good old republican elections, gloriously free and gloriously corrupt, which would now be restored on the ruins of the levelled throne.

It is strange that Pompeius did not at once sail for Italy; but it seems that in the plenitude of victory it was determined to go and rescue Metellus Scipio from the hands of Calvinus and to run to earth the vanquished and fugitive usurper. Thus it came about that when Cæsar turned up the valley of the Aous to meet Calvinus and to wait for Cornificius who was bringing some Illyrian reinforcements in the plain of Thessaly, the slow and stately eagles of Pompeius leisurely followed him, and uniting with Scipio, bore down from Larissa over the ridge of Cynoscephalæ upon the far inferior force of Cæsar, which lay between the river Enipeus and the town of Pharsalus.

On the morning of the 9th of August the Pompeian army, numbering 47,000 foot and 7000 horse, joined battle with Cæsar's 22,000 foot and handful of cavalry. Behind his little squadron of horse the master of strategy stationed 2000 legionaries with orders not to hurl their *pila*, but with the sharp points to mar the beauty of the dainty aristocratic *equites*. This unexpected manœuvre decided the day. C. Asinius Pollio, the historian who fought with Cæsar on that fateful field, says that

Pharsalus,  
August 9,  
48 B.C.

six thousand of the enemy were slain. Only two hundred Cæsarians were missing when the roll was called. The Eastern world fell into Cæsar's hands at a blow. Cato and Scipio and the rest of the optimates hastened to Africa, where alone Juba retained a foothold for the vanquished party; but Pompeius rode from the battlefield, as Napoleon rode from Waterloo, defeated and stunned. Never did the glory of a meridian sun sink so suddenly through a brief evening of stormy splendour into the murky ignominy of night. He found his beloved wife Cornelia and his sons Cnaeus and Sextus at Lesbos, and with them he sailed to Cyprus; as in an uneasy dream he thought of making for the court of the Parthian king and recalling the brilliant memories of 67 and 66 B.C., but he was roused from his dream by the tidings that Antioch, the key of the East, had declared for Cæsar. Egypt remained; the army of occupation there was full of his partisans, and the boy king, Ptolemæus Dionysius, who was in arms at Pelusium against his sister Cleopatra, owed his throne to Gabinius the friend of Pompeius. The great man put off in a boat from his galley, and before the eyes of his

distracted wife was murdered as he stepped out upon the shore by the dagger of L. Septimius, an old military tribune of his own. Ptolemæus sent the head to Cæsar, who shed tears over the tragic fate of his great rival; but the body, piously burnt by a faithful freedman, was by Cornelia brought to Rome and buried in the mausoleum which he had destined for his beloved Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, but which had remained empty, because, even in 54 B.C., the people had insisted on burying the daughter of their hero in the Campus Martius, an honour hitherto never conferred upon a woman.

Cæsar had followed Pompeius to Egypt with a handful of men, and now remained in Alexandria to settle that disorganized country;

Cæsar  
dictator  
48 B.C.

with the instinct of a king he could not leave any part of his dominions in anarchy. In his absence he was at Rome named dictator and consul for five years. From this October, then, we must date that recognized reign, in the fourth year of which he was cut off. But in that hotbed of sedition, Alexandria, the new monarch came near to perishing prematurely. Besieged by a mob of renegade Romans and Egyptians in the harbour, on one occasion he only saved his life by leaping

into the sea and swimming to shore ; and finally it was due to the help of a free-lance captain, Mithradates of Pergamus, that he escaped from his awkward position ; a service which he rewarded in August by placing him on the throne of the kingdom of Bosphorus in place of his half-brother Pharnaces. Cæsar overthrew Pharnaces in the battle of Zela, the battle which was announced in Rome by the famous despatch, "I came ; I saw ; I conquered."

A year had elapsed since Pharsalus, and there was sore need of the master-hand at home. M. Octavius, defeated in Dalmatia, had fled to Africa, and there the senatorial party had mobilized fourteen legions and was preparing for a final desperate struggle. At this juncture, in October, the veteran legions in Campania which were ordered to cross into Africa broke into mutiny. Cæsar appeared in their midst. "What do you want?" he said. "Discharge," they answered. "It is granted," he said, "and your rewards, *Quirites*, shall be given you on the day when I and my soldiers triumph on the Capitol." That one word "*Quirites*" had broken the mutiny ; with tears in their eyes the men pressed round their imperator and prayed that he would call them *Milites* again. The prayer was answered, and the monarch, having increased the number of prætors to ten, and filled up the half-empty senate, crossed to Africa and landed at Hadrumentum on the 28th of December.

The formalism of the republic, which had appointed the incapable Scipio to the command in place of the thoroughly capable Petreius and Afranius on the mere score of seniority, had here prepared for Cæsar an easy victory. Near Thapsus by the sea on the 6th of April the armies met. For the last time in Roman annals elephants were brought into the fight, and according to their wont, frightened by the onset of the Cæsarians, turned and trampled on their own men. In the carnage of Thapsus the day of grace had passed. The infuriated Cæsarians hewed in pieces fifty thousand of the foe at the sacrifice of only fifty of their own lives. The republic was like the evening sun setting on the African strand ; but it gathered all its expiring fires to set, glorious as it rose, in the memorable death of its noble son, M. Porcius Cato. Doing all he could to avoid compromising the inhabitants

of Utica, whom his justice had saved from the fire-eaters of his party; seeing the monarchy which as a sapling he had in vain opposed now overspreading the earth, he determined to open a door of escape by which all true republicans might always evade the grasp of future tyrants. Having fortified his spirit by reading the *Suicide of Cato.* "Phædo" of Plato, he arose in the morning and thrust a sword into his body. His sorrowing friends bound up the wound, and left him, as they hoped, to sleep; but he quietly removed the bandage and bled to death.

He was the son of an earlier epoch, cast astray on a time which could not understand him. Unambitious, incorruptible, passionately patriotic, he lived in a republic of his own imagination, and if all the republicans had been Catos, Cæsar's crime would indeed have been great, but then if all monarchs could have been Cæsars, Cato's resistance would have deserved little admiration. No greater contrast could be imagined than that between the death of this ideal republican and the deaths of the actual representatives of the optimate party, Petreius, the old legatus of Pompeius, and Juba, the client king of Mauretania. These two met over their cups, and in a desperate duel sought an exit from life. Juba slew Petreius, and then ordered a slave to do a similar office for him. A large slice of the Numidian kingdom was absorbed in the Roman province, and Sallustius the historian remained there as *proprætor*.

From August to November Cæsar was in Rome, making, like the Thor of Scandinavian mythology, a new world out of the chaos of disintegration, by strokes of almost superhuman energy. No magician in an eastern tale ever built a palace of marvels by the aid of genii with more incredible rapidity and precision. Four times that autumn did the *Porta Triumphalis* between the Carmental and Flumentane gates turn on its rusty hinges to let the conqueror of Gaul, the conqueror of Egypt, the conqueror of Pontus, the conqueror of Juba (for no mention was made of the Roman citizens who had been overthrown), the all-victorious Cæsar, pass through; and the six hundred million sesterces which were carried in the triumphal procession began to take a permanent visible form in the new Forum Julium, for which space was cleared to the north-east

of the *comitium*, with the magnificent Temple of Venus Genetrix, the ancestress of the monarch, in the midst. It was in the portico of this temple that Cæsar towards the end of October received the senators who came to announce that they had named him dictator for ten years and *præfectus morum*, in place of censors, for three. The monarch remained seated, an offence against the decorum of the old republic which was never forgiven, and contributed considerably towards the tragedy of the Ides of March, 44 B.C.

The administrative and legislative activity of the dictator was prodigious; the whole city was accurately mapped into districts (*vici*), and the number of citizens eligible for the corn-largess was reduced from 320,000 to 150,000. The law courts were reformed by the suppression of the *tribuni ærarii* Civil work.

*judices*; <sup>2</sup> the Collegia of Clodius were broken up; the provinces were regulated by a law which was to prevent a prætorian from governing for more than one year, a consular from holding office for more than two years. Besides, the offences of violence and treason were threatened with the severe penalty of banishment (*aqua et igni interdicti*), and the excesses of luxury were curbed by another futile sumptuary law, by which even the markets were to be watched to prevent the extravagance of purchasers. Further, the sovereign, who was himself a writer on astronomy, found time to correct the disordered calendar by inserting ninety days into this memorable year, and from the 1st of January, 45 B.C., the year began to be reckoned as 365½ days instead of 355 as heretofore.

But in November the work of reorganization had to be again suspended for eleven months. Cnaeus, the eldest son of Pompeius, had collected an army of fugitives from Thapsus Cæsar in Spain, November, 46 B.C. renegade Cæsarians and Spanish guerillas on the river Bætis. In twenty-four days Cæsar, wiling the tedium of the way by composing a poem called "Iter," appeared at Cordova. He left the capital in a ferment of revived republican feeling, due to the publication of an encomium on Cato by M. Cicero. The old difficulties of Spanish warfare prevented a 45 B.C. decisive action until the 17th of March, 45 B.C., when the armies met at Munda. The battle-cry of Cnaeus was "Filial

<sup>2</sup> Vid. p. 250.

duty" (*pietas*), the battle-cry of Cæsar was "Venus Victrix." On the eve of the Parilia (April 20th), the laurelled letter reached Rome with the news that thirty thousand of the enemy were slain for one thousand of the loyalists. In October the conqueror celebrated a fifth great triumph, and published in reply to Cicero his "Anti-Cato." There returned with him to Italy his sister's grandson, the young Octavius, now in his eighteenth year, who was understood to be his heir; the youth crossed the Adriatic to Apollonia to prepare for the expedition which the dictator intended soon to lead against the unchastised Parthian king.

A consul without a colleague was a contradiction in terms, and the existence of such an anomaly was itself practically a reversion to the time of the kings.<sup>3</sup> In this sense

*Sole consul.*

Pompeius in 52 B.C. was the first of the new dynasty; but that great man was not great enough to shake off the republican traditions of five hundred years. Cæsar, the sole consul of the year 45 B.C., was great enough, and with serene confidence in himself and in the future he did it. The rude statues of the seven mythical kings stood on the Capitol before the Temple of Jupiter; to them now an eighth was added; the greatness and the glory, the meanness and the shame, of the republic were thus symbolically dropped out of the line of history; the thread was to be resumed from the days of Tarquinius Superbus, and doubtless would have been resumed but that by the side of the new Tarquin was a new Brutus, a man of a dreamy and reflective mind, who had to all appearance reconciled his republican prejudices to the new order and was even named by Cæsar prætor for the coming year. Mysterious notes began to be put into his hands, "Brutus, why sleepest thou?" and slips of parchment were pinned to the wooden figure of the ancient founder of the republic, invoking his spirit to return to Rome. Soon the philosopher was approached by the "lean and hungry Cassius," who was envenomed by an imagined slight on the part of his princely pardoner and benefactor Cæsar. The two began to watch with ever-deepening hostility the manifest unveiling of the throne in the centre of the state, and the still more manifest fact that Cæsar was by nature "every inch a king." In place of the purple

<sup>3</sup> Vid. p. 13.

laticlave worn by the senators, Cæsar now appeared always in a purple robe such as the traditional kings had worn; on his head was the laurel-crown; and from the temple of Juno Moneta, the mint of Rome, began to pour large gold coins, about the value of an English sovereign, bearing the image of the laurelled head and on the reverse a figure of Venus Victrix. No man could now buy the ordinary articles of consumption without being reminded in the *denarius* and the *aureus* that there was a king in Rome, and that he was the son of a goddess. When the citizens flocked to the theatre they saw him seated on a raised seat in the orchestra; and every one knew that in the assemblies of the Senate he sat apart in a chair of gold. Nay, more; in a bronze map of the illimitable Roman empire, which was executed at the sovereign's command, he was represented as a demigod, and to him as a deity incense began to rise from altars consecrated to his service; a chief

44 B.C.

priest (*flamen*) of his divinity appeared; and when, on the 15th of February, the day of the Lupercalia, M. Antonius offered to the monarch a crown in the name of the people, the crown was declined and sent to the Capitol for the brow of Jupiter, but it was as a god bowing to the father of the gods that Cæsar thus rejected the circlet of gold, for he himself was implicitly ranked with Lupercus, the ancient god of Romulus and Remus, by the institution of a college of priests the *Julii Luperci*, of whom Antonius was one.

But the symbols of monarchy and divinity, infinitely irritating as they were to an antiquarian republican sentiment, ~~A monarchy~~ were as nothing to the palpable facts of the monarchical ~~shaping itself.~~ genius, which threw into the shade all the republican nobodies, Brutus and Cassius among the number.

A wholly new State was shaping itself dimly before the eyes of the astonished nobility, a mighty empire of free and equal citizens under the control of a master mind, in place of the petty municipal government of *comitia* and Senate in Rome, with its enormities of unbridled and unprincipled satraps preying on the helpless provinces. Rome was to be the foster mother of nations, and not the mistress of slaves. The *comitia* were still held, and the *septa* in the Campus Martius were repaired and beautified; but the decorum of death had fallen upon that excited arena. Never again, as in the election for 54 B.C., would the first *centuria* receive £100,000 as

a bribe for its vote; never again, as in the election for 53 B.C., would the rate of interest rise in the city from four to eight per cent. owing to the immense demand for loans to be spent in electoral corruption. The quæstors, raised to the number of forty, the prætors to the number of sixteen, were half of them directly appointed, half of them indirectly recommended to the people, by the sovereign. It was much the same with the ædiles, now six in number; and in March, 44 B.C., the consuls for three years in advance were already designated. The *comitia* of the tribes, too, were overshadowed by the sovereign, for though the *Leges Juliae* were submitted to them for approval, they hardly thought it worth their while to make objections since the *edictum* of the magistrate had the force of law during his term of office, and the present chief magistrate's term of office seemed likely to end only with his life. The Senate was equally subordinated to the supreme authority. He filled its ranks, raising the number of senators to nine hundred, with men whose right, like that of a British peer, consisted in the summons of the monarch; he even called into the venerable assembly semi-barbarous Gauls; and with a just appreciation of the dependence of a constitutional monarchy upon an obedient aristocracy, he revived an antiquarian distinction by raising to the patriciate a number of families at his pleasure. The nobility of office which had for four hundred and forty-four years existed unquestioned obliterating the distinction between patrician and plebeian was now again replaced by a nobility of birth.

But the change in constitutional machinery was but a fragment, a preliminary condition, of the great imperial design. Measures were taken for restoring the internal prosperity of Italy; an embargo was placed upon the ever-increasing expatriation of the population, and a *lex Julia Municipalis* infused a vigour into those quiet country towns which had for ages grown more and more somnolent under the overarching shadow of the great city. Tusculum, the birth-place of Cato; Arpinum, from whose bracing hills, made musical by the icy stream of the Fibrenus, had come Marius and Cicero; and many other wholesome townships were organized on a simple and uniform plan. Yet Italy was to be in future but a district of a larger realm, an elder sister and a model of the



circle of provinces. For the fourteen provinces which Cæsar found existing, and for the new province of Cisalpine Gaul which was now taking shape, a new era of hope was dawning. The revolting doctrine that they were "the estates of the Roman people" and the "prize of victory" was growing untenable. Under the stern hand of the master, no governor in Sicily, for instance, should again by three years of misrule reduce the landholders by fifty-nine per cent., as Verres had done; for that beautiful country received an immunity from all taxation. And if the provincials throughout the empire did not immediately enter into a condition of equality with their conquerors, Cæsar dotted his dominions with centres of freedom and enlightenment by admitting to the full Roman franchise Gades in Spain, the two cities which he reared on the devastated sites of Carthage and Corinth,—a noble reparation for the two worst crimes of the republic, and veritably, as it was called, a "crown of praise to Julius"—Sinope on the Euxine, Berytus in Syria, and Alexandria in Egypt. It was the firstfruits of a harvest, a harvest of political equality under a strong and beneficent government.

Even in the comparatively pure days of the Gracchi, a provincial governor would take out large *amphoræ* of Chian wine, and return with them full of gold, the spoils of his province. Cæsar himself, as proprætor of Spain in 62 B.C., had with exceptional leniency of administration yet accumulated enough to pay off his debts in the capital, amounting to £250,000 sterling. But all that was a thing of the past when the governor was a direct nominee of the sovereign, who was also the supreme judge of appeal in the law courts, or if as in the later time of the sovereignty some appointments were left to the Senate a procurator of the master was always in the governor's train to control the financial business of the province.

In a word, the occupation of the Roman gentleman was gone; the *comitia*, the Senate, the provinces, and the things which had given a zest to the old republican life, were brought under the rigorous control of one who did not carry the sword of the magistrate in vain.

Thus while the populace regarded the new *régime* with composure

because they were fed at Cæsar's table with princely magnificence and were promised unlimited employment in the great public works which were in contemplation—the colossal Temple of Mars, the new theatre on the Tarpeian Rock, the draining of the Pomptine marshes, and even the diversion of the river Tiber to save Rome from the periodical floods; and while the mercantile class were rejoicing in the prospect of peace and order; the *coterie* of the republican nobility was seething with discontent.

44 B.C.  
Gathering  
conspiracy.

Brutus and Cassius were prætors in 44 B.C., and they were to proceed at the end of their year to Macedonia and Syria respectively; for the Pompeian ordinance to leave five years' interval between the urban and provincial command was superseded by Cæsar. To them were joined the heroes of the siege of Massilia, C. Trebonius and D. Brutus, men who had been disappointed to find that their old master of the Gallic campaign was even greater than they thought. A conspiracy against the life of the sovereign began to take shape; and with the exception of Cicero, almost all the survivors of the optimate party were concerned in it. On the Ides of March a meeting of the Senate was to be held in the Curia adjoining the great theatre and portico of Pompeius in the Campus Martius, at which a proposal was to be made to confer upon Cæsar a regal title, which he might bear outside of Italy, and especially in the Parthian campaign. The plans of the conspirators were laid for killing their dreaded master on that day. Strangely enough the oracle-mongers had foretold to Cæsar that the Ides of March would be fateful to him.

When the morning came, his wife Calpurnia in an agony of fear besought him to remain at home that day; the air to her was full of portents. But D. Brutus was sent by the conspirators to urge the importance of his attendance.

The Ides  
of March.

In Cæsar's great nature fear never could find a foothold. He left his house near the Temple of Vesta, and for the last time passed, in a litter, through the throngs of the Forum. A rumour of the plot was abroad, and one man pressed past the lictors and thrust a paper into Cæsar's hands, crying "Read this." It contained full information of the intention of his enemies, but he, supposing it to be a petition, did not read it at the time, and actually held it unopened, when at last he had passed through the Porta Carmen-

talis into the Campus and entered the stately chamber in which the senators were assembled. One true friend he had, his fellow consul for the year, M. Antonius, and this friend Trebonius kept detained at the door that the victim might be alone. Tullius Cimber came forward to present a petition for the recall of his brother from banishment. When Cæsar hesitated, Cimber threw his arms about him, and then P. Casca aimed a blow at his neck with the dagger which he, like the rest of the conspirators, had substituted for the stilus usually carried at the girdle. Murder of  
Cæsar. The active frame, though Cæsar was in his fifty-sixth year, was quickly thrown into an attitude of defence, but when he saw that his assailants were not two alone, but that he was surrounded by a multitude of menacing faces and upraised hands, he knew that the end had come. He was not anxious to live, but his dying moments were made poignant by the discovery that Brutus, whom he loved as a son, was among his murderers. He threw his toga over his head, and at the feet of the statue of Pompeius, who had he been there would have wept as Cæsar had wept over his own lifeless head, the first and the greatest of the Cæsars fell pierced with innumerable wounds. In the evening three slaves came to the deserted Curia and carried that imperial body home to Calpurnia in the litter in which he had come in the morning the autocrat and lord of the Western world. It was a terrible warning to his successors never to spare and pardon their foes, lest they should be ungrateful like Brutus and Cassius, and to surround themselves with a bodyguard which might be relied on more than former friends and equals like Trebonius and Decimus Brutus. The "liberators" as they called themselves assembled on the Capitol paralysed at their own boldness, already beginning to suspect that the people might not approve of their liberation.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE PRETENDERS AND THE REPUBLICANS.

WHETHER the "feast of the Ides of March," as the joyful republicans called it, was a crime is open to dispute; the assassination of a political usurper might conceivably even be dictated by the highest virtue; but there can be no doubt at all that in the present case it was a blunder. The republican constitution had been cracking and tottering in its fall for ninety years, and now, as Caesar's clear eyes saw, there was no possibility of a republic. The anarchy of the capital and the mismanagement of the provinces had demonstrated that the municipal institutions of a small city cannot be expanded to govern extensive foreign dependencies. One thing alone was fatal to the old constitution. *regime*; from the time of the Scipios it had become increasingly clear that the military power which the State was bound to employ resembled the man in the fable whom the horse asked to mount him that he might hunt the stag. But if the military power had crushed the constitution, there was no one who was ever likely to use it in so moderate a manner as Caesar. He had accepted the title of Imperator as a permanent prefix, not merely according to custom as a temporary suffix, to his name; but he made it clear that he was determined not to found a military despotism; the legions might have mastered the republic, but they had never mastered, they were never likely to master, Caesar. The "liberators" had destroyed the one man who had eyes to see clearly the position of the state, and brain to plan, and hand to execute, a constitution which was at once desirable and feasible.

The republic was impossible; but the one chance of giving it

another trial would have been to get rid of Cæsar's possible successors along with Cæsar. As it was, three pretenders, <sup>Pretenders to the throne, each of them more formidable than the throne left.</sup> republican *coterie*, survived: these were the consul M. Antonius, the master of the horse M. Æmilius Lepidus, and Cæsar's heir, the youth in Apollonia, who at once assumed the name of his adoption, C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and took ship for Brundisium.

The funeral of Cæsar stirred the heart of Rome and evoked a general cry of anguish. It hardly needed the eloquence of Antonius to work upon the feelings of the excitable people. All the citizens were heirs of their sovereign: his gardens were handed over to them collectively, and a legacy was left to each of them individually. But when in the testament were read the names of the conspirators, mentioned with peculiar tenderness, the indignation passed all bounds. Brutus and Cassius, prætors though they were, hurried away to their provinces, and D. Brutus to Cisalpine Gaul to escape the frenzy of the people. After the funeral of Cæsar, the consul, M. Antonius, eloquent, audacious, and of un-<sup>M. Antonius.</sup>bounded activity, was evidently master of the situation. He had secured the enormous sums, estimated at 700,000,000 sesterces, in the public treasury, and Calpurnia had placed in his hands all the papers of Cæsar; as, therefore, the scared and terrified Senate, in its session of the 17th of March in the Temple of Tellus, had passed a general ratification of Cæsar's designs, Antonius had nothing to do but to produce a document purporting to be a note of the dictator's, in order to accomplish any design which might be in his mind. But for a moment he used his position of authority with much moderation; and the hearts of all genuine republicans bounded with delight when he brought forward a measure for the final abolition of the dictatorship, which had in the last four years developed such dangerous and unexpected possibilities.

Foremost among these genuine republicans, foremost in name and reputation, but still more indisputably foremost in thorough conviction and inspiring enthusiasm, was M. Tullius Cicero, whose splendid career of unprecedented <sup>Cicero.</sup> successes and intolerable humiliations was now approaching its end in the dense clouds which shrouded the death of the republic. Always great, because always intensely human, he showed him-

self greatest in these last years, at an age when the passion for idealism has usually grown cold. Suddenly leaving the study, where he had been composing the imperishable treatises the "Tusculan Disputations" the "Cato Major" and the "Lælius" under the impression that in the new monarchy there was no longer scope for his political abilities, he revived in Rome for a moment the dying republican fervour. He speedily saw that Antonius had other purposes in view than the restoration of the republic; but when in May the young Octavianus arrived in Rome to find that he was forestalled in his inheritance by the designing consul, Cicero seized upon the boy with the fond hope of moulding him into the restorer of the government which his great uncle had overthrown. When the Cæsarian legionaries deserted Antonius and flocked to the adopted son of their beloved emperor, Cicero, so complete was the delusion which sprang from his generous and passionate hope of a renovated republic, could see in the event only an omen of the fulfilment of his wish. In June the true character of Antonius began to be patent. He pushed through the *comitia* a measure which reversed all Cæsar's arrangements of the provinces, taking Syria from Cassius, and Macedonia from Brutus, and sending D. Brutus to Macedonia instead of Cisalpine Gaul, which he destined for himself. The misunderstanding between Antonius and Octavianus became an open rupture; and when, at the end of November, Antonius left Rome to drive D. Brutus out of Cisalpine Gaul, he left behind him a coalition of enemies, headed by Cicero who between September of this year and April of the next delivered those immortal speeches, worthy to be the final utterances of the Republican Forum before it sank into its tomb-like silence, the speeches which, fourteen in number, he called Philippics, with the proud consciousness that they were comparable to the orations which the Athenian Demosthenes launched against the Macedonian Philip. Never was a man pursued with a more terrible eloquence of scathing invective and irresistible logic of fact. Possibly the great orator was aware that in emulating the fame of Demosthenes he was also emulating his doom. But for awhile he seemed completely successful. He followed with his benediction the army of Octavianus, gone to relieve D. Brutus, who was be-

sieged now in the town of Mutina by M. Antonius; and again in January he despatched the new consul, A. Hirtius, to be followed in March by his colleague, V. Pansa; so that the position of Antonius began to seem desperate. Following Cicero's orders implicitly, the Senate in February declared the proconsul, M. Antonius, an enemy of the Republic. Meanwhile, from the west and the east came intelligence which made it seem that the course of time was verily turned back and the pre-Cæsarian days were coming again. S. Pompeius was by M. Lepidus reconciled to the government, and appointed commander of the fleet in the Massilian waters; and in Macedonia M. Brutus had raised eight Roman legions and two more of native adherents, while Cassius at the head of twelve legions had utterly beaten from Syria and driven to desperate suicide Cn. Dolabella, whom Antonius had sent to supersede him. Nor in the excitement was it observed by the jubilant senatorial party that these representatives of the old republic were, especially in Rhodes and in the Lycian Xanthus, by pitiless severity and endless exactions restoring to the Roman name in the East that evil odour which it had already begun to lose under the even-handed rule of the great imperator.

43 B.C.  
War of  
Mutina.

Success of the  
Republicans.

Towards the end of April the tidings from Mutina began to reach Rome in a clear and credible form. On the 15th, four legions under Pansa had met two under Antonius on the highway between Mutina and Bononia, and in a desperate day's fighting Pansa had been mortally wounded. On the 27th followed a more general engagement before the walls of Mutina, which filled the swamps of the Secia-bed with the slain, among whom was the consul Hirtius; but Antonius was compelled to raise the siege, and D. Brutus was again at large. He who was thus set free went eastward to perish ignominiously at the hands of a barbarian near Aquileia; he who seemed defeated went westward into the province of Gallia Narbonensis, where, by the end of June, M. Lepidus had declared in his favour; and in September Pollio and Plancus joined their forces to his.

43 B.C.

It had quite escaped the notice of the republican restorationists in the capital that the Cæsarians were still a party bound together

by the mighty tie of their great master's memory, and never to be securely counted on when serving in arms against one another. Romans might consume each other in internecine warfare, but Cæsarians never. The tie created by the dead Cæsar was stronger than the tie created by the dying Rome. The over-  
*The Cæsarians re-unite.* powering Cæsarian spirit had been awakened in the legions which fought under Octavianus at Mutina, and marching with irresistible force on the capital they declared their will that their young general should be elected consul in place of the fallen Pansa. The revived republican party in Rome were thinking of Cicero, the father of his country, as consul or even dictator; but it was a significant thing that even revived republicanism was helpless before the revived Cæsarian legions. The young Cæsar, who

*August 19.* was only in his twentieth year, was elected, and with him Q. Peditus, who electrified with terror Cicero and his followers by passing a decree of exile against the murderers of Cæsar. The brilliant dream which had floated before Cicero's eyes was vanishing, and its last vestiges died away, when, in the month of October, Antonius and Lepidus met the young consul for a conference in a river island near Bononia. After two long days of discussion the three political heirs of Cæsar parted to announce to their delighted legions that they had constituted themselves a triumvirate for the settlement of state affairs. Antonius was to  
*The Triumvirate.* take Gaul; Octavianus, Africa, Sardinia, and Sicily; Lepidus, Spain, with the consulship for the coming year. The two first, moreover, were to prepare to march against Brutus and Cassius in the East. But, best of all, for the legions at least, eighteen cities in Lower Italy were designated as military colonies for the soldiers when they should be disbanded.

Before this programme could be carried out several things had to be done. First the united armies marched upon Rome, and, camping at the gates, forced the terrified *comitia* to ratify the self-appointment of the triumvirate. The army was clearly obtaining a predominance which under the strong hand of Cæsar it never could have obtained. The next preliminary to be carried out marked a still further departure from Cæsar's methods and principles. It was nothing short of a proscription. Since Cæsar's clemency had been rewarded with the effective hatred of those



whom it had spared, the present government were minded not to incur a like risk. Before starting for Macedonia they intended to extirpate those political opponents who might, if spared, give them trouble in the future. The list of the proscribed, beginning with seventeen names, gradually swelled to one hundred and thirty senators and two thousand knights. **Proscription.**

Many years afterwards Octavianus, in recording,<sup>1</sup> for the sake of posterity, the events of those stormy years, uses this serene language: "I exiled by lawful sentences the murderers of my father, taking vengeance on their crime." That was a characteristic way for the arch-diplomatist to describe scenes of horror which far surpassed even the proscriptions of Sulla. Among the victims was Cicero, the head and front of the republican reaction. M. Antonius was taking vengeance for the caustic smart of the Philippics. The great orator knew that his doom had come. Bidding farewell to his brother Quintus at Tusculum, he made for the coast at Astura; but the stormy winds refused to carry Cicero from the country he had saved. Landing at Circeii, he took the road in a litter, and had proceeded twelve or thirteen miles when the myrmidons of the triumvirs, headed by Herennius, overtook him. The old man was weary of life; he had committed himself to a posterity which has done ample justice to his brilliant genius and his tender heart; and putting his grey head out of the window of his **Death of Cicero.**

sedan, he suffered Herennius to smite it off with a blow of his sword. The head was taken to Rome and exposed on the rostra, a sign to the men of understanding. The great Cæsar had pardoned him and welcomed him to his Senate; the followers of the great Cæsar, the avengers of his blood, had no room in their system for an independent spirit and a pre-eminent genius. The pale face and the pale hands nailed to the rostra were a sign that the republic was as good as dead, but the old man was spared the agony of seeing it actually die finally, for ever, on the Plain of Philippi.

It was near this Macedonian town, haunted with the memories of the great Alexander's father, that towards the end of the year

<sup>1</sup> In that official publication, a copy of which is preserved in the Monumentum Ancyranum.

42 B.C., the two champions of what was called "liberty,"<sup>2</sup> Brutus and Cassius, assembled their forces, which amounted to not less than 120,000 men, to hold the passes of Mount Pangæus against the anticipated approach of the two triumvirs, Antonius and Octavianus.

Round the death as round the birth of the republic gather innumerable legends which invest the stern and bitter facts with a certain tenderness. One of these legends breathes the spirit of tragedy. The Cæsarians, numbering about 80,000, had appeared some time in November, intent on a speedy action, because their foes commanded the seas and thus secured abundant supplies, while they themselves in the manner of the great Cæsar came in fighting order to settle the campaign with one swift decisive blow. It was the eve of the battle. Brutus, philosopher and dreamer as he was, had retired to his tent for reading and meditation and possibly a hurried sleep before the military tribunes should come in the winter dawn for the final orders. Suddenly in the glimmer of the lamp-light he saw a dark form standing beside him. "Who art thou?" he cried. "I am thy evil genius," was the answer. "I will see thee again on the field of Philippi." "I will see thee again," said Brutus. Oppressed with the shadow of coming doom, a tardy convert to the principles which animated the hero of Utica, this melancholy theorist prepared to meet the heirs of the great realist Cæsar.

In the first engagement the wing under Antonius routed the soldiers of Cassius, who, supposing that all was lost, fell on his sword and died; but Brutus routed the forces opposed to him under Octavianus, and remained in possession of the enemy's camp; his fleet, too, more than held its own on the sea. It was nearly three weeks later when the restiveness of his men compelled the last upholder of the republican traditions to join battle again with the enemy. His men were defeated, and retiring from the field he persuaded his slave Strabo to thrust him through with a sword. The end had come; the dying embers of the republic were quenched in blood. Her last defenders, like herself, died not by the sword of the enemy, but by their own.

<sup>2</sup> Coins struck by Brutus are found, impressed with an image of Liberty, bearing two daggers, and inscribed "The Ides of March."

Philippi had completed what Pharsalus had begun ; but another great battle was necessary to settle the question which arose out of the position of the victors. Implicitly, whether they knew it or not, it was for a monarchy that they had been fighting, and how could a monarchy comprise three distinct heads? The powerful principle of Cæsarianism had welded the three together while there was a rebellious republicanism in the field, while there were murderers of the emperor to be hunted down. That same powerful principle, in another phase of it, now imperiously demanded that the three should become one. The narrative of the accomplishment of this inevitable result will lead us to the crowning conflict of Actium.

When the victors of Philippi agreed to combine against Lepidus, and to confine him to the province of Africa on the plea that he had been entering into treasonable relations with Sextus Pompeius ; and when they parted—Antonius with the bulk of the army to settle the East, Octavianus, a youth barely twenty-one years of age and sickly in health, to make arrangements for the promised allotments to the veterans in Italy—it appeared that the monarch in whom before long the triumvirate must be merged would be M. Antonius. It was his adroitness and decision of character which had in the first instance disturbed the dream of the republican “liberators ;” it was his military capacity which had just overthrown them in the field. As he passed through the province of Asia, exacting from all the communities which had submitted to Brutus and Cassius, whether cities like Pergamus or countries like Phrygia, the revenues of nine years to be paid within two years ; granting immunities to the peoples like the Rhodians, the Xanthians, the citizens of Tarsus, who had suffered for their resistance to the republican leaders, he was to all appearance Cæsar Redivivus, the follower and the avenger of the mighty victor of Pharsalus. It needed only a little self-restraint, a little watchfulness, a successful campaign against the unpunished Parthians, and he might return at the head of his legions to make the boy triumvir renounce his claims as the heir of Cæsar. But Antonius preferred the charms of Cæsar’s mistress to the glory of Cæsar’s power. Cleopatra, the last who was to sit on the throne of the Ptolemies, in whose beauty and wickedness

were summed up the strength and the weakness of the Oriental and Hellenic world which was the creation of Alexander, rowed up the Cydnus and landed at the quay of Cilician Tarsus to make her peace with the conqueror. She came attired as the queen of love, and the heart of the Roman bowed prostrate before her. From that moment he desired nothing else than to breathe the enervating atmosphere of her luxurious presence. To secure her favour he was ready to connive at the murder of her brother and her sister, and to exchange the dream of empire among the austere republicans of the Tiber for the sensual vision of sultanship with his sultana in the effeminacy and profligacy of Alexandria.

While Antonius, stripped of his Roman toga, and clad in the *stola quadrata* of the Greeks, was passing the autumn in endless

41 B.C.

banquetings, broken by the games of the palæstra, his rival was, with that supremely Roman pitilessness, which was preeminent in the boy, carrying out the work which had fallen to his share. We catch a glimpse of this work in the valley of the Po; commissioners came to Mantua, the town on the "smooth-sliding Mincius," requiring confiscations of land to supplement the insufficient fields and homesteads of Cremona; and among the ejected was a young poet, Vergilius, whose sweet pastoral verses had happily won the favour of C. Asinius Pollio, who besought and won the pity of the ruthless triumvir. There is a remarkable contrast between the burgess-colonies of the young republic and these military colonies of her decline, a contrast which points to the change which had come over the state. Those were settlements of citizen soldiers placed in the conquered territories to till the land and to guard the frontiers; these were settlements of unscrupulous mercenaries whose ferocity had to be soothed and whose fidelity had to be secured by lavish promises of lands which could be gained only by unjust and cruel confiscation. Those were the outposts of an expanding state; these were the symbols of a militaryism which had conquered the commonwealth, and was now settling down to prey upon its vitals.

There was one more expiring effort made in Italy to resist the domination of the legions. Curiously enough, this came from the brother and the wife of Antonius, Lucius, who was consul for

the year, and Fulvia. A proposal was made to the people to abolish the triumvirate. The self-consciousness of the old magistracy awoke, and even pronounced Cæsarians like Pollio showed signs of approval when Præneste was occupied as the centre of a republican levy. But the movement was a mere flash in the pan. Octavianus appeared with four legions; and when Lucius Antonius and Fulvia took refuge in

*The Perusian  
war,  
41-40 B.C.*

Perusia, he besieged the town and reduced it by famine in time to offer up as it were a holocaust to the Divus Julius on the Ides of March. The terrible severity which was shown to the conquered, although L. Antonius, who chivalrously surrendered himself to the conqueror, was with equal chivalry dismissed, broke the gathering clouds of disaffection which had been threatening Octavianus. Eleven legions, coming from the north under Calenus to the aid of Lucius, went over to the triumvir. It was the first military success which the heir of Cæsar had won, and that was not due to himself, but to his faithful friend and comrade, M. Vipsanius Agrippa. The republican malcontents, who were crowding to the decks of S. Pompeius' fleet, and watching for any weak point in the armour of the triumvirate, saw that their hour had not yet come, even if they were not yet convinced that it never was to come again. Their hope lay in the essential antagonism which, under an appearance of union, existed between Octavianus and Antonius. For a moment in the summer of 40 B.C. there seemed a likelihood of an alliance between the paramour of Cleopatra and Sex. Pompeius and L. Domitius, who commanded a republican fleet in the Adriatic; but when Antonius landed in Italy and confronted Agrippa at Brundisium, the Cæsarian legions forced the conflicting heirs of Cæsar to an accommodation. By this Treaty of Brundisium, as it was called, the two heirs divided the empire between them, a division which was of singular significance for the future of the world. Scodra in Illyria

*Treaty for  
Brundisium.*

was to form the point of separation between the Eastern and the Western halves; and to secure the alliance of the two sovereigns the noble Octavia, the sister of the one, consented to sacrifice herself by marrying the other, the man who had broken the heart of the tigress Fulvia with reproaches for her action at Perusia and was bound by the voluptuous ties of the Egyptian queen.

While the dynasts were arranging their boundaries Rome was starving. The capital had become increasingly dependent upon the importation of corn from abroad, and with the semi-piratical fleets of S. Pompeius ranging the Mediterranean, these supplies were failing. It is to the imperious demand of the hungry populace that we must attribute the singular convention known as the

39 B.C.  
Treaty of  
Misenum.

Treaty of Misenum. The promontory which guarded the harbour of Puteoli saw in the summer of 39 B.C.

Octavianus and Antonius meet on the deck of a ship with S. Pompeius, the son of the conqueror of the pirates, himself little better than a pirate, and arrange with him for the succession of consuls from the year 34 to the year 30 B.C. S. Pompeius was to be governor of Sicily until 33 B.C., when he was to be the colleague of Octavianus in the consulship. To this had the old republic come; its last representative was a pirate, who had to be bribed with a province to abstain from starving his country. It was a hollow arrangement. The semi-prophetic Fourth Eclogue of Vergil was not yet to receive its fulfilment.

While in the Eastern empire P. Ventidius, who had been a Picentine mule-driver, was gaining his first victories against the Parthians which ended in the battle of the 9th of June, the anniversary of Carrhæ, in which Prince Pacorus was slain, and for which the able victor celebrated in Rome the first triumph which had ever been won from that indomitable nation; and while in the Western empire Octavianus was engaged in the organization of Gaul, S. Pompeius, inveterate corsair as he was, violated every

38 B.C.

stipulation of the Treaty of Misenum. Octavianus quickly appeared in the Sicilian waters; but in the Bay of Kyme, and again off the promontory of Scyllæum, just opposite Messina, he was defeated by the superior naval tactics of his adversary. It was plain that more vigorous steps would be needed to secure the corn freights for Rome. Agrippa was summoned from Gaul, where he had obtained a brilliant victory over the recalcitrant Aquitani, to superintend the formation of a fleet for which he provided anchorage by turning the shallow lakes called the Avernian and Lucrine between Baiæ and Puteoli into an artificial harbour. It was Octavianus' good fortune to correct his own defects by attaching to himself men of capacity. Besides Agrippa he had an

invaluable friend in the equestrian, C. Cilnius Mæcenas, who could undertake the control of the city during the war. And this year he received into his house, in the room of Scribonia, whom he divorced, the beautiful and no less able Livia, who was already the mother of a certain Tiberius Nero, an infant destined for the purple.

But the preparations for war in Sicily aroused the susceptibilities of Antonius, with whose services Octavianus was inclined to dispense. He crossed to Italy; but, by the mediation of Octavia, a compact was made which is designated the Treaty of Tarentum. The triumvirate, which had reached its legal termination in the previous December, was renewed for five more years. The sovereign of the East was to send a fleet of 130 ships for the war against S. Pompeius, and the sovereign of the West was to send 20,000 legionaries for the campaign contemplated against the Parthians.

Not only were the two chief actors for the moment reconciled, but Lepidus also put out from the port of Carthage in the following summer to co-operate with the new fleets which now appeared from Agrippa's Julian Haven, as he named it in honour of his master, and from Tarentum. Menodorus had deserted from Pompeius to the triumvirs, bringing with him a squadron of ships. Everything seemed to promise a speedy overthrow of the troublesome pirate. But Neptune sided with his worshipper Sextus, who gave himself out as the Dux Neptunius; for the ships of Octavianus were broken by a storm, and though Agrippa in August gained a victory near the ever-memorable Mylæ, his master was soon afterwards completely overpowered at Tauro-menium, south of Messina, by the renovated ships of the pirate. It seemed as if the future master of Rome was doomed to perpetual defeat in arms by sea and by land. Possibly nothing on the whole contributed more to the success of the part which he had to play. It enabled him to pose not as the universal conqueror, though he reaped the advantages of his lieutenant's victories, but as the universal peace-maker. For the moment, however, his military failures created a disastrous impression. Stories began to circulate in the capital that the heir of Cæsar was

37 B.C.  
Treaty of  
Tarentum.

36 B.C.

Victories  
of  
S. Pompeius.

a very unworthy heir. Before the battle, it was said, he was found so overcome with sleep that he had to be roused by his friends to give the signal for advance; and the wits made merry over the fact that the fleet at Tauromenium, which vanquished the triumvir, was commanded by two freedmen Mena and Menecrates. But the vigour and skill of Agrippa quickly repaired the disaster, while the conciliatory suavity of Mæcenæ kept the capital quiet. On the 3rd of September the armies of Octavianus and Pompeius confronted each other near the town of Naulochus, and the fleets each three hundred strong, rode at a little distance from the shore. Things were much changed since the sea-fight in the Bay of Kyme. The untiring energy of Agrippa had built ships of larger tonnage than the piratical galleys of the enemy, and his ingenuity had provided against the possibility of the lighter vessels escaping from the floating forts; each hulk was provided with a large *harpax*, or iron claw, which grappled the rigging of the adversary and locked her in a deadly embrace with the better-manned ship. In vain a remnant tried to escape to the straits of Messina; it was out-manceuvred and cut off. The land force, seeing the issue of the naval battle, hastened to surrender. Sextus escaped to Lesbos, and was next year despatched by some emissaries of Antonius.

All opposition outside the triumvirate itself was now finally silenced, and the impending schism within it was simplified by the folly of Lepidus, who allowed himself to be hailed emperor by some Pompeian legions in Messina, and was on the point of opening hostilities against his colleague, when that colleague suddenly appeared in his camp, and by an act of courage and decision worthy of his great uncle, called the legionaries to follow him, and not to plunge their country again in civil war. His cloak was pierced by one of the javelins which were hurled at him; but his temerity was successful. Lepidus, deserted and dismayed, threw himself at the feet of Octavianus, and was pardoned only on the surrender of all his dignities except the High Pontificate, which he retained until his death in the year 12 B.C.

When in November the young man of twenty-eight returned to Rome he was received with enthusiasm. He came bringing



peace and order out of war and anarchy. The whole administration was reformed; and in the true Cæsarian spirit the dangers of the streets were diminished by the establishment of police-patrols. Already in the more rural districts vows began to be paid, and altars began to smoke to this "son of the gods," as he called himself now in place of the old title, "the son of Cæsar." And while Octavianus was thus obliterating in newly-acquired popularity the memory of his earlier illegalities and cruelties, his rival in the East was, with reckless fatuity, exasperating every genuinely Roman sentiment which still survived in the world. In 36 B.C. he led 100,000 men through Armenia with the intention of attacking the Parthian king, Phraates; but, deceived by the pretended friendship of the Armenian king, Artavasdes, he suffered a great reverse, and in addition to losing one-third of his men in battle, he sacrificed 8000 more in forced marches over the wintry desert in his eagerness to reach the side of Cleopatra again. In 35 B.C., while Octavianus was conducting a successful campaign in Pannonia, his brother-in-law refused to see his injured wife, Octavia, who went as far as Athens to meet him and returned to Rome presenting a pathetic spectacle of fidelity and devotion which touched the Romans on their more creditable side their passionate admiration for the antique simplicity and purity of the family. And when at length the enamoured lover roused himself in 34 B.C. to chastise the Armenians and to check the Parthians, he still further disgusted Roman opinion by celebrating a magnificent triumph in Alexandria; and these excesses of Oriental fancy assumed a deeper significance for his colleague in Italy, when he declared the young Cæsarian son of Cleopatra the heir of Cæsar, and when he audaciously sent a request to the Senate to ratify his decision to confer upon his own son by Cleopatra the realms of Media and Parthia, together with the hand of the Median king's daughter. It began to dawn on the astonished Romans that he was designing for himself a vast Eastern monarchy, of which Italy might be only a satrapy. Rome might be prepared, and indeed was prepared, to bow her weary head under the mild and civil yoke of her first citizen; but she was not prepared, nor for many generations would she be prepared, to acknowledge a

monarch of the Parthian type. The laurel crown of the imperator was one thing, the tiara which was stamped upon Antonius' coins, the coins on the obverse of which was the inscription, "Cleopatra,

Queen of Queens," was quite another. When Antonius was understood to be negotiating with the king of Media-Atropatene an alliance of mutual defence and offence against the Parthians on the one hand and Octavianus on the other, the indignation at Rome reached the point at which the heir of Cæsar knew that he might at any moment be pleased turn to attack his rival.

It was in the year 32 B.C. when the consulship was held by two partisans of Antonius, Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus and C. Sosius, that the illegal disclosure of Antonius' will, which

**The rupture.** was in the care of the vestals, presented an occasion for a formal rupture. It in effect left to Cleopatra and her children the Roman empire as a patrimony. All Rome, with the exception of the consuls and a few sympathizers who had perfect liberty to withdraw to the East, warmly applauded, when Octavianus from the steps of the Temple of Bellona declared war, not upon Antonius, but upon Cleopatra. Antonius, who had come from Samos where he had wintered to Athens, replied by a declaration of war for the purpose of vindicating the rights of the fugitive consuls, and at the same time he sent a formal bill of divorce to Octavia, who, with her children and her husband's children by Fulvia, was ejected from his house in Rome, and sought shelter in the house of her brother.

On the 1st of January, Octavianus resigned the triumvirate and entered on an ordinary consulship, his third, together with M.

**31 B.C.** Valerius Messalla. He was only thirty-two, barely old enough for the republican quæstorship, yet this voluntary assumption of merely consular power gave him the appearance of aiming at republican legality; and every device was needed to enable him to cope with the overwhelming forces which the ruler of the East was assembling on that coast of Greece which looks towards Italy. There were 100,000 legionaries; these formed only the kernel of an army drawn from Cilicia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, and all parts of the Asiatic peninsula, as well as from Atropatene, Arabia, and Judæa, not to mention contingents

from Thrace and from Mauretania. The East in the widest sense was once more in arms against the West, only now for the first time commanded by a general pre-eminent among the generals of the West. Then how were the legions of Octavianus even to reach their foes through the vast fleet of five hundred sail, comprising many huge ten-decked ships terrible with towers and engines and grappling irons? Yet when Antonius left his winter quarters at Patræ in Achaia, this question was already answered. Octavianus had crossed the Ionian sea and, landing his army of 80,000 men, had marched to the Ambracian Gulf, where he now occupied the northern arm of land which encloses its waters, while on the other side of the narrow entrance, where the Acte was crowned with a temple of Apollo called the Actium, were encamped the troops of Antonius under Canidius. The fleet had offered no effective resistance, for it was paralyzed by disaffection and mismanagement. When Antonius, who was at least a brave soldier, came to prepare for the approaching conflict, he was dumbfounded to discover that his most trusted friends were deserting to the enemy. The king of Paphlagonia and Cn. Domitius, the ejected consul, led the way, but they were followed by Deiotarus of Galatia and many others. When at length, on the 2nd of September, a favourable wind wafted the selected ships of Antonius out of the gulf to meet the wide semi-circle of the much lighter Liburnian galleys of Agrippa and Octavianus, Cleopatra and her lover had already determined that victory was impossible, and had arranged a preconcerted signal for flight. The vast hulks were still defying the wasp-like onslaughts of the small and agile craft, when a fair breeze sprang up from the north, and Cleopatra spread the purple sails of her gilded galley and accompanied by sixty Egyptian ships, sailed away through the lines of battle to the south. And Antonius, to his eternal shame, amid the execrations of his brave followers, leapt on board a light vessel and followed the craven queen whose fascination had already turned him from an imperator into an outlaw, and was now turning him from a courageous soldier into a poltroon. It was late in the September afternoon before the noise of battle ceased, and then fireships were drifted against the huge unconquered mammoths of timber, and they burnt down to the water's edge. The victory was absolute,

and in a few days the large land army, deserted by Canidius, surrendered to the conqueror. Before the next year ended Antonius had perished by his own hand in the arms of Cleopatra, and Cleopatra fearing she might be led to the Capitol, not to reign as she had once hoped, but in the triumph of Octavianus, had procured an asp, which was brought to her in her mausoleum concealed in a basket of figs, and by its bite had died.

It is from the days of Actium that the reign of Octavianus must date. No battlefield was ever more decisive of the history of the world; it not only decided between the two heirs of Cæsar, but it decided between the East and the West. Octavianus was occidental through and through, a conservative of truest colour, alive to all the virtues of the republic which was irrevocably destroyed; he was able, therefore, under the forms of the dead republic to develop the new government which Cæsar meant to institute, to draw the 85,000,000 of the Mediterranean world into a united realm which preserved all that was worth preserving of Roman civilization and laid the foundation of the modern European family of nations. Had Antonius, on the other hand, been victorious in the battle he would have moved the political centre of gravity eastwards; oriental despotism, oriental luxury, oriental religions, would have swept over the Roman world like a flood, instead of filtering through it slowly and imperfectly. Such an empire would, like the kingdoms of the Diadochi, have rapidly broken into fragments, and the helpless provinces would have been a prey to the northern barbarians five centuries before their time.

But leaving the more difficult question of what might have been if the day of the Actium had gone differently, let us take a hasty survey of that remarkable government, in reality an absolute monarchy, yet to all appearance a milder and more brilliant republic, which the heir of Cæsar organized and matured as the only thing possible under the circumstances. We will suppose ourselves to be in the city of Rome some time before A.D. 14, when the record<sup>2</sup> of the rule of Octa-

<sup>2</sup> A copy of this remarkable production was discovered engraved on a ruined wall at Ancyra in Galatia, and is known as the *Monumentum Ancyranum*.

vianus was being compiled in his own name to be inscribed, as a splendidly mendacious autobiography, on pillars and temple walls in all parts of the empire. What immediately strikes us is the change that has come over the appearance of the city since the days of Cicero. Go where we will through the fourteen carefully defined and vigorously administered districts (*regiones*), with their million or so of inhabitants, we find paved streets, solid houses, and marble temples.<sup>4</sup> On the summit of the Palatine rises the magnificent pile of the Temple of Apollo, newly built, with its spacious portico and unrivalled public library. Opposite, on the Capitoline, glitters the restored shrine of Jupiter Feretrius, which contains the ancient *spolia opima* of Romulus, Cossus, and Marcellus. When we have made our way through the Forum Romanum and, by the old *comitium* passing the Temple of Janus, which is now shut for the first time since the first Punic war, have entered the Forum Julium, we pass between the Temple of Venus Genetrix and the great equestrian statue of the dictator, and before us lies another Forum, which is called the Forum Augusti. We must pause for a moment here. Since the year 27 B.C. this semi-divine name of Augustus has been used to designate the victor of Actium; in the centre of the square is the Temple of Mars the Avenger; all round it are porticoes filled with inscriptions and statues which commemorate indifferently the early history of the city and the ancestors of Augustus; everywhere the eye rests on reminders of the dual power, Roma the goddess, Augustus the god, and everywhere are the suggestions of wide dominion, splendid simplicity and peace as of the Golden Age, connected with the two mystical names. Yet we observe that the symmetry of the Forum in its right hand corner is marred by the encroachment of private buildings, which the illustrious builder was unwilling to disturb. If now we are curious to see this man whose stormy career occupied our attention a few pages back, we shall find him in his modest house on the Palatine, sitting at a simple board at which only bread of the second quality is served, or amusing himself with the garrulity and brightness of his grandson's youngest boy; or he will be talking

<sup>4</sup> Even in the last days of the Republic M. Brutus had called L. Crassus the Palatine Venus for having in his *atrium* six columns of Hymettian marble (Pliny, Nat. Hist., xxxvi. 24). Under Augustus Rome is a city of marble.

with the high enthusiast Vergilius, whose poems have begun to envelope in golden mists of legend the origin of the Eternal City and its eternal deity, his patron. Or if it is a day for the fortnightly meeting of the Senate, we shall find him, the *princeps Senatus*, sitting among the senators, who are all men of rank and reputation, or possibly discussing with his select cabinet measures to be brought before the house; but there is nothing to distinguish him from the rest except the singular majesty of that imperial and inscrutable face. Or it is the day of the elections, and we shall find him in the *comitia* canvassing with gentlest affability for a friend of his own, and finally recording his vote in his tribe like one of the citizens. Or it is a grand festival, the Secular Games, or the Compitalia, rife with memories of the old republic, which a grateful people fondly thinks he has restored and established on a larger and more peaceful footing, and the first citizen, who is invested (since 23 B.C.) with the perpetual tribunician power, sits smiling on the light-hearted crowd, the embodiment of their old Valerii and Horatii and Publilii, of their Gracchi and their Drusi, only discharging all the functions of feeding and amusing the people without any of those bloody *émeutes* which in the far away days used to break the peace of Rome.

And while the poets of his household sing the glories of peace and the divinity of agriculture in Italy, a no less profound calm possesses the wide borders of the mighty empire. The emperor himself by his legati governs the two Spanish provinces Tarraconensis and Lusitania, where the colony of Augusta Emerita, and Gaul, with the exception of Gallia Narbonensis, where the colony of Lugdunum, are becoming centres of enlightenment, nursing beds of western civilization; also Cilicia, Syria, Dalmatia, Rætia, Noricum, Pannonia, Moesia, and Egypt, where alone the dangers and uncertainties of war still harass the frontiers. But in all the other provinces are found governors of the old republican type, proconsuls and pro-prætors, though there is this remarkable and beneficent difference; they receive a fixed salary from the Senate, and lest the Senate should, as of old, be unable to control the excesses of its representatives, there is a procurator to represent the emperor, who will report to his master any misdemeanours. Under such circumstances a new hope dawns upon the provincials and amidst the decay of ancient faiths which characterizes the period, temples rise

everywhere from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates in which the divinity of Augustus is invoked.

This is the superficial impression which the empire of Augustus leaves on the mind; it is the brighter aspect of the new régime which C. Julius Cæsar had begun; but it differed from the government of the great Dictator in this: Cæsar did not hesitate to say that the republic was a name without reality, and he set to work to create a new government, an imperial democracy of universal equality and boundless progress; Augustus revived the vanished republic in form, and under its cover gathered into his own person its dignities and its powers, making, on the lines of Cæsar's sketching, an artificial government of the Sullanian type, a monarchical aristocracy, unprogressive and unfruitful. Cæsar won his position by the sword, but his soldiers were politically impotent; Augustus won his position by the sword, but his soldiers were all-powerful. The confiscations which gave to his 300,000 veterans a settlement in Italy and the untold sums lavished in donatives kept the military domination under control for a time, but already there was a garrison in Rome; his successor, Tiberius, constituted formally that prætorian camp which quickly became the sovereign power of the state; the time was coming when the imperial diadem would be sold by the privileged troops to the highest bidder from the ramparts of the camp.

Cæsar's government was a living germ of a new polity; the government of Augustus was the shell of a dead polity; it was owing to the first that the empire survived for centuries and still essentially survives in Modern Europe; it was owing to the last that its development presented incurable defects which led to its premature corruption and decline. The brilliant epoch of the Augustan age was one vast illusion; of this no one was more conscious than the man who was the centre of it all. When, on the 19th of August, the month named after himself, in the year A.D. 14, the old Princeps<sup>5</sup> lay dying, he is reported to have inquired of his friends whether they thought that he had played his part

<sup>5</sup> It must not be supposed that the title of Princeps used by Augustus and his successors was taken merely from their position as *Princeps Senatus*. It is more like the title of First Citizen assumed by Napoleon, and must be regarded as quite honorary and unofficial.

well in the pantomime of life, and, if they thought he had, to applaud him as he left the stage.

The state which had its origin in the simplicity, veracity, and purity of the highlands of Samnium and the lowlands of Latium, which, by the sober unimaginativeness and practical realism of its sons, had conquered an empire and governed it in a way which

constitutes the most important epoch in the history of the world, had in its maturity become spoiled by the luxury and pride of power, corrupted by the supple duplicity of the Hellenic civilization it absorbed, and finally incapable of that self-government which had once been the wonder of the world; it was now far gone in senility. If henceforth anything great came forth from it, in law and religion, in literature and art, the origin must be sought in the strength and virtue of the earlier days or in the influence of the new world powers from the north and from the east, whose incoming was at hand, the fresh vigour of the Teutonic peoples and the divine power of One who was a boy in the obscure dependent kingdom of Judæa at the time when Augustus died.



## APPENDIX A.

### LIST OF REPUBLICAN MAGISTRATES.

I. THE RELIGIOUS MAGISTRACY.—**Pontifex Maximus** retained the religious functions of the king, and lived in the "royal house" (*regia*) on the Sacred Way. Certain secular duties, legislative and judicial, always remained in the hands of this high personage, who more than any one else symbolized the unity, political and religious, and the continuity, regal and republican, of the Roman state; e.g. he, in the *Comitia Curiata*, conducted the *Arrogatio*, or adoption, and the *detestatio sacrorum*, or transfer of a patrician to a plebeian house. After 219 B.C. we find him chosen by the special assembly of seventeen tribes, and appointed in the *Comitia Calata* (a convocation of either tribes or centuries for a particular purpose).

II. THE HIGHEST MAGISTRACY dates from the expulsion of the kings, a college of two equal and independent officers annually chosen by the *Comitia Centuriata*. The name at first given to them was *prætor* (*præ-itor*), and sometimes *judex*, but from 367 B.C., when it was also enacted that one of them must be a plebeian, they were called **Consuls**. In 342 B.C. both places were thrown open to plebeians. Between them they exercised all the civil functions of the expelled king. Always preceded by twelve lictors, sitting on the *Curule* chair of ivory, clothed in purple (the *prætecta* in peace, the *paludamentum* in war), the consul was, but for his colleague, indistinguishable almost from the king. *Functions*.—Full military and civil authority. But soon the military imperium was not allowed within the *Pomerium*. In 435 B.C. his financial functions were given to the censors; in 367 B.C. his civil jurisdiction was given to the prætor, though he retained a right of veto on the prætor's edict; his criminal jurisdiction was limited by the right of appeal to the people.

N.B. For seventy-seven years from 444 B.C. we frequently find in place of Consuls, **Militum Tribuni Consulari potestate**. When the republic in those early times had several wars in hand at once, it raised the *Tribuni Militum* of the legion, six in number, who were ordinarily appointed by the consul, but were then elected by the people, to the consular power in their own right.

III. THE EXCEPTIONAL MAGISTRACY IN AN EMERGENCY.—A *magister*

*populi*, or **Dictator**, was named by the consul, and he named a *magister equitum*, in case of great emergency; he was preceded by twenty-four lictors and superseded all existing authorities. He had no civil jurisdiction, but from his criminal jurisdiction there was no appeal to the people. The limitation on this extraordinary magistrate was that he was only appointed for a specific purpose (*rei gerundæ causa*); that done, his authority immediately lapsed.

The last dictator for military purposes was in 216 B.C.; for civil, in 202 B.C.

Sulla's dictatorship and Cæsar's dictatorship are connected with this only in name; they were disorderly and unconstitutional creations.

IV. THE JUDICIAL MAGISTRACY (annual).—In 367 B.C. a **Prætor (urbanus)** was created as a judge in civil or private suits. In 242 B.C. another, *prætor peregrinus*, was created for suits in which strangers were concerned. In 227 B.C., two more prætors were elected to administer Sicily and Sardinia; and in 197 B.C. (*crescentibus jam provinciis et latius patescente imperio*. Livy) two more. But Sulla added two more, and confined the eight prætors to their judicial work, which since 147 B.C. had been tending to include criminal as well as civil suits, only sending them to the provinces as proprætors after the year of office was over. Cæsar increased the number to ten, then to fourteen, finally to sixteen.

V. PROVINCIAL GOVERNORS.—For one hundred years from 227 B.C. provincial governors were ordinarily prætors or proprætors, often with consular power. During this period one or another of the consuls frequently takes a province when a considerable military force is needed. From 133 to 81 B.C. proconsuls and proprætors are the rule, consuls the exception. After 81 we have **proconsuls** and **proprætors** in all but two cases, those of the consuls Lucullus and Cotta in 74, and of the consul Glabrio in 67. But in 53 B.C., the post was made distinct by requiring five years to elapse between vacating the consul- or prætorship and entering on a governorship. Cæsar ignored this arrangement. *Term of office*.—Until a successor was sent, but Cæsar fixed the consular governorship at two years. Military and judicial power absolute over the provincials; but Roman citizens in a province could always appeal to the people.

VI. PLEBEIAN MAGISTRACIES.—(i.) **Tribunes** (annual). Made in 494 B.C., and after 471 B.C. elected by the Plebeian assembly. At first not recognized as magistrates, but only protected by a religious sanction (*saero sanctitas*), but they had from the first (1) the right to hold the *concilium plebis*; (2) the right of veto on a magisterial edict or action, on a *rogatio*, or on a *senatus consultum*; (3) the right of *coercitio* and judicial power over the plebeians. As early as 456 B.C. they could summon the Senate, though not till 216 B.C. do we find them treated

as members of that body with the right to speak in it. By the *lex Hortensia* of 287 B.C., their *plebiscita* were made *leges* binding on all citizens. Their power in the state became absolute, if they were united. Among other things, they acquired the right of calling the other magistrates to account for misconduct.

(ii.) **Ædiles.** Two annual officers who were appointed to assist the tribunes, as the *quæstors* assisted the consuls. They kept the *plebiscita* in the Temple of Ceres; assisted in the judicial work, and thus became a kind of police; and exercised an oversight over public buildings, especially when they were being built by the *corvée*-labour of plebeians. Cæsar added two more. The same date as the tribunes.

VII. **THE CURULE ÆDILES.**—Two annual magistrates, first made in 366 B.C. patricians. In 304 B.C. thrown open in alternate years to plebeians; in 91 B.C. all restrictions removed; elected in *Comitia Tributa*. Purely civil office:—kept the *Senatus consulta* in the Temple of Saturn in conjunction with the *quæstors*. Criminal jurisdiction, e.g. in cases of unchastity, usury, land laws. But especially were they, together with the plebeian *ædiles*, an administrative board charged with the oversight of (1) the city, (2) the market, (3) the solemn games. This last became the most important of all; e.g. the *Ludi Romani* were managed by the Curule, while the *Ludi Plebei* (220 B.C.) were managed by the plebeian *ædiles*.

VIII. **THE QUÆSTORS.**—Probably created as assistants to the consuls in the first year of the republic. At first two; in 421 B.C., four in 241, eight; in 81, twenty; in 45, forty. Thrown open to plebeians in 421 B.C. Elected in the *Comitia Tributa*. The *quæstor's* office lasted as long as the consul's to whom he was attached. The two *quæstores urbani*, as assistants of the consuls, had (1) a derived criminal jurisdiction (*quæstores parricidi*), and (2) control of the treasury and general finances (*quæstores ærarii*).

The other *quæstors* were attached to the governors of provinces, as deputies and finance officers. In the camp the *quæstor* ranked next to the general himself. In civil matters of the province, judicial and administrative, he was the prime minister.

From 267 B.C. there are four *quæstores classici* placed at different ports to regulate the marine.

IX. **THE CENSORSHIP.**—Created 435 B.C.; first plebeian censor in 351 B.C.; both plebeians in 131 B.C. Two chosen every five years by the *Comitia Centuriata* under the presidency of the consul: entered office in March, in May of the following year held the *Lustrum*, and in October laid down the office. In official rank came between the prætor and the *ædile*. But as irresponsible judges of the character and position of every citizen they acquired a dignity which overtopped all the magistrates, and made the censorship the

highest honour to which a Roman could aspire. *Functions*.—(1) To hold the *census populi* in the Villa Publica on the Campus Martius, and the *census equitum* in the Forum. Every citizen, including *cives sine suffragio* or *exarii* who were liable to taxation, had to appear and give his name and tribe, and a statement of his property in land and movables; the censors made inquiry into his conduct, public and private, and for misconduct could affix the *notatio* or stigma which remained in force during the *lustrum*. They could degrade an ordinary citizen from his tribe (*movere tribu*), and could deprive a knight of his horse (*adimere equum*). In the census was also included assessment for taxation and the preparation of the levy-lists, as well as the creation of fresh *equites*. (2) To hold the *lectio senatus* (from the passing of the Ovinian law 312 (?) B.C.), which included the power of ejecting unworthy senators (*senatu movere*), and that of calling up into the Senate distinguished and worthy men. (3) The regulation of revenue and expenditure, during the eighteen months of active office; this included the arrangements for the taxation of the provinces (*vectigalia*), and a certain jurisdiction arising out of the administration, the undertaking of great public works like roads, aqueducts, buildings in Rome (*ultra tributa*), etc.

## APPENDIX B.

### THE PRIESTHOODS OF THE ROMAN RELIGION.

I. The College of **Pontifices** dates from the time of the kings. Consisted of—

(i.) Pontifices,<sup>1</sup> fifteen, from Sulla's time, and three pontifices minores, and the Pontifex Maximus, who was the head of the Roman religion. All life appointments. *Functions*.—The expiation of public sins, and of prodigies: the payment of vows; the consecration of temples, etc.; control of the calendar, especially the insertion of the intercalary month; control of *Ludi*<sup>2</sup> and *Feriae*<sup>3</sup>; keeping the Fasti and Annales; judicial work as interpreters and guardians of the laws, especially in

<sup>1</sup> By the *lex Domitia* (104 B.C.) to be elected by an assembly of seventeen out of the thirty-five tribes; the Pontifex Maximus had been elected by the people for a century past. The same applied to the Quindecimviri (see next page).

<sup>2</sup> Seven: (1) *Ludi Romani*, (2) *L. Plebeii*, (3) *L. Cereales*, (4) *L. Apollinares*, (5) *L. Megalenses*, (6) *L. Florales*, 238 B.C., (7) *L. Victoriae Sullanæ*; altogether occupying sixty-five days in the year.

<sup>3</sup> Four *feriae* fixed—*Sementivæ*, *Compitalia*, *Paganalia*, *Feriae Latinae*.

respect to the old sacred marriage (*confarreatio*) and adoption (*arrogatio*); and judicial authority over the flamens and vestals.

(ii.) **Rex Sacrorum.** Nominated by the Pontifex Maximus for life; always a patrician. Functions imperfectly known.

(iii.) **Flamines**, sacrificial priests of special gods. (1) Flamen of Jupiter (*Dialis*); entirely consecrated with his wife (if she died he had to resign); elected for life, and always a patrician; had a seat in the Senate and a *curule* chair; might not leave Rome for a night; always wore the sacred hat (*apex*) and dress. (2 and 3) Flamen Martialis, Flamen Quirinalis, always patrician. (4) Twelve inferior Flamines. The three chief Flamines offered together the sacrifice to *Fides Publica* on the 1st of October.

(iv.) **Vestales Virgines.** Six; appointed by Pontifex Maximus for thirty years. Constantly engaged in sacrifices (of *mola salsa*) and in keeping the sacred fire burning in the Temple. Might never marry. Enjoyed special privileges.

II. The College of Septemviri **Epulones.** First appointed in 196 B.C. *Function.*—To conduct the *epulum Jovis in Capitolio* on the 13th of November; and afterwards other public *epulae* were entrusted to them.

III. The College of **Quindecimviri** <sup>4</sup> *Sacris Faciundia.* Appointed for life; thrown open to the plebs in 367 B.C.

(1) Kept the Sibylline Books, obtained from Kyme by Tarquinius Superbus, in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. After it was burnt, a thousand verses were collected and placed in the new temple, 78 B.C.

(2) Ordered, in obedience to the Sibylline books, the introduction of new cults into Rome, e.g. Apollo, first temple dedicated 433 B.C., and the *Lectisternia*, 399 B.C.; Ceres, first temple 496 B.C.; *Dis pater*, and the burying alive of the Gaul and the Greek in 216 B.C.; Cybele, brought 204 B.C., with her Phrygian priests and orgies; Venus, first temple 295 B.C., another in 217 B.C.; *Æsculapius*, first temple 219 B.C.; and so *Juventus*, *Flora*, and *Neptunus* (399 B.C.)

(3) Managed the cult of Apollo, with the *Ludi Apollinares* and *Ludi Seculares*. Managed the cult of Cybele, and that of Ceres.

IV. The College of **Augures.** As old as Rome itself; made nine by *Lex Ogulnia*, fifteen by Sulla, sixteen by Cæsar. Met in the *Auguraculum* on the Nones of the month to discover, by *auspicia*, the will of the gods.

**Haruspices:** schools of unofficial augurs, Etruscan in origin, who interpreted prodigies, especially lightning, and declared the will of the gods from the inspection of the entrails of slaughtered beasts.

V. The College of **Fetiales.** Twenty, for life, of high if not patrician family. *Functions.*—Making treaties, demanding and giving repara-

<sup>4</sup> See note <sup>1</sup> on preceding page.

tion, declaring war and concluding peace. (N.B. War declared by throwing a spear into the enemy's territory; later, by throwing it against the *columna bellica* in the Temple of Bellona.)

VI. The **Salii** (twelve *Salii Palatini*, devoted to Mars, and twelve *Salii Agonales*, devoted to *Quirinus*) date from the time of the kings. Kept the twelve shields, one of which fell from heaven. Festival (*movere ancilia et saltare*) in March, the opening month for campaigns, and in August, the end of the fighting season.

VII. **Luperci**. As old as the kings. (i.) L. Fabiani, (ii.) L. Quinctiliani, (iii.) L. Julii in 44 B.C. The *Lupercalia* (February 15th), or the *Lupercal*, when the *Luperci* ran round the *Palatine* striking the women they met to make them fruitful.

VIII. **Fratres Arvales**. Twelve (?) in number who celebrated a feast for the fertility of the fields.

IX. **Sodales Augustales**, the college for the cult of the *gens Julia*, organized A.D. 14.

## APPENDIX C.

### ROMAN LITERATURE.

#### I. From the Earliest Times to the Age of Cicero.

##### POETRY.

Livius Andronicus, 285–204 B.C., from Tarentum; <sup>1</sup> chiefly translated from the Greek.

Cn. Nævius, 269 (?)–204 B.C., from Campania; dramatist, inventor of the *Prætexta*, or national historical drama.

T. Maccius Plautus, 254–184 B.C., from Sassina in Umbria; wrote comedies.

Statius Cæcilius, 219–168 B.C., an Insubrian freedman; wrote comedies.

P. Terentius, 185–159 B.C., a Carthaginian, a freedman; the greatest writer of Roman comedy, chiefly adapted plays from the Greek.

Titinius, }  
L. Afranius, } writers of *Togatæ*, the Roman national comedy.

Q. Ennius, 239–169 B.C., from Rudia in Calabria; “the Father of Latin Poetry;” wrote tragedies and an epic.

M. Pacuvius, 220–132 B.C., from Brundisium; wrote tragedies and *Prætextæ*.

L. Attius, 170–94 B.C., from Pisaurum; wrote tragedies; the last of the Roman tragedians.

<sup>1</sup> It should be observed how many of the names in Roman literature are connected with the country towns of Italy, how few were actually from Rome itself.

**C. Lucilius**, 148-103 B.C., from Suessa Aurunca in Campania; founder of Roman satire, the most original and characteristic product of Roman literature.

**L. Pomponius**, (circ.) 90 B.C.; writer of *Atellansæ*.

## HISTORY.

\***Q. Fabius Pictor**, served in the Gallic war of 225 B.C. and second Punic war; wrote in Greek.

\***L. Cincius Alimentus**, about 209 B.C., when he was prætor.

\***C. Acilius**, about 184 B.C.; wrote in Greek.

\***M. Porcius Cato**, 234-149 B.C.; the creator of Latin prose writing.

\***L. Calpurnius Piso**, consul 133 B.C.

**P. Sempronius Asellio**, killed 99 B.C.

\***Q. Claudius Quadrigarius**, 100-78 (?) B.C.

\***Q. Valerius Antias**, about 80 B.C.

**L. Cornelius Sisenna**, 119-67 B.C.

\***C. Licinius Macer**, died 73 B.C.

The historians, unlike the poets, who were usually of low extraction or even freedmen, belong to the noblest families in Rome. Those marked thus \* are mentioned by Livy as authorities to whom he was indebted.

## ORATIONS,

Published by the great orators like Cato, Carbo, the Gracchi, Catulus, Drusus, form a characteristic department of Roman literature. The greatest names in this connection are—**M. Antonius** (143-87 B.C.), **M. Licinius Crassus** (140-91 B.C.), **C. Aurelius Cotta** (consul 75 B.C.), **P. Sulpicius Rufus** (121-88 B.C.), **Q. Hortensius** (114-50 B.C.).

## LAW.

**P. and Q. Mucius Scævola**, father and son; great jurists. The latter (consul 95 B.C.) published a digest of the civil law.

## GRAMMAR.

**L. Ælius Stilo**, 144-70 B.C.

## PHILOSOPHY.

The Epicurean school: **Amastinus**, **Rabirius**, **Philodemus**, in the first half of the last century before Christ. In the Stoic school were **Rufus**, **Stilo**, **Balbus**, **Scævola**.

II. *The Golden Age of Roman Literature, from Cicero to Livius.*

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

**M. Terentius Varro**, 116-28 B.C., from Reate, in the Sabine country; encyclopædic writer in antiquities, husbandry, Latin language, satires (Menippean).

**P. Nigidius Figulus**, 98-46 B.C.; grammarian.

**M. Tullius Cicero**, 106-43 B.C., from Arpinum; the greatest master of prose. His writings are—(1) Orations; (2) works on Oratory; (3) Philosophical compositions on Politics, Morals, Religion; (4) Letters; (5) metrical compositions.

Other orators whose orations entitle them to mention in Roman literature are—**M. Caelius Rufus**, **M. Calpurnius C. Scribonius Curio**. After these came a reaction from Cicero's florid and ornate style in **Calvus** and **Brutus**.

#### HISTORY.

**C. Julius Caesar**, 100-44 B.C.; besides his commentaries on the Gallic and Civil wars, wrote on grammar and divination.

**Cornelius Nepos**, 74 (?)–24 B.C., from Verona (?); wrote biographies.

**C. Sallustius Crispus**, 86-34 B.C., from Amiternum. The history of Catilinarian conspiracy and that of the Jugurthine war, and other historical fragments.

#### POETRY.

**D. Laberius**, 106-43 B.C.,  
**Publius Syrus**, about 44 B.C., a freedman,  
**Cn. Matius**,

} wrote Mimes, which now  
 took the place of the  
 old *Atellanæ*.

**T. Lucretius Carus**, 95 (?)–55 B.C.; the great poem, *De Rerum Natura*, the most original production of the Latin muse.

**M. Furius Bibaculus**, 103-29 (?) B.C.,

**P. Varro Atacinus**, from Gallia Narbonensis,

**C. Helvius Cinna**,

**C. Licinius Calvus**,

} the secondary poets in  
 the last half-century  
 before Christ.

**Valerius Catullus**, 87-54 B.C., from Verona; the most original lyric poet.

We must mention separately the group of writers who shed a lustre upon the court of Augustus, though the period of their fame lies for the most part after the battle of Actium.

The leading names in poetry are—**L. Varius Rufus** (64 B.C.–9 A.D.); **P. Vergilius Maro** (70–19 B.C.), from Mantua; **Q. Horatius Flaccus** (65–8 B.C.), from Venusia; **C. Cornelius Gallus** (69–27 B.C.), from Forum Julii; **Albius Tibullus** (65–19 B.C.); **Sex Aurelius Propertius** (born 58 B.C.), from Umbria; **P. Ovidius Naso** (43 B.C.–17 A.D.), from Sulmo of the Peligni.

The leading names in prose are—**M. Annaeus Seneca**, born at Corduba in 55–54 B.C., the rhetorician; **T. Livius** (59 B.C.–17 A.D.), from Patavium, the most eloquent of historians; **Pompeius Trogus**, who wrote a Universal History; **M. Vitruvius Pollio**, who wrote on Architecture; **Verrius Flaccus**, who compiled the first lexicon of the Latin language.



# INDEX.

N.B. The names of men are given under the *nomen* or *gentile* name ; e.g. for the cognomen Cæsar see under Julius ; for Milo, under Annii, etc.

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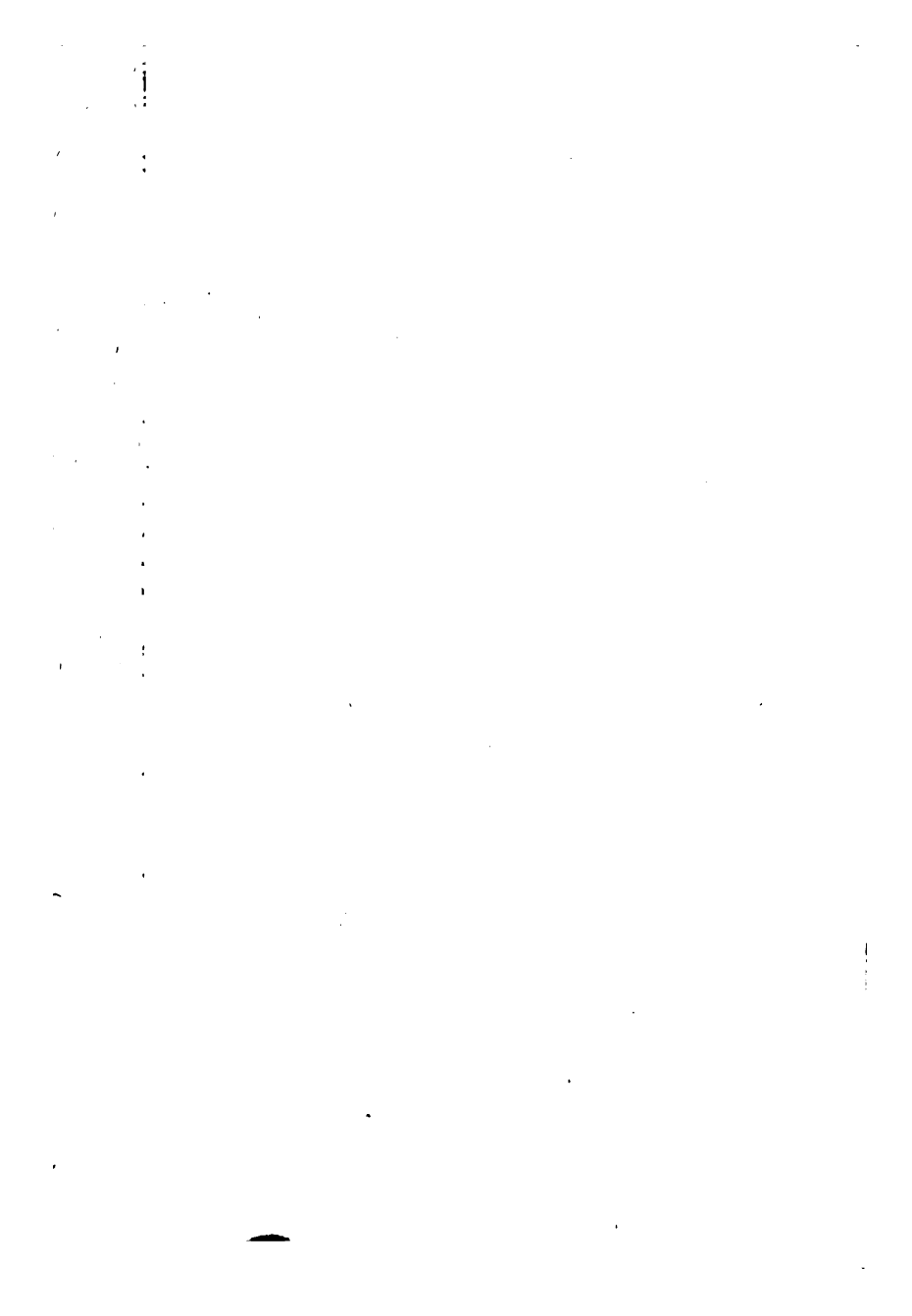
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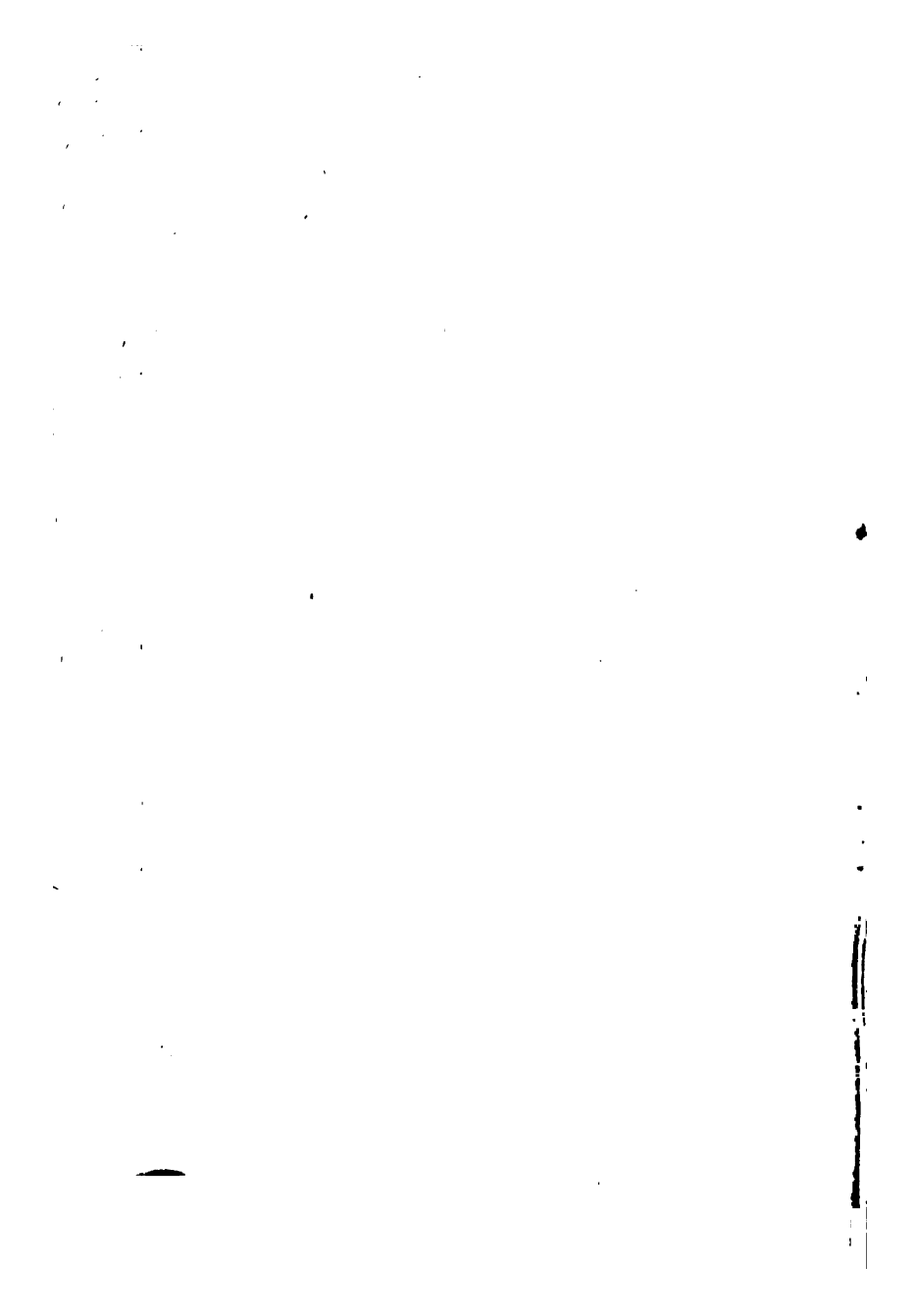
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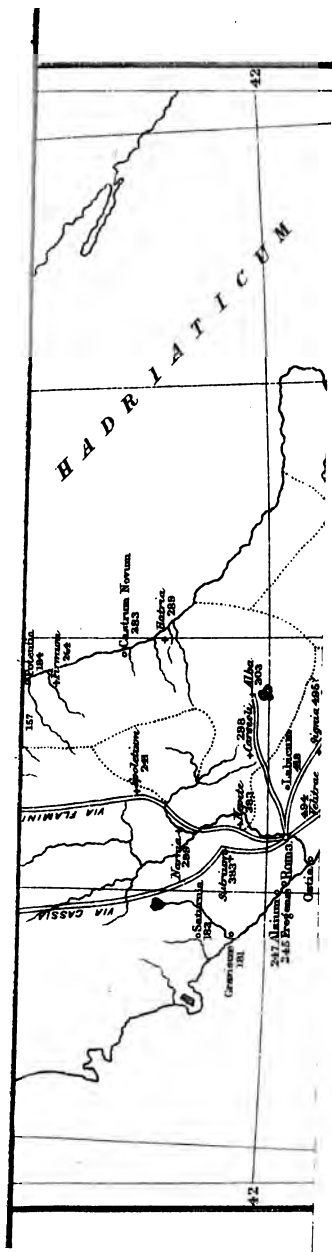
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 $\overline{v}_{99}$   
 $\overline{v}_{100}$





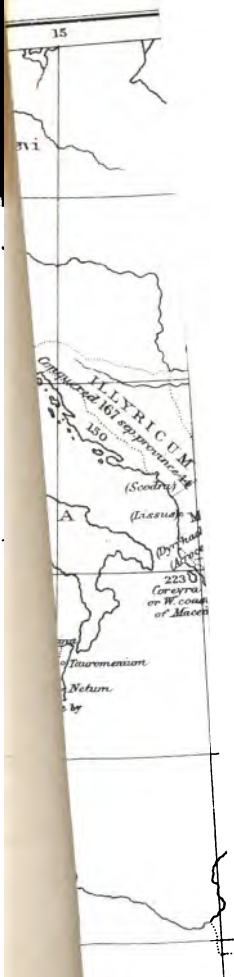












... which were much  
... nominal equality

... with Caesar's campai